

# **An Indian Manifesto**

## **BRUCE BARTON'S THE BEST OF... AS I SEE IT**

**The sometimes irreverent but always honest  
columns by Bruce Barton, Editor, as they appeared  
in The Carolina Indian Voice Newspaper over the  
last ten years.**

**With some "musings" from Ol' Reasonable  
Locklear**

**A SPECIAL  
TEN YEAR  
ANNIVERSARY EDITION  
1973-1983**

**A DECADE OF SERVICE**

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for all the supporters... and detractors of the Carolina Indian Voice  
Newspaper

## **Preface**

I always wanted to write but lacked self confidence. One day I did something about it: I borrowed \$500.00 from a finance company, returned home after an absence of thirteen years, and began a newspaper - The Carolina Indian Voice. I've been, mostly, gloriously happy ever since.

It has not always been easy, but it has always been exciting and fulfilling. Ten years! It's difficult for me to comprehend the reality, and madness too, of a decade of deadlines, crisis, problem-solving, and nervous negotiations with the Internal Revenue Service, run-ins with vociferous detractors and a meddling federal government. But The Carolina Indian Voice and I have survived!

One of the best ways I know to survive is to write a column for a newspaper. It is cathartic, teaches discipline, and tempers the soul.

I've been writing "As I See It" for ten years; this book contains, As I See It, the best of them. I hope you like what I have to say.

Bruce Barton, 1983  
Pembroke, N.C.

## **About the Author**

Bruce Barton, now 41, began the Carolina Indian Voice newspaper on a shoestring in 1973. The first issue of the weekly newspaper was published January 18, 1973.

An admitted alcoholic (although he has not taken a drink since 1970), an ex-convict (who has not "Pulled any time" since 1968), and a malcontent to boot, Barton learned about life by living it and the newspaper business by doing it.

Now a maturing Christian, Barton lives in the Deep Branch Community (approximately 5 miles from Pembroke, N.C.) with his wife, Barbara, and daughters Teresa Maria ("Sissy") 15, and Brandi, 6.

He continues to edit the Carolina Indian Voice. He hopes to "make a little money to apply to bills" by selling all of these books.

Rev. Elias Rogers, President  
The Carolina Indian Voice, Inc.



**1973**



## 1973

The first article I ever wrote for the Carolina Indian Voice was entitled "Double Vote?" Many Columns on the nefarious topic were to follow before the federal courts "broke" the evil scheme.

As I see it, "Double-Voting" is the most evil, political scheme I have encountered in my ten years of editing the Carolina Indian Voice.

# **That First Issue**

Life is good; of that I am sure. But there are certain principles in the universe that I am painfully aware exist. And they are unyielding in their determination to run their own course.

One: Nothing worth having is easy. The forces that be have stated this truth time and time again.

And so it is with a newspaper. The first issue was not as good as we had hoped; but we worked very hard. We tried and tried and tried. Stayed up all of Wednesday night and Thursday morning and we were not satisfied, but we will improve steadily now.

Some have asked about the empty spaces; they were due to a lack of news. Please help us by submitting your news items.

And letters are welcome too. Please let us know what you expect a newspaper to do. What role do you envision a newspaper playing?

We are committed to producing a first class newspaper. And we will persevere until that goal is realized.

Two: Dawn always follows the night. I know that we will succeed if we do not become discouraged. We must await the dawn, metaphorically speaking.

Three: A man with a dream, and total commitment to that goal, cannot be denied, especially if that goal is morally good.

And I believe all of the above principles are true and applicable to The Carolina Indian Voice, thusly, I expect The Carolina Indian Voice to be successful. All we have to do is believe in Cod, the laws of the universe, and the instinctive good of man.

Bruce Barton

**January 25, 1973**

# **God As I Understand Him To Be**

Life is brief, We're born and before we grasp the meaning of life, we grow old and fitfully await the Grim Reaper - Death.

Some of us give up the dreams that nurtured us and motivated us in our youth. And we settle for less than we deserve. Life is made up of installment payments and a job that stifles creativity. We become frustrated and terribly alone.

And love, as we instinctively recognize her, escapes us and sometimes we become frantic and marry for convenience and assurance that black nights will not find us alone and unsure of ourselves.

And the LIE becomes the only reality of our lives. And we spend ourselves in justification and cynical asides. We see others who seem to be happy and unfettered and we rail out against "long haired hippies" and "dope heads" and "draft dodgers." And question why "they never bathe" and why "they will not get their hair cut." The question, as I see it, should be "are they happy?" "Are they comfortable with themselves?" "Do they give and receive love?"

God, as I understand him to be, has given me an insight into life that escaped me in my youth. I see life with different eyes now.

I will not judge another. I will love all men. I will be as happy as I possibly can., And I will work at my tasks with renewed dedication each day.

I am richly blessed. I have something to do that needs to be done, and I enjoy doing it.

And, this season, I wish all men the joy of my heart.

**February 15, 1973**

# **Times Are Changing**

Times are changing - people are challenging the powers that be. And having defined the deficiencies in politics and education in Robeson County, remedial action will follow as sure as the earth rotates on her axis because definition is half the problem solved.

People are asking tough questions of our so-called leaders. And sometimes the people do not accept the answers given.

Take the matter of double-voting. I, as do many people, consider the practice an evil and ugly institution designed specifically to keep the Indian people of Robeson County in harness. But the shackles are being wrenched off - It is an affront to a good and proud people. It is evil in nature for city residents of city administrative units to be allowed to vote for county administrative components when the county residents do not have the right to vote in city unit elections. Legalities aside, the Indian people, because of Double-voting specifically, have ill equipped psyches and generally speaking, poor educational backgrounds. I hear often, of PSC and her contribution. I agree but some of us are not satisfied to be a teacher at a so-called Indian school simply because there is no higher achievement plateau in Robeson County anymore. Some of us wish to live in Robeson County and contribute in other ways. We want to fly airplanes, be commissioners of every type, yes, even have one of us (if qualified) sit in Superintendent Allen's chair. And sit in and contribute in every meeting held to determine our fate. Therefore, as I see it, the attempt to break double-voting seems to be a just and heroic action.

Please remember those who have spoken out against double-voting and support them. Our children and brothers and sisters deserve a better fate than we were dishd out.

All means, except violence, seem justified to break double-voting.

And I love all men. But my love for mankind is not blind to double-voting and discrimination in general. I speak out because of my love for all men.

**March 8,1973**

# **I Really Am Happy**

Sometimes, when it's quiet, and the world is subdued, and my heart and I are talking, I shudder and walk around and ask myself-"are you really, really happy?" And I think, basically, I am. To guard against doubt, anyway, I employ the "as if" Philosophy of life. I from habit, act "as if" I'm happy, even when I am not sure, and in time, I really am HAPPY. Sound complicated? It really isn't. Repetition is the key to the universe. If you tell yourself something often enough, you'll begin to believe it. And most of the time, I believe I am happy. And when doubt, the Goblin of Dark Spirits, stalks me, I act "as if" I am happy. There is magic in believing.

I am a free man of spirit. God as I understand him to be, has given me the inherent right to believe as I choose to believe. And I choose to believe that I am happy. I choose to believe that Good is the master of Evil. I choose to believe that man is good and is kindly disposed to his fellow man. And that, when we attack evil, whether it is double-voting, or man's arched incredulous brow, good will triumph every single time.

I suggest that we act as happy as we possibly can. And the night of despair will unveil the goodness of dawn.

**March15, 1973**

# Old Main Survives Fire!

PEMBROKE - Old Main, a Pembroke State University landmark that became a focal point for Indian pride and Indian protest, was gutted by fire Sunday. The blaze apparently was caused by arson.

Tension was high among Robeson County Indians who gathered around the flaming building and in Pembroke. It appeared to abate, however, after Gov. Jim Holshouser appeared on the scene about 7:50 p.m.

Pembroke Fire Chief Simeon Oxendine said firemen went to the historic structure three times Sunday, apparently putting out fires twice before the third alarm was received.

When firemen responded to the third alarm, Oxendine said, the whole building was in flames.

The first alarm came at 5:30 a.m., he said, and firemen battled that blaze about two hours. He said firemen went back at 12:30 p.m. and extinguished a small smoldering blaze.

When they entered the building during the early morning fire, Oxendine said, firemen found "some kind of fuel oil up the halls and stairs." He said the fire was "set in 10 places."

The third alarm was turned in about 1:30 p.m. he said.

Gov. Jim Holshouser rushed to Pembroke in his official limousine Sunday night. He told the Indians gathered before Old Main he would look at the state fire marshal's report and meet with Indian leaders about the future of the building.

Holshouser, who stood in the ashes of the gutted building, told about 300 cheering Indians that on Monday he would offer a \$5,000 reward for the arrest and conviction of arsonists who started the blaze.

Holshouser was accompanied by Charles Dunn, director of the State Bureau of Investigation, Gene Anderson, the governor's aide, and William Bondurant, Secretary of Administration.

When he stepped from his limousine, Holshouser took the hand of Janie Maynor Locklear, who was active in last year's campaign to save Old Main when it was scheduled to be razed to make way for a new University building.

Holding Mrs. Locklear's hand, he told the crowd that "back in July Janie and I stood together at this spot in order to save Old Main. Because of this (the fire), some of that may have changed. But from out of the ashes this can be a beginning instead of an end."

I don't know if we can save it or not," he said, "but I'm going to search out all the available alternatives. If it can be saved. I'm going to try and see that money is appropriated to restore the building."

Most of the Indians waiting in front of Old Main greeted Holshouser warmly and cheered his vow to put up a \$5,000 reward for the capture and conviction of the arsonist, which he did by proclamation Monday morning.

Holshouser left the scene after surveying the damage and speaking to the crowd, but many Indians remained.

About 9:30 p.m. some 225 people were still around Old Main. Many had their hair in braids and wore feathers and other Indian dress. Some danced and chanted to the beat of tomtoms.



Holshouser's visit seemed to ease tensions considerably but they rose again about 10:30 Sunday night when Joe's Cash Store on the west side of town was firebombed

and burst into flame - setting off multiple explosions from propane gas tanks stored in the rear of the place.

The fire shifted the focus of attention from the group at Old Main to the store - where flames shot several hundred feet in the air.

With each explosion of the tanks showers of sparks burst in the night sky and showered down on the crowds watching the firemen in a futile effort to control the blaze.

Howard Brooks, chief of the Tuscarora Council said the drums, chants and dancing were for "the dead. In those ashes are the beginnings of Indian education."

"When Old Main burned," said Brooks, "it made the hearts of every Indian sick. we will keep this vigil until our demands are met."

PEMBROKE - Pembroke state University officials indicated this morning a decision from the North Carolina Department of Property Control would be the determining factor in the future of Old Main, the historic campus landmark gutted by fire Sunday.

"We are awaiting the report and a decision from the property control people before we know whether the walls of the building can be left standing or will have to be torn down." PSU Business manager Bill Mason said.

Mason emphasized that all final decisions regarding the structure will be made by state officials.

Some differences of opinion about the soundness of the walls developed in the wake of the Sunday fire. Fire Chief Simeon Oxendine and Adolph Dial, head of the Indian Studies Department at Pembroke State, were in agreement today that in their opinion the walls had not been damaged "beyond salvage" and could be reused if the building was ever restored.

Meanwhile, an uneasy quiet covered the town and western Robeson County as investigators poked through the ashes and ruins of the 50-year-old building.

A team of SBI Agents with a mobile crime lab was at the scene Monday. Investigators from the State Fire Marshal's office also were participating.

There were no reports of violence or vandalism in the area Monday night.

Tuscarora Chief Howard Brooks conferred with PSU Chancellor English Jones Monday and later promised that his group would assist official investigators in any way possible but would also conduct their own investigation into the cause of the fire believed to have been the work of arsonists.



**March 22, 1973**

# Politics Bore Me But ...

Politics bore me, but politics is the controlling factor of our lives; therefore, the issue must be dealt with forth rightly.

I am an unreconstructed idealist, I believe that politics and life are not separate animals. And one cannot have a lifestyle in politics and another in private life. The rules are the same in politics and out.

There is a theory afoot in Indian circles that we have to "play the nefarious game", I say "llama dung" to that. The same theory holds that we have to bargain and compromise to take part. My reply is the same to that.

Indians must, as I see it, learn to trust one another. We must, as an endangered people, not show our "ace card" to the opposition. We must, again as I see it, present a united front to the representatives of White Democratic party orientated newspapers in the area. They, as a general rule, play up our differences and headline our stabbings and shootings. We are a good and industrious people, but you would never learn of this fact in the pages and headlines of the White-controlled, Democratic party 1860 mentality that publish newspapers in Lumberton. They use us terribly to sell their wares.

I intend to refute them when ever I can.

Old Main, from my personal observation, is not in as bad a condition as some would have us believe. She's a sturdy old building, and seems able to withstand threatened demolition and fire equally well. I suggest that all of us get our heads together and do something constructive with Old Main for all the people. The walls are still up. If there were termites, as I heard some officials contend, they no longer are a problem. They are charred and smoked. So, termites aside, Old Main can still be reconditioned and returned to the people.

Too, as I see it, White-controlled newspapers in the area have played up the so-called Lumbee-Tuscarora name game more than the Indian people have. They can sell more newspapers if we are divided. They can control politics if we are divided. They can control destiny, if they can keep us fighting among our selves. They will clean the meat off the political bone of Robeson County while we are warring among ourselves.

Enough, I say! Indians should not fight each other. The evil is in the Boards of Education, the welfare situation, double-voting and the like. There are enough evils in Lumberton to keep us busy for a lifetime.

I love my people and will do whatever I can to help eradicate the evils of job discrimination, lack of representation on political boards, the attitude of contempt that blows out of Lumberton on soft, sultry days.

It is painful, indeed, to see Indians fighting Indians. Please, let's not do that to each other. We have shared equally in the pain of segregation and discrimination of every ilk.

So, I declare that a council is in order. Let us bury the weapons of war and sit down and talk frankly to each other. We can iron out our differences easily enough if we will only talk to each other in kindly firm tones - no political trial balloons or feeling each other out - but firm Indian talk. Then, and only then, can we 30,000 strong, go to Lumberton and tell them what we want done. If they won't do the right thing, we'll vote them out of office: That is the real essence of politics, as I see it.

**March 22, 1973**

## **Golden Frinks and Nonviolence**

Golden Frinks? Is he a good man or not? People are asking, and I believe he is ... but one has to, I believe, understand the cat a bit. I had the good fortune a few nights ago to talk to him - not about politics and rallies and marches, but about love and life find purpose and Martin Luther King, Junior. Frinks talked, lovingly, about Martin Luther King, Jr. - "a twentieth-century prophet." Frinks worked with Martin Luther King, Jr. closely in the early years and was one of the original band of field directors named by King. I asked Golden Frinks what he did when King was killed in Memphis and he replied, "I was out in the streets working, trying to keep people calmed down." And he talked of his devotion to the idea of nonviolence as a way of life - "People have got to learn how to love---" "I can love, now, without expecting love in return ..." Politically, I, as is my inherent right, question his validity, but I do not question his saintly manhood or his devotion to the beautiful tenet of non-violence as a testament to the best in all of us. I, too, believe that love is the answer. One cannot be a violent man and love at the same time. I cast my lot with those who love and respect their brothers.

**April 19, 1973**

# **A Spiritual Journey**

I have a burning desire to be a good person. And people ask me why I talk about life and mission and purpose ...

Once I was lost, existing without purpose or direction. I was so lonely, so bereft of spirit that I cried out recklessly and, most times, in poor taste. As a general rule, people did not like me except at boring parties, in dimly lit bars and the like where I was wont to quote volumes of Longfellow, Whitman and obscure poets long forgotten by everyone but me. I cried easily and freely. I talked madly of bureaucrats and bigots and Christians ... damning them all for my abject sorrow.

But the bad times were necessary; the lonely nights the proper setting for the catharsis, the rinsing of my soul. I walked hand-in-hand with Mother Anguish; into the darkness of aimless nights I tread.

At some point in time, I reached the psychological depths of Hell. And I cried out for help. From that time hence. I have believed in a Power greater than myself. I believe that God as I understand Him to be exists to hold my hand and comforts me and listens gravely when I remonstrate with Him concerning needs. Is He tall? Short? Form or Formless? Potassium in His bones? I do not know or care. God for me is indefinable ... amorphous Good that spills out of the universe and resides in my neighbor's heart. I know that God exists for me.

God is why, when I make mistakes, turn people off by my defense mechanisms, make snafus galore concerning THE CAROLINA INDIAN VOICE, I do not go screaming into the night. I return to the source for the answer to the particular dilemma of the moment and attempt today to be a better man than I was yesterday; therein is my purpose -- God's Will, as I see it, for me -- in life.

**April 26, 1973**

# General Happiness, Colonel Malcontent, Etc.

A reader a day or so ago said to me, "you have a thing about happiness, don't you, Bruce?" And, of course, I do.

I long for happiness. I pant for the happy state. I work at it every day, knowing that happiness is not a free commodity. One must till the fields of happiness to reap the sublime crop.

There are two fields of current in the Universe - one is negative, the other is positive. And they are constantly at war. Their battle ground is our hearts. The positive current (General Happiness) is armed with man's free will and nature's goodly inclinations. The negative current (Colonel Malcontent) has a deadly force at his disposal: the do-nothing battalion led by Captain Lackadaisical, Lt. Surly and Sgt. Backbiter. They are a motly lot. They have many soldiers in their ranks.

General Happiness does not have many soldiers. And many times fights the BATTLE short handed. But He is a strong soldier and has not succumbed to the numberless foe yet.

Colonel Malcontent believes that the leader with the most soldiers is sure to win. General Happiness does not believe this propaganda. The world is not "going to the dogs" as Colonel Malcontent is fond of saying. You see one happy soldier is the equal (many times the superior) of 1,000 unhappy soldiers.

The happy soldier's code of conduct states that:

1 - I will not surrender to Colonel Malcontent and his motley lot under any circumstance. When my faith wavers, I shall scream "I am happy" 10,000 times.

2 - I will practice "happiness" as a way of life. I will do someone a good turn and not get found out.

3 - I will keep my gut sucked in.

4 - I will not talk badly of another, nor will I belittle another in any way. I will look for the good in my fellows,

5 - I will affirm my faith in a power greater than myself at all times. Colonel Malcontent's Army does not have a code of conduct. They improvise a lot. They lie and cheat and spend much of their time in bullsessions talking about the doers and making fun of the builders. They do as little as possible to get by. They put more store in method than in the end result. They plan poorly. They are tenant farmers of the Earth. They like the

privacy of the ghetto of Do Nothing Universe. They are vexations of the spirit. General Happiness exhorts his small force each morning to avoid them at all costs.

I admit it, freely! I belong to General Happiness's Army. I do my exercises every day.

Be happy! As General Happiness says, "A good man is a Happy Man."

**May 17, 1973**

# Easy Does It, First Things First

Life is a wonderful experience, the good and the bad. I am so grateful to be alive and doing my thing. I pray when I have finished my jaunt across the face of life, that somewhere, someone, can say, "Bruce was a good man and I am better for having known him." As I see it, that is a good yardstick of accomplishment.

But I am a fragile man. I have to work hard at improving my spiritual life. It is not easy for me to trust another, but I am learning that jealousy and resentment are children of mistrust. When I do not trust another, it is because I do not trust myself.

My office walls are lined with spiritual keys. When I am out of harmony with the Universe, I stop and putter about the shop and read my favorite thoughts and ideas that I have haphazardly thumb tacked to the wall here and there.

A slogan I especially like is "Easy Does It". Another is "First things First."

I want to be a good, useful man. I want to cast hate, resentment and negative thought out. I want to be a better man today than I was yesterday.

"Easy does it." Sometimes I move too fast, and do not know where I want to go or how to get there. When in doubt, or when I am afraid of the thousand and one goblins that haunt man, I have a tendency to get busy at no particular task. I am learning how to "Take it easy." I try to remember to keep my own counsel. "Stop and consider your objective, crazy man," I tell myself, Where are you going? Where do you want to go? Stop and meditate about what you want to do. Is it good for another person? What are the alternatives? What is the best route to follow toward your goal? "Easy does it."

"First things first." A man can only do one thing at a time, no matter how he might try to kid himself. So, I try to remember that if I have 10 tasks to do, I can only do one of them at a time.

These two slogans help me in attempting to be a better man today than I was yesterday. If I can remember "First things first" and "Easy does it" I might become the good man that I hope to become.

**May 31, 1973**



## **Moving In A Continuous Circle**

If I have a strength, it is that I respond well to pressure.

Now I fall gently to pieces about the little, daily irritations, but the big monsters like deadlines and bills and dreams and responsibilities are faced up to dead-center. Life seems easier that way.

But the attitude did not come with the body. I spent many years evading my responsibilities and dreading tomorrow. I changed because of necessity; I was simply miserable and afraid. And I became sick and tired of being sick and tired.

A reader last week remonstrated with me about delving into politics occasionally in my column. "You're a spiritual man," in essence, she said. And I concur. I only mention politics when something happens that offends me terribly like the Board of Education's debacle last week when they failed to hire Danford Dial as a teacher for all the wrong reasons. I had him as a teacher in my youth and he was a very effective teacher. To learn is a trauma, and Mr. Dial was a traumatic experience. I had him as a Spanish teacher. And he was tough and demanding. And I still know a little Spanish. That's the proof in the pudding.

But if one is in the rhythm of the universe, good and right will prevail. I try to be like Old Lodge Skins, in Thomas Berger's LITTLE BIG MAN. Old Lodge Skins was a philosophical man. He said at one point in the book that "There is no permanent winning or losing when things move, as they should, in a circle. For is not life continuous? And though I shall die, shall I also not continue to live in everything that is?"

Yeah, that is what I want to do - move in a continuous circle, in the rhythm of the universe. And when my time on earth is done here, and some one says, "he was a good man", I'll smile gently to myself and go on to haunt the proponents of "double-voting" and the like.

**July 26, 1973**

## **Misfortune... A Queen in Drag?**

Misfortune is simply a lady in disguise. Beneath the veneer of tears and hard talk is a nice lady. The hard talk throws us off - Lady Fortune does not smile easily, and, most times must be cajoled to do so.

The sun must melt the inclement weather to shine fully. The dew goes quickly when the sun turns her attention to it.

And, every once in a while, I am accosted by Lady Fortune in drag. I have found her out: I simple wait out her tantrums. If I do not engage in psychological word games, do not arch the incredulous, resentful brow, she will smile prettily and give me goodly things to curry my favor.

Or as a friend of mine is wont to say on the slightest pretext, "If there is a dark cloud, if things ain't going well (name any current disaster), something good will come from it if you do not panic and do something foolish." And I believe him. Something good is going to happen. Does not dawn assuredly follow the night? And is not misfortune a queen in drag?

**October 4, 1973**

# **Let's Break Double Voting**

The most important event, as I see it, in the near future, is the outcome of the civil action in the United States District Court concerning the concept commonly referred to as "Double-Voting," scheduled, at last report, sometime in January, '74.

The class action suit charges, and rightfully so, I think, that voting rights have arbitrarily been denied the Indian people of Robeson County by the N.C. State Board of Elections in the election of members of the Robeson County Board of Education.

Simply put, there are 6 (no, I didn't make that up) School Administrative units in Robeson County. Why?

If this lawsuit is answered favorably, Robeson County will never be the same.

I long fervently, for that day.

There is something terribly wrong when citizens of any race are denied equal participation in the life therein.

I might be breaking precedent, and some might respond negatively, but I want to state irrevocably that I personally abhor "double-voting." I join the chorus of those who say "Let's Break Double-Voting."

**December 6, 1973**

**1974**

## **Muhammad Ali And More**

I have few heroes. I have learned that most of us have clay feet, conditioned hearts and mentalities - and morbid fear of "what the neighbors will say ..."

Every few years a man comes along unexpectedly like Muhammad Ali, a classic boxer but, more than that, a classic man. I admire him tremendously. And, as I see it, his victory over plodding Joe Frazier Monday Night gave us all something more to talk about than "silly politics" and her off spring: Watergate, conservative- minded Supreme Court Justice, and sear sucker-Suited government bureaucrats jamming up the works.

Now if he (Ali) will only retire untarnished before George Foreman beats the stuffing out of him ...

And accolades go to PSU for her community minded spirit lately - in particular, her job finding corp, and her decision to open that fabulous indoor swimming pool to working people like me and you for a few hours each Friday evening.

And Dr. English E. Jones, Chancellor PSU, is working hand-in-hand with the Old Main Study Commission (of which he is a member) to find ways and means to restore Old Main to the use of her people. This Old Main Study Commission can restore the spirit of Henry Berry Lowry - I wish them success in their determined effort to restore Old Main.

And, in addition to restoring Old Main, if we can "break double-voting", my heart, after Muhammad Ali's victory, will mend quickly.

**January 31, 1974**

# **Double Voting Is An Evil Practice**

"Double-voting" is an evil practice, we believe, expressly denying Indians of Robeson County a decent and fair education ... and in some cases, Blacks and Whites.

Tomorrow a hearing will be held in the Federal Court house in Raleigh in which Judge Algernon L. Butler will hear all motions and legal actions relating to the "Double-voting" suit brought by a cross section of Indian parents. It seems reasonable to assume that many Indians will attend this hearing scheduled to begin at 10:00 a.m. Friday.

First of all, from 1835-1885, we were denied any education because we were labeled "people of non-color" by the politicians then in power. Later we had to put up with the "Grandfather Clause" in which we had to point to someone in our family tree who had voted previously and, next, came the literacy test in which we had to read and write a portion of the Constitution in order to be allowed to vote. The Civil Rights Act of 1964 knocked that asunder.

Now "Double-voting" denies us.

"Double-voting" is the practice whereby residents of the city school districts vote twice - in city school board elections and in county school board elections. County residents vote only once - in the county school board election, and cannot vote in city school board elections.

County schools were once totally peopled by Indian students, and still are more than 70% Indian populated.

Hopefully, Friday, this last obstacle to a proud and courageous people will be removed.

We join the growing chorus of those who say "let's break double-voting."

**February 14, 1974**

## **Mr. Peter Brooks... A Universal Man**

Mr. Peter Brooks was a universal man. He believed in the brotherhood of man. And his funeral service reflected his dedication to the principle of brotherhood: the Eulogy was given by Rev. Bob Mangum, the White minister of the predominate Indian church - Sandy Plains United Methodist. Rev. Mangum talked glowingly of Mr. Brooks' dedication and untiring efforts in the field of civil rights. And Blacks attended; including Mr. James Pearson, a member of the Pembroke Town Planning Board.

And Bear Swamp Church, where the service was held, overflowed with friends and relatives. All had come to say a silent farewell to a good and loving man. Tears were few because most of us understood the futility of tears. All of us knew that he had lived a full and purposeful life. Why cry?

And his life-long friend and pastor, T.M. Swett, Sr. participated in honoring and laying to rest his comrade in Christ.

Michael Brooks, grandson, preached the sermon - the kind Mr. Pete would have liked most - straight from the Bible in no uncertain terms.

Oh, I liked him so much. He was my friend and mentor. I am honored to have known him and shared life together.

And I end this personal eulogy as he ended almost everything he wrote - "let's break double-voting."

And I'll cry when we break "double-voting", as we surely will, because Mr. Pete did not see the evil system dismantled in his life-time.

**March 7, 1974**

# **Indian Power Seen In Movements to "Save Old Main" and "Break Double-Voting"**

Indian power is seen in the moves to "restore Old Main" and to break "double-voting."

If these two people-action projects are successful, Robeson County will never be the same - and that's good!!!

"Old Main." when restored, will instill pride: and the abolition of "double-voting" will free our minds.

The Robeson County Indian mentality is a strange phenomenon coalesced by an admixture of a school system devised and administered by one race (White) for another race (Indian). The result is a mind isolated and orientated toward White-Robesonian concepts. And a media, conservative and White-orientated, tell us over and over again what we thought we said. An old axiom says "tell them often enough and they'll begin to believe it after a while." And some of us would wind up hating "Niggers" and talking the language of the 1860 Democratic Party mentality.

And others subtly whisper that we are less than we are. And, after a while, we think we are "second class citizens."

No man - Indian, Black or White - can truly be free until he owns his own mind, until he can decipher what he said for himself.

And I believe the restoration of "Old Main" and the abolition of "double-voting" will restore our minds to their rightful owner - you and I!

**March 14, 1974**



## **Roving Registrars, Streaking, Etc.**

Life seems to run in circles. After 2 years of frantic voter registration, a good portion of it done by the 15 roving registrars given license by the Robeson County Board of Elections under the effective leadership of John Robert Jones, life is back to normal.

The Robeson County Board of Elections (now comprised of 2 Republicans - Ray Revels, chairman and Julian Ransom; and 1 Democrat - Washington Hawkins) as their first official act fired the 15 roving registrars. I winced when informed of the action, but was not surprised. The action was not unexpected, you see, because Jones too was let go to make way for Revels and company. To be fair, Julian Ransom did not take part in the action to terminate the service of the 15 roving registrars. He is touring the Holy Land.

Needless to say, I abhor this action and consider it a step backward.

And Rev. Timothy Creel, a local minister, sees streaking as a evil practice with overtones of communism. My feeling is that a naked man cannot conceal a shotgun or knife on his person. Maybe all of us need to take our clothes off, Rev. Creel. What about double voting? Now there's a well-covered evil! The practice is dressed up with all kinds of candy-colored, legalistic underpants. Rev. Creel. Sir, I think you have too many clothes on.

And Richard La Course, News Director of the American Indian Press Association, visited briefly with us to take part in the series of forums entitled "Spirit and Substance" on the PSU campus. He is knowledgeable about life and is soft spoken - two traits I value highly. I hope he can visit us again and meet many of our readers personally.

**March 21, 1974**

# Hopeful Signs

The work of the Old Main Commission is nearing fruition. Plans are drawn and being presented to the UNC Board of Governors for consideration and funding. That's good! "Old Main" is alive and well.

And the "double-vote" suit is in the hands of Judge Algernon Butler in Eastern Federal District Court for a decision. The hard legal work is complete. We await a decision to see if "double-voting", once and for all, can be smashed to smithereens. Signs are hopeful. That's good!

And hearings in the L.S. Congress begin April 8-9 on Rep. Charlie Rose's bill to remove the restrictive clause in the Lumbee Bill denying us full rights as Indians. This clause has separated us, divided us. Signs point to removal of this disruptive clause. That's good!

And Professor Adolph Dial's definitive work on the Lumbee Indians is nearing a publishing date. That's good!

A word of caution: when things are going well, don't get big-headed. There's still lots of work to be done.

But I can't help but feel good!

All these good, healthy signs should help us elect good, healthy minority candidates this fall. The upcoming election should, as I see it, payoff the political debt owed the movements to "Save Old Main" and "Break Double-Voting", and all the other life-giving forces which have made us "of one mind."

**April 14, 1974**

## **Board of Commissioners Say "No" to 'Lumbee Bill' Vote of Confidence**

Chairman Sam Noble said in jest before Monday night's meeting began, "if anyone introduces anything controversial tonight ..." And he gestured playfully with his gavel as if he might bop someone across the noggin with it if they dared.

...Then the bomb fell.

The commissioner from the Red Springs District, Bobby Dean Locklear, asked the board to approve by resolution the congressional measure recently introduced by Rep. Charlie Rose to remove the restrictive clause from the Lumbee Act of 1956. Herman Dial, the other Lumbee Indian with Locklear on the board, seconded the motion. Chairs scraped, throats cleared, and the board members became wide awake.

Said Sam Noble, chairman "wait a minute now --- I can't vote on something like this without thinking about it some. I'd like it tabled until the next meeting at least."

And George Reed Pate began to ask one of his rambling questions, "now Bobby, let me see if I've got this right ... you want us to vote on whether or not the Lumbee Indians are the same as Indians living on reservations ..."

Locklear: "No, by removing the clause (and he read the clause to them) we would be eligible for certain federal programs, like public health programs ..."

And so it went.

H.T. Taylor, Lumberton commissioner, wanted to know "will Whites and Blacks get the same thing as Indians in N.C.?"

Said Noble and Pate both, "I don't understand it ... why would you want this board to pass on something like this ...?"

Injected Locklear, "I don't understand why we had, a few years ago, "Black, White and Indian toilets either ..."

Then Herman Dial said "just forget about the resolution - I've got a substitute motion."

Said Dial "I would like to ask this board to simply go on record as stating "there are 30,000 Lumbee Indians or so in N.C. as recognized by the state of N.C."

And the vote followed ideological paths, Voting "yes" in favor of Dial's substitute motion were Herman Dial, Bobby Dean Locklear, and W.D. "Doug" Wellington. Voting "No"

were H.T. Taylor ("tell 'em now why we're voting this way"), Carl Britt and George Reed Pate (Bobby if all you're wanting is for them to know you're Lumbee Indians, get you a copy of the bill and send it to Rose.)"

Sam Noble, Chairman, broke the tie by voting "No". (Said Noble after the meeting "damn it, if they want me to work with them on anything from now on, they'll let me know. I can't understand why they introduced it. Rose may be wanting us to make it look like he's introducing this bill 'cause we asked him to.)"

Said Dial simply, "I'm disappointed in this board. Locklear added, "this is my first disappointment since I came on the board."

The meeting adjourned and the board members stood around half-heartedly attempting to explain why they took their respective positions long after the meeting ended.

Even Paul Graham, County Manager, confided "I don't understand why they did it."

Said a fellow afterwards, "when you get right down to it, Robeson County still has separate toilets."

**April 18, 1974**

# Criticism!

Criticism! Now there's a pretty animal, a floozy lady in red. And, metaphor aside, how one responds to criticism is the measure of a man.

Some criticism is good and refreshing and offers a new approach to an old problem; but some criticism isn't worth a snowball's chance in Hades. It's separating the chaff from the grain which separates the men from the boys.

I respond best to criticism when I am comfortable and sure of myself. Sometimes, when static is in the air, I blow up unexpectedly.

I guess that's about as well as I can reasonably expect. A perfect man, never unsettled by criticism, would be a terrible bore on a fishing trip.

Another fellow said "Criticism is the unconscious tribute mediocrity and stupidity pay to success."

If that were so, The Carolina Indian Voice would be comparable to Rockefeller and J. Paul Getty rolled into one.

But probably Reasonable Locklear said it best when I cried a bit on his shoulder concerning a wee bit of unexpected criticism: "Bud," he said, "you'll have to sit perfectly still, in peaceful slumber, not to get a little criticism, then somebody would talk about you cause you're ugly."

Anyway, don't forget to vote - you owe it to yourself!

**April 25, 1974**

## **Politics Make Strange Bedfellows**

A silly kind of animosity seems to have sprung up between Indians and Blacks in Robeson. The only one to benefit will be the White politician. And the sooner Indians and Blacks recognize this unalterable fact, the better off Robeson will be.

Now with O. Tom Blanks having filed for a run-off against Malcolm McLeod for Sheriff, history is knocking at the door. And the only way Blanks can be defeated is for Blacks and Indians to lock horns, engage in some old-fashioned internecine feuding.

Promises will be made, money offered, and I hope all of us will scorn it, turn our backs on the "easy Buck."

Strange things happened in Maxton and Lumberton 6 precincts and others. The White incumbent Sheriff, 24 years in the saddle, did well. I personally cannot understand that. What happened? And why?

As they say, politics make strange bedfellows.

**May 16,1974**

# **We Ran a Good Race; We Fought a Good Fight... But**

We ran a good race; we fought a good fight... but we lost.

Being candidly frank, we had the numbers and lost both the sheriffs race and the seat on the Robeson County Board of Education at Large.

Why.? The primary reason is Indian and Black voters do not trust each other ... not even politically. And that's sad.

Some blame Rep. Joy J. Johnson; others shake a defiant fist at Rev. E. B. Turner. But that is too easy. We (Blacks and Indians) are all to blame. We have once again - for the 10 thousandth time - fallen for the old "divide and conquer" ruse. Maybe "next time." But "next time" politically will become a reality only when Indian and Black voters hold firm and trust each other.

I for one am sick and tired of taking solace from Carl Sandburg's line "hope is an echo; hope ties itself yonder, yonder..... "

And some among us still insist on washing our dirty linen in the White-oriented media. A few weeks ago the Carolina Indian Voice raised objection to the appointment of a White, 6 year part time flexible postal employee as Post Master of Pembroke over two Indians with more than 40 years experience in the Pembroke Post Office. And others responded accordingly. Pembroke towns people were outraged. Petitions were signed; telephone calls made to responsible postal officials; other newspapers picked up the news item and gave it wide play.

The former postmaster chose the Robesonian to make a statement concerning the matter. Why?

Of course, freedom of choice is the first right of every American. It simply offends us here at the Carolina Indian Voice because it shows a distinct lack of respect for Indian media.

We humbly say that the question of the appointment should never have been raised elsewhere.

We will simply work harder to show our brothers and sisters that the Carolina Indian Voice is a responsible news paper; consequently a considered choice when any among us write of Indian matters.

**June 13,1974**

## **We've Had A Run of Bad Luck Recently ...**

O. Tom Blanks lost the sheriff's race; Glois Hunt lost her bid for a seat on the Robeson County Board of Education.

Now, Judge Algernon Butler has ruled that "double-voting" is ok; has ruled in favor seemingly, of 6 separate and distinct school systems. He has, in effect, ruled in favor of the system: the powers that be.

A White, too has been named Postmaster of Pembroke; a position deemed "Indian" since the twenties.

In addition, the establishment has unleashed all their power to unseat Mrs. Joyce Locklear, Indian executive secretary of the Robeson Co. Board of Elections. Earlier a power play removed John Robert Jones, an Indian, as chairman of the Board of Elections. And in between "Roving Registrars" registered mostly Indian and Black voters to such an extent that Indian and Black voters outnumber Whites considerably.

But dawn always follows the night. The sun always comes up each morning no matter how dark the night.

And the sun of equality - socially, economically and politically - will come up, will rise in the horizon as it has always done. In time, the dark side of repression and discrimination always turns to the light of reason and civility.

What Indians and Blacks have to do is sit tight and not do anything foolish like turn on each other at the direction and behest of the powers that be.

The struggle continues.

Judge Butler's 19th century opinion of "double-voting" will be appealed to the 4th Circuit Court of Appeals in Richmond.

And we'll not sit quietly by and see Mrs. Joyce Locklear intimidated and forced to resign.

And by golly, in the case of the sheriff and Board of Education races, we'll get them next time.

**June 27, 1974**



# Floyd Westerman... An Experience

Floyd Westerman is ... I just like him. His simplicity ... his way of looking at things. His shrug. His sense of humor. His love for Indian people.

He cares. And I think he tries to bring people together; though he recognizes inherently, that it's useless and hopeless to try to bring people together.

But in the trying to bring people together, he's arrived in space at a point where he's at peace with himself, with his universe, with his fellow man.

He's easy going, but he's tough as nails. He makes reference to the evil of drink, especially in his heart felt rendition of Ira Hayes - the drunken Indian. But he drinks a lot. Booze seems to tear down his defenses, he seems to laugh easier, maybe some times he laughs to keep from crying. His laughter is grotesque almost.

And his songs. His songs are running commentaries on life: Life in general, and the life specifically, as it relates to the Indian, and himself and others.

Yes, I think he cares, but at the self-same time while he's caring he shrugs his shoulders as if to say "I care ... but my caring won't make a difference. My caring won't change the White man's 17th century profile of the Indian as a savage - as an obstruction to progress." He suggests that caring won't change the stereotype the White man has of the Indian; the stereotype the Indian has of himself.

His humor is sardonic. He sticks it to the White man, the BIA, the U.S. Government. In general. But if he's bitter, he doesn't show it on the surface. It's buried deep in his heart.

Maybe Floyd Westerman is playing a game. Maybe Floyd Westerman drinks and sings, hangs loose, because there's nothing else to do.

He has a reverence for AIM, for Indian people generally who have a tendency to speak up and be counted as an implacable foe of the White man and his possessiveness without selling their souls for a subsistence allowance. He says "I'll sing for A.I.M. guys anytime they want me to." He talks of growing up with Dennis Banks in boarding schools, mission schools. He talks about what he's seen, what he's felt. Where he's at.

There's an easy diffidence about the man; as if he's saying "after all the hard times I've seen, the violence of America, the repression of reservation, of boarding schools, of mission schools, I've come to have some relationship, some sense of relationship with the higher power, the universe, the forces which swirl about us and what I am when I come to you, and sing, and drink a couple, is me and life and the grass and streams and all the creations walking about."

But what about tomorrow?

His humor seems to be his saving grace, his defense, his antidote against insanity, madness, drunkenness, and lashing out. His humor defangs him, makes life livable; helps him relate to other people.

By the White man's rules, and by society as it is today, Westerman seems a contradiction.

He seems one minute to be one thing, and a while later another. But his contradiction is his greatness. He fits in no societal mold. His political affiliation seems to be ...you know, with the good guys like A.L.M. and other Indian leaders and people he meets in his travels who speak out and don't cotton to house payments and car payments and Biblical stories.

I believe Floyd Westerman is a good man; if he were hopeful he would be a greater man.

His songs are plaintive; they're deeply felt. He sings of things he knows ... in the country music idiom. And he's damn good. He could be packaged and sold. And maybe have his own variety show. Token Indian on T.V. with lots of promotion; and appearances on Johnny Carson; and interviews and cocktail parties. He could be famous not only in the Indian world but all over. He might co-host the Mike Douglas show ... even substitute host on Johnny Carson's Tonight Show.

But I don't think he'll do any of those things. I think he'll keep doing what he's always done as long as I can remember ... travel around the country, and share with Indian people, sing, and maybe if he needs the money appear on a college campus somewhere or in concert ... grimacing all the while.

Custer Died For Your Sins. He says Custer is the modern day symbol for Jesus. he talks about those who after the Indian has been demoralized and defanged and removed from the economic mainstream of life in America, and after Pine Ridge, and rampant alcoholism, and the like ... after all this there are those Whites who brag about being part this, part Cherokee. Westerman sings a song--"Where were you when, where were you then?" You claim to be part Sioux, part Cherokee. Where were you then?" when we needed you ...

He's an open man. He's an experience in concert. Even though his country songs are laced with all his experiences, his travels, the sordidness of life; he sparkles. Humor is there.

I like the man. And hope he'll be back to visit us soon.

**July 11, 1974**

# Letters to the Editor

A public forum such as Letters to the Editor on the editorial page of a newspaper belongs to the people.

And the Carolina Indian Voice has a very active Letters to the Editor public forum. Our readers like to express themselves, and we encourage the practice.

It's good for the Carolina Indian Voice, and it's good for the readers who are our life line, our substance and strength. We are the voice of people. And we like it very much when our readers use their newspaper to express themselves.

We ask only that the Letters to the Editor be signed and in good taste, no cussing and no personal attacks. We simply ask that our readers express themselves in a reasonable fashion.

And 98% of our readers do that. And we print the letters as a public service, believing that a letter to the editor is a better expression and catharizing agent than the negative feedback of a shotgun blast. Psychiatrists, as a rule of thumb, encourage people to express themselves. It's even good mental health to express yourselves.

Lately our readers have been expressing themselves concerning the plaque and/or award given to Fred Steele at the Awards Banquet of the Homecoming festivities recently concluded. Many of our writers didn't like it, and they have said so in Letters to the Editor.

Some who approved of giving Fred Steele the award have raised the devil a~~ut our printing the letters. They say, in essence, that our allowing people to express themselves will hamper the efforts to Save Old Main among other things. I do not believe that. Besides, I would rather be naked and hungry and homeless than hamper people in expressing themselves. The freedom of expression is fundamental and necessary.

Others have inferred that I and The Carolina Indian Voice will suffer economically if we continue to print letters indiscriminately. We might suffer the loss of an ad here and there, but our long-term profit will balance the books.

We shall continue to print Letters to the Editor. We really have no choice in the matter.

Others have said I am becoming strident and bitter. I don't know about that: there's plenty to be bitter about.

But I am still a spiritual man. I'm gloriously happy doing my thing - getting out The Carolina Indian Voice each week.

So, keep those cards and letters coming, folks. Express yourselves.

**August 1, 1974**

# **Mama, Are You Listening? Mark Up For the People**

The latest word concerning those bones on display at Town Creek Indian Mound in Montgomery County is that they no longer are on public display. The gawkers and thrill seekers will have to look elsewhere for kicks. And that's good!

Town Creek Indian Mound is an historical site.. an actual recreation of a Creek Indian settlement of the 1500's. No one objected to an historical site because Ol' Reasonable said, "you can't tell where you're going if you don't know where you've been ..." What Indians and other concerned people objected to was the fact that a mortuary (burying ground) was uncovered, the bones dug up of Indians ... the dirt shoveled away. A thatched hut was erected over the bones. And visitors could and did peer through a glass window into opened graves of Indians complete with bones.

Ol' Reasonable Locklear's writing about his visit there caused an avalanche of protest from many, many people. And not all those upset about the seeming sacrilege of the opened graves were Indians either.

The first non-Indian to comment publicly was Jerry Bledsoe, a columnist for the Greensboro Daily News, Gene Warren, Public Information Officer at PSU brought the clippings by of Bledsoe's article concerning Town Creek Indian Mound with the comment that ... "Bledsoe probably is the best writer in the state." I do not take issue with that assertion. His prestige and spirited inquiries did as much as anything to get the attention of state officials. And they listened.

One of the things I like about Gov. James Holshouser's administration is the fact that it will listen to people, hear them out. The mark of a great man seems related to his ability to be a good listener. Mrs. Janie Maynor Locklear, project director of the Indian Education project at LRDA called the governor's and she called the office of Grace Rohrer, Secretary of Art, Culture and History. They listened. The state officials informed Mrs. Locklear that "the bones no longer are on public display. The whole idea of interpretative displays are being reviewed. The windows of the mortuary are now shielded ..."

Mama, are you listening? Mark up one for the people.

**September 5, 1974**

# Up On The 20th Floor

Two years ago, the North Carolina Advisory Committee to the United States commission on Civil Rights held a public hearing into the economic and political plight of the Indians of Robeson County in Lumberton, N.C.

Today that august body released its findings from the Holiday Inn in Raleigh, North Carolina, on the 20th floor in the Zodiac Room overlooking the Capitol City. Some of us there snickered. It was amusing, incongruous, demeaning and patently stupid. Everyone was present except the Indians. And the report entitled "Economic and Political Problems of Indians in Robeson County" said, basically, that Indians in Robeson are neglected economically and politically. Any cottonpicking, tobacco-cropping Indian could have told them that.

And it took two years for the report to find its way through the bureaucratic jungle of Raleigh and Washington. Two years! The report runs 68 pages. That means that it took the bureaucrats 1 year to complete 34 pages of the report and/or 68 pages in two years. In other words, they got out approximately 9% of a page a day. And we paid for it 100%.

We should all pray that the good Lord will, henceforth, save us from lazy, wildeyed liberals.

AND A NICE, LITTLE POEM

Reports won't save us. Unity will. We must, as Indian people, somehow, learn to love and respect one another.

This little poem, borrowed from Akwesasne Notes, sums up our salvation pretty well:

## STRAIGHTEN UP

*Brother,  
You know that I love you  
Why do you act this way?  
You make me hurt so bad inside  
Making me cry and worry so.  
You fool  
You fool, don't you know I care?  
You fight with your brother  
You drink and you brawl  
You wind up in jail and feeling depressed  
Feeling so lonely, frightened and confused  
You knew I was there and loved you  
Why didn't you call me?*

Wah-sin-ak

**September 19,1974**



## Considering Steve Strickland, Etc.

Politics make strange bed fellows. And expediency sometimes makes us ignore evident truth. Such is the case in the race for the N.C. Senate (12th Senatorial District) where Steve Strickland, an Indian Republican, is opposing Luther J. Britt, a White Democrat.

In 1966, Robeson County ranked 93rd in per capita income, and more than 39% of the population fell below the federal poverty guidelines. Unemployment in Robeson County in 1971 was 7.3%, considerably above the national average. There are an estimated 20,000 adults in Robeson County with less than an eighth grade education. And I could quote depressing figures until judgement day, and still not tell the sad story of Robeson County.

Double-Voting is the most evil system ever devised by man. "Double-voting" is the practice whereby city residents vote in their own city school board elections and in the county school board election. They "double-vote." Indians primarily are contained within the Robeson County School Unit. Those voters residing within the confines of the Robeson County School Unit can only vote in the Robeson County School Board elections. They cannot vote in the city school administrative units elections. There are 6 separate school systems in Robeson. Robeson County is presently under the 1965 Voting Rights Act for past denials of basic voting rights of Indians and Blacks. Robeson County is one of 39 counties in N.C. answerable to the '65 Voting Rights Act.

One of the most infamous times in Robeson County is the period from 1835-1885 when Indians of Robeson County were classified as "free persons of Color," and denied the right to vote. We have not recovered from that racist debacle to this day. And the Grandfather Clause, long in practice in Robeson County, denied the right to vote to countless Indians and Blacks. I cannot forget the past. As Reasonable Locklear has said, "you can't tell where you are going if you don't know where you've been."

The Democratic Party was an avowed enemy of Henry Berry Lowry. They hunted him and his followers down like dogs. They decimated his ranks. The Republicans looked the other way for nearly ten years. They condoned Henry Berry Lowry because most of his enemies were Democrats, and most of those Henry Berry Lowry allegedly killed and robbed were Democrats. He had a long memory. As soon as the Democratic Party regained power in Robeson County after the Civil War, they went after Henry Berry Lowry and his followers with a vengeance. Within a space of a year, Henry Berry Lowry had disappeared, and each and every one of his followers were killed. The last man hung in Robeson County was Henderson Oxendine, an alleged associate of Henry Berry Lowry. He sang a hymn or two before the rope snatched him into eternity.

Most of these evils were practiced or condoned by the Robeson County Democratic Party.

But please don't misread me. The Republican Party, during the brief time they were in power following the Civil War, was rotten to the core. As is evident in the case of Henry Berry Lowry, the Republican Party used Blacks and Indians without pity or respect. They took advantage of us. Their record cannot compare to that of the Democratic Party because they were not in power long enough to wreck similar havoc.

Now, in 1974, there are those among us who preach the wisdom of voting a straight Democratic Party Ticket. That seems as foolish to me as voting straight Republican Party Ticket. All of us, Indian, Black and White, need to get hold of our senses and vote the Man - not the party. There are scoundrels in either henhouse.

Some among us preach against voting for Steve Strickland because (1) he is a Republican; and (2) because he is not affiliated with any strong faction in Robeson County. As I see it, those seem poor reasons not to vote for Steve Strickland.

The point I am trying to make is simply that there are good Democrats and good Republicans; conversely, there are poor Democrats and poor Republicans.

For the first time in Robeson's history, the White Robeson County Politician needs the support of the Black and Indian voters to get elected to public office. I think that reality will help all of us elect people who will represent all of us. That's progress, if we know what to do with this turn of events. Indians and Blacks together now out register the Whites in Robeson. It is expedient for White candidates to run with Indian and Black candidates on "a straight Democratic ticket." And Indians and Blacks should be aware of this change in position. Five years ago, it would have been suicidal for a White candidate to campaign with and for minority candidates. The White candidate would not have done so.

So, let us consider Steve Strickland the Man. He is a Christian gentleman, a barber and farmer; both professions are honorable ones. A good barber and farmer can make a good senator. A N.C. senator needs good old fashioned common sense more than anything else. That is the criteria ... not which party he is registered with.

I am not presumptuous enough to tell anyone how or who to vote for. But I believe it is my duty to ask you not to vote for a man simply because he is a Republican and/or because he is a Democrat. That seems to me, as I see it, to be folly of the highest order. Look at the candidates and vote for the man, not the party. Strickland has said in campaign stops that he will ask the Lord to help him if he is elected. That seems a smart and reasonable campaign promise, and one that each of us should consider. God has been known to answer prayer.

**October 24, 1974**

# Henry Berry Lowry, My Hero

I remember in my early, traveling days, sitting about in bars, on curbs, at the hearth of friends, cradled in the arms of my beloved, I talked of Henry Berry Lowry reverently. He was and is my hero. In hard times or good times, I spoke reverently of Henry Berry Lowry, the best hero a fellow ever had. And I marveled at his ability to survive. He disappeared one day, never to be heard from again except in our speculating sessions, and in our hearts, We (Indian youth in Robeson) always put him in the best possible light. We talked about his badness. A tough, beer drinker, or lover, or general hell raiser was ... "as bad as Henry Berry Lowry." The height of our ambition was to be as bad as Henry Berry Lowry.

My brother, G.L. Barton, has begun a weekly column entitled "The Life and Times of Henry Berry Lowry." And our readers seem to like it; I do. If any of you have tidbits concerning Henry Berry Lowry, you may send them to G.L. Barton c/o The Carolina Indian Voice, P.O. Box 1075, Pembroke, N.C. 28372. I am sure he will treat Henry Berry Lowry as reverently as I do.

Too, I have been writing a book about Henry Berry Lowry forever. I see him as a man who felt things deeply. A man of honor. A man who would knock a noggin if he had to. And it is unfortunate but evident, by the record, that he had to do a little head busting to get people's attention. I would like to capture the spirit of the man, the essence of one who would not sell his soul, his honor. Henry Berry Lowry deserves our adulation, our worshipful stare. Long live Henry Berry Lowry, the best hero a people ever had.

**November 21, 1974**

# **Lumbee Bill Revision Dies in 93rd Congress**

The year began with high hopes. Representative Charlie Rose, 7th district congressman (the district encompassing Robeson County where most Lumbee Indians live), introduced H.R. 12216 the United State House of Representatives on January 22, 1974. The bill, officially entitled "A Bill to Amend the Act relating to the Lumbee Indians of North Carolina" began the treacherous path through the legislative haze of the U.S. Congress. And time ran out. The bill died in the hopper of the U.S. Senate Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, after clearing the United States House of Representatives and two readings in the United States Senate. For those who seek consolation, that is about as far as a piece of legislation can go without passing and becoming the official law of the land.

**December 24, 1974**

**1975**

# Cultural Heritage, As The Robesonian Sees It...

The editorial below appeared in the Robesonian March 26, 1975.

We are reprinting it in full, and acknowledge the Robesonian as the reprint source.

"The Indian heritage of Robeson County and particularly Pembroke State University is being emphasized. This is a cultural development which has significance to the large number of persons living in the county who have characteristics of the Indian race. The special emphasis upon Indian history, culture and the contemporary Indian situation certainly can give Indian people a sense of identity and pride, which sometimes has seemed diffused in the past.

In this current trend there is the need to keep a balance. To consider Indians in North America as though the various groups inhabiting the continent have had similar cultures is misleading. Such monolithic thinking can be a barrier to understanding the Indians and their relationship to white men, who came to North America in the 16th and 17th centuries, and continued to bring European culture, flavored with the pioneer spirit, until the entire continent had been subdued by the end of the 19th century.

Five performances of the play, "Indians," at Pembroke State University drew large audiences, with a high percentage Indian people. The play, financed with a government grant, had as one of its chief character Buffalo Bill. The drama depicted the terrible plight of the Plains Indians in the last half of the 19th century and on into this century, and the tragedies which occurred because of the greed of the white man, government policy and rapid killing off of the buffalo.

The play did not indicate hardships suffered by white settlers. It did contain a few lines which suggested that whites who invaded the land of the Plains Indians failed to relate to them in a humane fashion due to ignorance. For example, it was not known until too late that buffalo reproduce very slowly. By the time this fact became apparent most of the buffalo herds had been slaughtered. Since the Plains Indians based their way of life on buffalo hunting, their culture was plunged to the verge of extinction by the end of the 19th century.

What happened to the Plains Indians is a sad drama of the kind which has been re-enacted since the dawn of history, as more technologically advanced peoples have overrun the lands held by peoples with fewer resources.

It is easy to become angry about what happened to the Plains Indians, especially if one is an Indian. Yet Robeson County Indians and those who transmit information and ideas to them need to remember that the Plains Indians were different people, in many respects, from the Indians who lived in the eastern regions of North America. From descriptions in records and drawings of the early European explorers and settlers, and

from archeological findings, the Indians of our region were planters who lived in villages with relatively permanent buildings, using farming tools and pottery. Unlike the Indians of the west, they had advanced from the hunting stage to that of agriculture.

The Indians of Robeson County have a unique history, in that they were settled in agricultural life and also had intermingled with white persons. They suffered their greatest indignity during the Civil War and decades preceding and following, when they were deprived of education and other civil rights. As a group they never were deprived of their lands. With the sanction of white friends, especially Representative Hamilton McMillan, Indian public schools were established in 1887.

Despite unfortunate events of the past, it would be detrimental to all concerned should the spirit of revenge grow among Indian people. Those now living did not commit the acts which brought pain to the Indian peoples of North America. In the past, even acts to aid the Indians, such as the Dawes Severalty Act in 1887 designed to give Indian families farms of their own, failed because almost nothing was known about anthropology or social structure. The Plains Indians were not yet culturally attuned to the idea of private ownership of land. In addition, much of the west was ill suited to moderate sized farms, and often whites also failed economically.

In our own age, to some extent, at least we have learned the value of studying cultures of peoples, and we are making some progress in the study of human behavior and human relations. We can weep for the cruel happenings of the past, and we can take heart that human beings are able to grieve and to heal.

As a part of healing, ethnic groups have need to look at the past, present and toward the future. Looking at the past, in one sense the Indian can take fierce pride in his race, a race which suffered and endured - a people who always revered the land and lived attuned to nature, a people with fine physical qualities and beautiful bronze skin. Looking at the present, and toward the future, in a broader sense, the Indian can perceive his personhood above and beyond race and view other persons, not with a label of bronze, black or white but as human beings carrying on daily struggles similar to his own. Aware of this personhood, he may join a faction to improve his and his brothers' condition in life - not seeking revenge, only the right of all persons to pursue the best possible Life."

**April 3, 1975**

## Here Is Our Alternate View

According to the dictionary "Condescend" means to "come down willingly or graciously to the level of one's inferiors in rank." That is how I received the above editorial which appeared in the Robesonian last Wednesday, March 26, 1975. I resented the social implications very much. In other words, the editorial "Cultural Heritage" made me mad as the Devil. As Ol' Reasonable said, "it would sort of be like I wrote a piece about why white folks wear white socks to church." I consider that kind of mentality outside the realm, of my magnanimous spirit. It needs to be answered in no uncertain terms. Silence would imply that I agree with its message. I do not.

In one breath, the editorial writer says: "The special emphasis upon Indian history, culture and the contemporary Indian situation certainly can give Indian people a sense of identity and pride, which sometimes has seemed diffused in the past." Then in the very next breath, the writer says: "In this current trend there is the need to keep a balance." What does the writer mean by the statement? I believe the editorial writer was saying, in essence, "You Indians ought to stay in your place. Don't try to get more political and economic power than we think you ought to have. Have a good time playing at being Indian ... but don't supercede the White Robesonian." That is what I think the writer was saying. Of course, the writer will deny that she meant to say exactly that. I would deny it too. By the way, I called the Robesonian office. The editorial writer was Mrs. Helen Sharpe, the wife of the Robesonian editor. Free expression is wonderful, but free expression means that an alternate view can be offered.

The editorial writer mentions the play "Indians" which recently appeared on the PSU campus to turn-away crowds. Besides mentioning the fact that the play was produced with a government grant, the writer laments that the hardships suffered by the encroaching Europeans who settled the West was not emphasized. What hardships? Besides dodging an occasional arrow flung from an outdated bow, the settlers of the West (sic) had a pretty exciting time of it. They killed more Indians than you can shake a stick at. They were, in most part, uncouth, heartless Christians. They either killed the Indian and/or Christianized him. The Whites, as far as I am concerned, asked for no pity. They certainly did not dish out any. They were ruthless. Besides, the play was, primarily, about "Indians."

Also, the editorial writer mentions that: "For example, it was not known until too late that the buffalo reproduce very slowly. By the time this fact became apparent most of the buffalo herds had been slaughtered." Really! I do not blame any White person for not being overly familiar with the sex life of a buffalo. I admit, quite frankly, that I do not know a boy buffalo from a girl buffalo. They all look alike to me. When I've seen one buffalo, I've seen them all.



In essence, the editorial writer implies that it is just terrible about what happened to those Plains Indians. But, hey, wait a minute, Robeson County Indians were different. They "had advanced from the hunting stage to that of agriculture."

Really!

I want to categorically state that I identify with other Indians in America. They are my brothers and sisters, I am proud to be an Indian. I am what I am. Agriculture cannot make me a White man. And I am proud of my White friends, I am no better than anyone else, BUT I AM NO LESS. All my friendships: whether they be with Indian, Black or White, are based on mutual respect. I sincerely try to, as Professor Adolph Dial has said on a number of occasions, "teach pride without prejudice." I believe the White man ought to be proud of being a White man. A Black man ought to be proud of his heritage, his history, his past, and his future. I AM PROUD TO BE AN INDIAN.

But Robeson County, in years past, has practiced, and still does, patent discrimination against the Indian and Black simply because of their color. That is wrong. I am relatively young, and I remember three separate bathroom facilities. I remember segregation in movie theatres, and other public places. And I am a product of double voting in the Robeson County School system. But I do not wish revenge. I demand equality in the market place, in the political arena, and in the social setting of Robeson County. And many of the White Robesonians now living did, in fact, discriminate against Indian people in sundry ways. That is a fact of life. But many White Robesonians did not. No one need feel guilty about the past. We should merely learn the lessons of history.

The editorial writer says, "Despite unfortunate events of the past, it could be detrimental to all concerned should the spirit of revenge grow among Indian People. Those now living did not commit the acts which brought pain to the Indian peoples of North America." I disagree with that statement. Indians did not ask for separate bathroom facilities in Robeson County. Pembroke residents did not ask the governor of North Carolina to appoint White mayors and White city councilmen to the municipal government of Pembroke, especially when Pembroke is predominately Indian in population. And on and on and on.

In summation, the Indian is responsible for developing his own image. If Robeson County Indians want to wear feathers that is their business. No one else can speak for us. We are the moulders of our own future. Indians should make their own decisions concerning their fate.

The timing of the editorial offends me too. The play "Indians," the suit to break double voting, an Indian applying for the job of Superintendent of the Robeson County School System, the Indian initiated suit to reapportion the Robeson County Commissioner Districts, etc., have reminded our White brother that the Indians are coming.

I agree that the "right of all persons to pursue the best possible life" should be the barometer of all Robesonians, White, Black and Indian. 'You cannot deny one of these without denying another.

**April 3, 1975**

## **A Black Day In Robeson**

I was there that day. As a matter of fact, I was afraid. I had been told that violence might occur. None did. It was a peaceful day. Indian parents and children had come to talk to Supt. Y. H. Allen about how Indian Education monies were to be spent. Supt. Allen did not show up. He sent one emissary after another ... to no avail. The Indians had come to talk to the man in charge. I don't blame them. I would not have talked to an hireling either.

That was in September 1973. It was a balmy day. The Robeson County Board of Education was deserted, except for the Indians who sat quietly and or conferred among themselves in the auditorium of the Robeson County Board of Education. I observed no disorderly conduct. I did not hear any Indian there advocate any violence. I saw no disorderly conduct.

And hordes of Robeson County deputies and other law enforcement officers came and eventually arrested every Indian in the building. I was snapping pictures furiously. I remember one picture in particular which I considered ludicrous. Associate Supt. Sam Stell (now Supt. of the Whiteville City Schools) stood in the doorway, backed by a horde of law enforcement officials and faced the Indian parents and children.

Finally Stell read GS 14-228-188 which is the N.C. State Statute on disorderly conduct, I went outside at this time because of the law enforcement officials who were menacing to me. I expected them to precipitate violence by over using their arresting powers. Outside, the yard was full of police, sheriffs deputies, and highway patrolmen. They outnumbered the so-called Indian demonstrators at least 3 to 1.

15 Indian children and 27 adults were arrested. As the police cars took the Indians to the Robeson County jail, I was ashamed and dismayed. No Indian resisted arrest. Supt. Y. H. Allen never did show up. It was a black day for all Robesonians. I shall not soon forget the scenes I saw that day.

Judge Sam Britt, at a later day, found the adults to be guilty of disorderly conduct. The children were turned over to the juvenile authorities of Robeson County and adjudged each and everyone of the fifteen, "an undisciplined child" and placed under two years probation.

The American Civil Liberties Union Foundation took the case of the children to the N.C. Court of Appeals. Rena K. Uviller of the ACLU's Juvenile Rights Project argued successfully that juvenile courts must operate within constitutional limits. A child cannot be judged undisciplined for a single days absence - such an extreme judgement violates due process of law. The children could not even be labelled "unlawfully absent" because they had missed the day of school at the express wishes of their parents. Too, the

children also had first amendment right to attend the demonstration (so-called) because they could not be punished for exercising their right of speech and peaceful assembly.

The court of appeals reversed the juvenile court, wiping out the "undisciplined" ruling that had hung over the heads of the children for so many months.

In the case of the adults, last week in Robeson's Superior Court, attorney Phil Diehl, who represented the Indian parents, made a motion to squash the warrants charging the parents with disorderly conduct on the ground that the definition of a public disturbance is "unconstitutionally vague and over broad." Judge Pilston Godwin Jr., who heard the case, agreed with Diehl. Godwin ruled the state's disorderly conduct statute to be unconstitutional and squashed the disorderly conduct warrants against the four Tuscarora Indian parents who were being tried first. No other cases will be tried if Godwin's ruling stands. Needless to say, Robeson County has appealed his ruling to the N.C. Court of Appeals.

The four defendants who were tried were: Stanton Strickland and his wife, Annie Ruth; and Doug McMillian and his wife, Hattie Mae; all of the Maxton area. The McMillians and Stricklands have just been released from prison after serving 30 day sentences for failing to comply with the state's compulsory school attendance act for refusing to send their children to the schools assigned by the Robeson County Board of Education.

What was served by this miscarriage of justice? Supt. Y. H. Allen, to my knowledge, still has not talked to the Indian parents about what the county is using the Indian Education monies for. And I sincerely believe that the lack of dialogue is the real crime in this matter. The Indian parents had a right to ask the questions ... and Supt. Y. H. Allen is being paid handsomely to provide the answers.

**April 10, 1975**

# Double Voting Broken!

The question "Have you heard from the suit to break double voting!" had become a form of greeting between Indians and friends of Robeson County. Instead of saying "How are you?", Indians would say, in greeting, "Have you heard from the suit to break double voting?" And from January 9, 1975 until April 23, 1975 when the suit was decided the answer was "no."

But the United States Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit sitting in Richmond, Virginia has changed all that. The court ruled April 23, 1975 in a unanimous decision that Double Voting as it has been practiced in Robeson County is unconstitutional because it dilutes the vote of the county residents of the Robeson County School Administrative Unit.

The three judges (Winter, Craven and Butzner) with Judge Harrison L. Winter writing the decision declared that ... "the votes of the residents of the county school board geographic area are unconstitutionally diluted in the election of the seven members of the county school board which the law directs to be elected on the combined votes of county and city voters ..."

The court of appeals remanded the matter back to the district court with the instructions to enter ... "a declaratory judgment in accordance with the views expressed herein. We leave to the district court, in the exercise of its sound discretion, the fashioning of other relief. Ultimately the formulation of a constitutional method of electing members of the Robeson County School Board is the prerogative of North Carolina. That opportunity should be afforded. The district court may well conclude to withhold further relief at the present time if an election is not imminent and if there is a likelihood that exercise of North Carolina's prerogative will be forthcoming ..."

"Double voting" is the practice in Robeson County whereby residents of Robeson County's five city units may vote for the membership of their own respective boards of education as well as for the make up of the Robeson County Board of Education. City Residents have a "double vote." Conversely until the appeals court ruled on the matter, residents within the geographic confines of the Administrative School Unit (mostly Indian) could not vote in the election of city school boards.

The nefarious practice, in times past, had meant that the membership of the Robeson County Board of Education was made up of mostly White members. Indians and Blacks could not be elected without the city vote which was seldom forthcoming for an Indian or Black candidate for the Robeson county Board of Education.

The Robeson County Board of Education has never had an Indian chairman of the board of education and/or an Indian superintendent of the county school system. Until the N.C. General Assembly passed a law in 1973 declaring that four members of the

board of education would be elected by county residents only few Indians or Blacks could be elected to the board of education. To our knowledge, until the general assembly ruled on the matter of the four members to be elected by county residents only two Indians in the history of Robeson County had been elected to the school board in the history of the county.

Judge Algernon Butler, in the Eastern District Federal Court in Fayetteville, where the double vote suit was originally filed had declared in a ruling that ... "a compelling state interest justified participation of city board residents in the election of certain board members ..." That ruling was appealed. But the appeals court ruled emphatically that "WE DISAGREE." And further said "We reverse the district court and remand the case for the entry of declaratory judgment and the fashioning of other appropriate relief."

The Indians were happy indeed! All those who sued the Robeson County Board of Elections in the matter expressed pleasure at the ruling of the appeals court. The Indians who sued for all Indians in the county on a class action suit were: Janie Maynor Locklear, James Earl Brooks, Marie Locklear, Curley Locklear, Kever Locklear, Brenda Brooks, the Eastern Carolina Indian Organization and the Task Force to Break Double Voting. The principle attorney was Barry Nakell, with assistance from Adam Stein. The suit as sponsored by the North Carolina Civil Liberties Union. And the N.C. League of Voters filed an affidavit as a friend of the suit.

Said Barry Nakell, in a telephone conversation, "above all else we ought to give credit to Dexter Brooks, a Lumbee Indian who is attending law school at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill. He did outstanding work in the litigation and had the fortitude to see the suit through." Nakell also said, "I think the decision opens up the exciting prospect of giving the Indians of Robeson County full opportunity to participate in the running of their own schools."

In area news reports local officials in Robeson County have been quoted as saying no challenge has been decided on concerning the outcome of the suit. W. Earl Britt represented the county and the board of elections in defending the suit. Reports have it that a test of the suit might be discussed at the next meeting of the Robeson County Board of Elections. Said one prominent Indian, "I am sick and tired of paying the bills for kicking my own self in the rear end. The taxpayers have been taxed enough. Every time they defend one of their racial schemes like double voting, the Indian and Black have to help pay for it. I think the suit has been tested enough. It is time now to get on with the business of providing an education for all the children of Robeson County."

**May 1, 1975**

# Double Voting Still A Passionate Issue In Robeson

Men of Good Faith so-called abound on the boards of education and the commissioners in Robeson County. And our legislative delegation in Raleigh, reportedly, are paragons of virtue, including in their ranks a Baptist minister and a melodious Sunday School teacher. With men such as these attending to our needs, it is frightening to note that rumblings of a revival of the Ku Klux Klan is in the air.

And why are the natives restless? Why are they flailing about in confusion and madness? I'll tell you ... the courts have ruled that double voting in Robeson County is illegal and unconstitutional. Double voting, in times past, has allowed city residents to control the county board of education. Now, the United States Court of Appeals has ruled that city residents can no longer vote in county school board elections. And that simple and reasonable ruling has excited Robeson County unduly. Politicians have gone mad. Where will it all end?

I was frankly frightened at a special meeting of the Robeson County Board of Education Tuesday. I saw the evil face of racism. And I was frightened. No one there screamed "nigger" or "CROATAN!" but RACISM was never more obvious and frightening to me.

I have no proof that the school board attorney, Murchison Biggs helped I.J. Williams write his scholarly motion ... but I suspect that someone did. The county attorney affirmed at the meeting that he did not ... but I never once had an inkling that I.J. Williams was a scholar of the law.

The meeting was shrouded in secrecy, at least as far as the Indian members of the school board were concerned. They had no inkling of why the meeting was called. Said the beautiful Mrs. Ailene Holmes, the Indian board member from the Saddletree community, "I resent what has happened here today. You just called us down here and you had it all planned. It is obvious that some of you had talked about this ..."

And Harbert Moore, the stately Indian board member from the Prospect community said, "I don't like being used like this. It is clear that some of you got together before this meeting and talked about this. You certainly didn't let me know what this meeting was all about ..."

The meeting was called expressly to put a motion brought to the meeting by I.J. Williams into the record. The motion was well thought out and covered just about everything except motherhood. The motion read (from a little black notebook which Mr. Williams pulled from his pocket):

"That the attorney for this board be directed to ask the U.S. District Court or any other court necessary to declare whether this board's actions in the election of the superintendent, associate superintendent, assistant superintendent, principals,

teachers, and all other personnel requiring contracts and all other business such as building contracts and other contracts since December 1, 1971 has been legally conducted and is valid;

And the attorney be directed to appear before the State Board of Education, the county, or any other body necessary in support of the action of this board which is believed to be valid and taken in good faith."

Mrs. Shirley Britt seconded the motion.

Before the motion was submitted for a vote, county attorney Murchison Biggs seemingly scared the bejabbers out of the board with his monologue ... "If the contract of Superintendent Allen is not upheld ...the integrity of this board will be in question ... and every action of this board for the last three years (the limit of the statutes of limitation) will be liable for testing in the court ... and every member of this board can be held personally liable ..."

The meeting was in response to an injunction filed in the double vote case whereby the courts have been asked to make permanent an action by the state board of education at last month's meeting when they delayed approving Supt. Allen's four year contract extended by the present board of education in Robeson County. Many contend that since double voting has been ruled unconstitutional the present Board of Education in Robeson County (of which the majority has been elected by the combined city-county vote) has no right to extend a four year contract to the superintendent; especially since double voting officially ends with the election scheduled in November, 1976.

The motion carried 6-5 with Chairman Albert McCormick breaking a 5-5 vote in favor of the motion.

Not a single Indian voted for the measure. Voting against the suspect motion were Harbert Moore, Ailene Holmes, Simeon Oxendine, Harold G. Dial and Rev. Bob Mangum.

Voting in favor were I.J. Williams, Shirley Britt, Steven Stone, Sammy Allen McCormick, and Thurman Anderson, the only Black (appointed) on the board.

And so it goes in Robeson County, a county ruled by men of passion.

Hopefully True Christianity will sustain us all in the difficult days ahead as the passionate ones among us grapple for their rightful place in a county made up of three races, Indian, Black, and White. And hopefully the reasonable ones of all three races will carry the day.

**May 22, 1975**



## Adolph Dial Has A Dream...

I like men with dreams. Adolph Dial, a member of the American Indian Policy Review Commission, head of PSU's Indian Studies Department, and a Lumbee Indian, is excited about the dream of staging an outdoor drama at Red Banks (near Pembroke) starring Henry Berry Lowry, the hero of the Indians of Robeson County.

Henry Berry Lowry's story is an exciting one with derring do, drama, purpose and a reckless disregard for the orthodox. He dared to be different. Henry Berry Lowry is the catalyst, the passion, the heart of the Indian of Robeson County today. I can think of no better subject to build an outdoor drama around.

And it is appropriate that Adolph Dial be the chairman of the Robeson County Historical Drama Society, Inc., a 33 member tri-racial commission determined to see **Strike at the Wind**, the name of the proposed outdoor drama, a reality in Robeson County. Dial practices his philosophy "pride without prejudice" every day of his life, and I believe his dream can be realized if all Robesonians will join hands in this project together. After all, Henry Berry Lowry's refusal to go along with the boys is his real greatness. An Indian of Robeson County in the 1860's when Henry Berry Lowry threw down his mantle of greatness was not supposed to go contrary to the status quo.

He had many White and Black friends. He did not necessarily discriminate. His wrath was directed toward those who treated him with condescension. Henry Berry Lowry had "pride without prejudice."

It will cost \$209,545 to stage the drama **Strike at the Wind** at the Riverside Country Club, in the Red Banks Community, including an amphitheatre which will seat 1,500. Pledge cards are circulating across the county. It is estimated that it will cost \$85,000 to stage the drama three times a week over a ten week period next summer, and another \$124,000 to build and equip the outdoor drama.

It is obvious that it will take a tri-racial effort to raise the monies needed to stage the drama. It will take all of us -- Indian, Black and White -- working together to realize the dream of Adolph Dial. But Robeson County will be better for the effort.

The **Carolina Indian Voice** supports the efforts of Adolph Dial and the Robeson County Historical Drama, Inc., fully. We believe in Henry Berry Lowry and Adolph Dial.

But we have one consideration. It is important that an Indian play the role of Henry Berry Lowry, Andy Griffith is not suited for the role of Henry Berry Lowry, an Indian's Indian. A real Indian must play the role of Henry Berry Lowry.

**July 24, 1975**

## Sayings To Live By ...

I have collected maxims all my life. Little sayings that I put a lot of faith and stock in. I find pithy sayings here and there that motivate me and charge me up. A dear friend has compiled hundreds of gems and given them to me for a very special occasion. I would like to share a few of them with you. I try to live my life accordingly:

- The toughest kind of mountain climbing is getting out of a rut!
- If you want a place in the sun, you must expect some blisters!
- If you would reap praise ... you must sow the seeds -- gentle words and useful deeds!
- If a person says nice things about you behind your back, you can certainly count on him as being a good friend.
- The most unjust criticism is to withhold praise when it is due!
- If you keep going in one direction you will eventually get somewhere!
- The real fault is to have faults and not try to mend them!
- One with God is a majority!
- Every good thought is a prayer!
- Life begins each morning!
- The time to be happy is now, The place to be happy is here. The way to be happy is to make other people happy!
- Keep it simple!

And one of my all time favorites: If you dislike someone ... pray for the S.O.B.!

**August 19,1975**

# **Madness Sweeps Robeson or The Racial Games People Play**

Robeson County is lopsided, offbase, afraid of her shadow, shamed by her past. The winds of Civil War madness still sweep through her ranks. And her nights are pitch black, eerie, unsettling. Everyone is on edge, paranoid, schizophrenic, looney-mad. The days of reckoning are here - right now! The spirit of Henry Berry Lowry moves in the land.

When will we learn that the color of one's skin is incidental, a nonchalant sleight of hand by the Power in the Universe, God, Allah, Great Spirit, Creator - who, above all, refuses to be bored, refuses to be indifferent, orthodox, programmed, or lured by a people brushed with uniformity, or a landscape of sameness. Seemingly, our differences, our alternate attitudes, our different cultural bases, keep the attention of the Power in the Universe - God, Allah, Great Spirit, Creator - centered upon us. When that Power in the Universe becomes bored with our madness, the end of the world will come suddenly. That is why everything is fluid, moving, changing. Deny change and the end is at hand.

Robeson County is a microscopic view of madness up close. Here in Robeson, men cavort about madly, shirking their heritage, their rudder of saneness is cut adrift, everyone seemingly wants to be something other than what they are. Why?

## **THE INDIAN IN ROBESON**

The Indian in Robeson - whether he calls himself Lumbee, Tuscarora, Cherokee, Hatteras, Tuscarora, Siouan, or whatever - is self destructive. Many of my friends and colleagues of my wasteful youth are dead, shattered by the negative feedback of a shotgun blast, the slashing, intestinal ripping of a \$1.49 Kabar pocket knife. Why? Who killed them and why did they die?

They (the Indians) killed one another. Seldom has an Indian in Robeson county killed a Black man or a White man. It is, most times, Indian killing Indian; Indian maiming Indian; Indian injuring Indian with loose tongue and disrespect.

Each time an Indian reaches a certain societal perch, a position of authority and influence, other Indians concentrate madly on toppling the one who has made it. Scurrilous talk sweeps the country side, intrigues are hatched in dark places intent on bringing the high and mighty Indian down from his perch. Indian leaders are castigated, railed at, talked about, intrigued against until their confidence is shaken. They look for more pliable and agreeable alliances. They (Indian leaders) turn from us in fear and disgust. They (Indian leaders) look to Lumberton for succor and support. They (Indian leaders) find friendship, alliances, understanding, votes, in Lumberton.

Afterwards, we talk among ourselves of our "Apple" brother who has turned to Lumberton for comfort. And we pretend that we will throw that one out next time and choose another. Why?

At Tuscarora gatherings, Tuscaroras talk about Lumbees. At Lumbee gatherings, Lumbees talk about Tuscaroras. They talk about - not at - each other. And madness rules.

The Lumbee Bank is talked about because the banking institution will not make unsecured loans, implying incorrectly that FUNB will.

Indians rush hurriedly past the office of **The Carolina Indian Voice** taking their news and support to **The Robesonian**.

A certain view is held in some Indian quarters that a White man will make a venture safer, more sure of success. The condescension implies that the Indian children are afraid of the dark, the economic adventure. It is madness, pure madness.

The Robeson County Schools and Pembroke State University are turning out students without good self images. The Indian scholar learns how to read and write without thinking well of himself. The madness is perpetuated.

And the Lew Bartons. Danford Dials, Helen Scheirbecks, Joe Sampsons, Brantley Blues, Dean Chavers, Jo Jo Hunts, run from our midst. They know if they stay that we will eat them whole spiritually.

LRDA (Lumbee Regional Development Association) "An Indian Agency for Indian People" gives preference in hiring to those who do not make waves. Intellectuals, creators, those with trauma-producing imaginations, are anathema at LRDA. Those left perpetuate our psychic madness.

Only those Indians who act like white folks seemingly make it in Robeson County. There have not been enough Indians elected to public office in Robeson County to make a scientific judgment but few if any Indians elected to public office in my lifetime have acted and voted and conducted business like an Indian.

An exception to the rule, a good example to point to, is Harold G. Dial. Dial is youthful and impetuous, but he is an Indian all the time, right or wrong. He talks to - not about - his Tuscarora brethren as well as his Lumbee brothers and sisters. He visits them, seeks their advice and counsel. He votes his convictions, and is impervious to back room maneuvering. He is a coming political star ... if his Indian brothers and sisters do not bring him down by pointing out his shortcomings. Dial votes his convictions. We need more elected Indian officials like that.

## THE WHITE IN ROBESON

Condescension is the calling card. The White man treats the Black and Indian with condescension. The White man plays the Black and Indian against one another. And the White man wins the elective office. That, as I see it, is the height of madness. And the Black and Indian snarl at each other, each blaming the other for their respective defeats.

A classic example is Rev. E. B. Turner, a Black minister in Lumberton. He is a political and intellectual giant. He is vice-chairman of the Robeson County Democratic Party. A party functionary, a White stationery salesman, is the chairman.

Another example can be found in the Indian camp. Dr. Dalton Brooks, an Indian with impeccable credentials, could not find a job in Robeson County. He is working for the state department of education in Raleigh. Another Indian, Dr. V. R. Thompson, is principal of Pembroke Senior High School.

Y.H. Allen, a White with a MA Degree in School Administration, according to information given to me, is superintendent of the 25 school (including Pembroke Senior High School) Robeson County Administrative Unit. Why? The school system is 20 percent White, 60 percent Indian and 20 percent Black. The Associate Superintendent is an Indian, Purnell Swett. Why?

Indians and Blacks suffer from a societal malaise called vice-chairmanism. They are vice this and second in command that.

All the judges in Robeson are White, including the District attorney's office too - lily White. Not a dark face to be found anywhere.

The White man has tricked the Black and Indian out of their political heritage, yet the Black and Indian snarl at each other. Is that not the personification of madness?

While the Black and Indian snarl at each other, the White man wins the elective offices by default.

Look around you if you do not think we Robesonians are mad? How many Blacks and Indians hold elective office?

Why was double voting - that evil scheme - erected? Why is Robeson County answerable to the 1965 Voting Rights Act for wholesale denial of Indian and Black voting rights?

Why are the jails and prisons - including death row - filled with dark faces?

There is a societal pecking order in Robeson County. The White man is intent on staying on top where he has always been.

The Indian and Black fight among themselves for second place, the crumbs. They take turns holding second place.

#### THE BLACK MAN IN ROBESON

Read the section on "The Indian in Robeson County" and substitute "Black" for "Indian".

Robeson County is made up of three races - Indian, Black and White - almost equally divided among the 90,000 populace. Until every thing - politics, economics, societal dues - is shared equally, the madness will continue and, in time, destroy us.

Our saving grace is Carl Sandburg's line - "Hope is an echo ... hope lies yonder, yonder ..." The White, Black and Indian exceptions to the rules I have stated above are our only hope for the future.

Wake up Robeson! Share the resources and live. Deny them and political and economical and societal death is imminent.

**September 4, 1975**

## Criticism in Robeson Revisited

For a moment I took refuge in the line ... "Criticism is the unconscious tribute mediocrity and stupidity pay to success." But there was too much of the stuff to be comfortable with that high brow attitude. No, some people vented all their frustrations of the last one hundred years or so at me. I was railed at from all four corners of the globe. Like the old Blues number ... "I been 'bused ... and I been scorned." One soft spoken fellow questioned my mother's whereabouts on the night of October 1, 1941 when mom contends I was born. Ah, it was an humbling experience. But I feel catharized, cleansed, pure as the wintry snow for having spoken so bluntly. I have taken the criticism under advisement. But I still feel that I was basically correct in my racial analysis of Robeson County.

And what prompted this outpouring? This concern for my family tree? It was in regards to my column last week entitled "Madness Sweeps Robeson - or the Racial Games People Play."

There has been an unwritten rule in Robeson County since I was a boy that ... "You just don't say things out loud." As one fellow said, "All you do is energize the opposition." But I would rather energize the friendly forces.

A few readers agreed with me. But when a writer writes something, those who agree tend to just smile knowingly to themselves and say nothing. And those who disagree scream to the high heavens.

Anyway, I did not have any single individual in mind when I wrote the piece. A number of people read between the lines and swore that I was talking about them. Nah, I was talking about mentalities, psyches, our societal art form. Robeson's peculiar way of looking at things.

Reasonable Locklear suggested that I throw in a joke or two to take the bite off my wild eyed rhetoric. Another fellow who is fond of rhyming "Blue" with "You" suggested that I throw in a poem every now and then.

But really! I'm going to take all the criticism to heart and use that which is usable. And I am going to throw the rest of it in the gutters of my mind. Some of the criticism I received was very good and constructive. The other had too many cuss words in it to make any sense of it.

But let me make one thing perfectly clear ... I AM GLORIOUSLY HAPPY! And I would not trade places with any man on the face of the earth. Like everyone else, I like to cut loose every once in a while. It is good for the soul. It is called the Primal Scream. And the head shrinkers say a Primal Scream every once in a while is very therapeutic.

All I really want is to see Double voting and all it implies, with its demeaning condescension, smashed to smithereens. I want to see Indians and Blacks and Whites represented in every facet of life in Robeson County, including all elective offices. I want to see all men - Indian, Black and White - treated with respect and dignity. I want to see a qualified Indian named as superintendent of the Robeson County School System. Why? Because we have many qualified Indians, and because the pupil population is 60 percent Indian. Slavery, whether one picks cotton or is economically or politically strangled, is not acceptable to me. I hate the societal form that takes instead of gives.

I want Robeson County to realize the potential of her people. I want to see the attributes of all her people - Indian, Black and White - put to good use. I want a little sunshine and love and peace and racial harmony. I want all men in Robeson - Red, Black and White - to have pride without prejudice.

Until Robeson County lives up to my expectations, I will scream occasionally - a little madly perhaps - but I will try to be more judicious and discerning. But I did not have anything to do with Robeson County being a ward of the justice department. A wild eye racist (or racists) was responsible for that. The 1965 Voting Rights Act is not applied to the good guys. Robeson County is not under the Voting Rights Act for acts of kindness. The county - your county and mine - is answerable to the justice department because the voting rights of Blacks and Indians were infringed upon.

And double Voting is reminiscent of our dark days. Double voting is the practice (now outlawed by a federal appeals court) whereby residents within city school units were allowed to vote in their own school board elections and vote in the election of the Robeson County Administrative Unit School board besides. Those folks residing within the county unit were allowed to vote in the election of the county school board only. They were not allowed to vote in the election of the city school boards. The folks in the city were allowed two votes; and those voters in the county were allowed only one vote. Guess who lived in the cities? Yeah, you guessed right - mostly Whites. And who resides (and attends the schools) in the county administrative unit? Right again. Mostly Indians. Now, to my way of thinking, that is legal evil. Come November 1976, the appeals court has ruled that double voting is unconstitutional and illegal. Thank God for that. But we still have people on the Robeson County board of Education who were elected on the strength of the double vote. They still have another year to warp our minds, and spend our money.

Who told Robeson County to erect 6 separate school systems? And why do school attendance zones gerrymander so foolishly? To me, that's worth a primal scream or two. Etc. Etc. Etc. But I am hopeful. I hate no man. I thank God for that saving grace.

**September 11, 1975**



# Odds and Ends and Repercussions

## EDITORIAL AND OPINION PAGE

Put it before them briefly so they will read it, clearly so they will appreciate it, picturesquely so they will remember it and, above all, accurately so they will be guided by its light.

Joseph Pulitzer

In last week's issue I said some things about condescension and racism in reverse and working and living together. People reacted.

Rev. Jery Juren, Pastor of First Methodist Church (and Calvary Methodist Church) in Pembroke was a subject in my column last week. I was disturbed because of the way Rev. Juren, Rev. Tony Brewington, Rev. James Harold Woods, Rev. Timothy Creel and others treated The Carolina Indian Voice concerning the debate over whether the townspeople would allow the sale of off-premises beer and wine. Rev. Juren and his committee opposed the sale of off-premises beer and wine vehemently. They lost, I contend, for the wrong reason.

That was not the subject of my rancor. I respect the right of every individual to exercise his (or her) opinion. What makes me madder than a setting hen was the fact that the committee opposed to the sale of off-premises beer and wine ignored The Carolina Indian Voice.

They did not consider The Carolina Indian Voice as an informational organ. The people who read The Voice should have been allowed the privilege to hear both sides of the issue. Except for a brief announcement of a meeting hand delivered to our office by Rev. Timothy Creel, the committee did not use the Indian Voice at all. Rev. Creel was the only member of the committee who visited our office during the heated campaign.

The committee headed by Rev. Juren used The Robesonian to advertise their opposition and they used the Red Springs Citizen Printing Company to print their leaflets and supporting materials. And they have the right to use whomever they wish. This is a free country, but the fact is that it is foolhardy to fight an economic and moral issue in Pembroke by spending monies in Lumberton and Red Springs.

Seemingly, the Robesonian publishes an 1860 Democratic mentality which does not consider the Indian of Robeson County as a subject for uplifting and show casing. The way they handled the recent Miss Robeson County winner illustrates this point as well as anything else. Miss Robeson County was won this year by the lovely and talented Miss Teresa Oxendine. Miss Oxendine is a Lumbee Indian. To say the least, the

Robesonian's coverage was not as extensive as last year when a lovely and talented White girl won the pageant. But if an Indian kills another Indian he gets the front page.

For many years, according to information I have gathered, Red Springs did not allow an Indian to own a business or land in Red Springs. I understand from some of the older Indians in the county that there was an ordinance to that effect.

So, why should Pembrokeians spend money in Lumberton and Red Springs to fight an issue in Pembroke? It just offends me. That's all.

Also, I was disturbed that Rev. Juren was the Chairman of the committee. Pembroke is a predominate Indian populated town. Why did not either Rev. Tony Brewington or Rev. James Harold Woods, or one of the other Indians involved in the campaign, head the committee? Are they not as intelligent or talented as Rev. Juren?

Rev. James Harold Woods is the chairman of the board of Lumbee Regional Development Association, Inc., the Indian agency charged to change the mentality of the Indian. Rev. Brewington is the missions director of the farflung and influential Burnt Swamp Baptist Association. Both Rev. Woods and Rev. Brewington are Lumbee Indians. Both are talented and erudite. They could easily have provided the leadership in the fight against the sale of off-premises beer and wine.

Too, in attempting to explore the nuances of life in Robeson County I mentioned the fact that Rev. Juren continues to pastor a church - Calvary Methodist - which is a reminder to many of us of a sordid past in Pembroke when Indians were treated with condescension and a decided lack of respect. Although only a handful of Whites still attend the church, Rev. Juren lends his prestige to keeping its doors open. I suggested that the handful of Whites join their Indian brethren at First Methodist Church and worship God in spirit and in truth. I suggested that Rev. Juren's association with Calvary Methodist might have something to do with his condescending attitude toward the Carolina Indian Voice.

the other side of the coin ...

Rev. Jerry Juren talked about the article in his sermon last Sunday, according to a replay by some of those who attended church at First Methodist. His answer, according to a member, was "to pray for me." I appreciate that. All of us need all the divine intervention we can get. I welcome Rev. Juren's prayers sincerely and I shall return the gesture.

A member of the church told me that I had misunderstood Rev. Juren contending that "he really wants to help the Indian people." I am sure he does, and I have never questioned his motives. The member also told me that Rev. Juren continued to pastor Calvary Methodist because he thought he could help them spiritually in accepting their Indian brethren. Maybe so.

Other members told me that they did not attend services any more because of the ticklish situation with Calvary Methodist. Others said they only attended Sunday School and refused to stay for preaching.

Others told me that I was a scoundrel and headed straight for hell. Others said that a roof would fall on me for daring to mention religion, Methodism or a minister of God in print.

An Indian minister told me in no uncertain terms that the membership of Calvary Methodist Church and Rev. Juren had rights too and that I should not infringe upon them. I replied that Bill Connor and Adolph Hitler and Tojo and sundry other scoundrels, according to that logic, would have gone unhindered.

There were a lot of pros and cons. But we are talking to each other now. Some kind of dialogue was established. As long as people -Indian, Black and White - talk to each other there is hope for us all. A sneer, an arched incredulous brow, a bit of profanity even, is better than the negative feedback of a shotgun blast. I hope the dialogue will continue.

**November 13, 1975**

**1976**

# **The Indian Psyche - A Phenomenon Of Our Times**

I am an Indian. I possess the Indian psyche or, as some psychiatrists call it, the Indian soul. I am most times dubious and I walk about with a perennial, arched incredulous brow. I am learning how to think well of myself. When I am able to say without reservation, I AM SOMEBODY, I will understand the secrets of the Universe. I am leary of willy nilly liberals ... "the good white man." Even though I, more than anyone else, realize that there are some exceptions to the rule, I have a jaundiced view of happenings in Robeson County.

I am a product of a wretched and mostly ineffective school system. I am a product of double-voting. I am a wounded battler with alcoholism, and a graduate of Central Prison University. I remember the dark days ... sitting in the balcony in movie theatres in Lumberton, being turned away at pool hall entrances. Uncle Toma Hawks bartered away my heritage, my birth right. My sin was that I am an Indian.

My father, Lew Barton, has been denied employment in Robeson County because he "was an Indian when it was not popular to be an Indian in Robeson County." He has been psychologically battered. My grandfather, the late Harker Barton, was not allowed to cultivate his brilliant mind. His intellect was not allowed to be watered and fed. Once he was fined for practicing law without a license. His crime? He wrote letters for Indians to governmental agencies asking for their rightful dues as war veterans and citizens of America.

I have read my history. For many years mercantile interests stationed in Pembroke completely controlled the lives of the Indian inhabitants. The governor, until the forties, appointed the mayor and city council for the town of Pembroke. He always appointed wealthy and land-owning Whites as mayor and town councilmen.

My experiences are typical of other Lumbee and Tuscarora Indians in Robeson County. I am the rule, not the exception. I had to go away and look back at my experiences. I found out that I AM SOMEBODY. I am a human being entitled to the best that the land has to offer. I am not better than anyone else, but I am no less.

But Robeson County is still a life robbing force. Employment in county government is laughable as far as Indians and Blacks are concerned. Approximately twelve percent of the work force in county government is Indian. The county manager is White, even though Indians and Blacks make up more than two-thirds of the population. The superintendent of the Robeson County School System is White, even though eighty percent of the pupil enrollment is Indian and Black - sixty percent Indian and twenty percent Black. In answer to HEW's demands that the county school system do something about segregation, the county school administrators are mostly replacing Indian and Black teachers with White teachers.

Double voting is now broken, but the Indian psyche is reasserting itself in a very interesting way. Indians in some quarters in Robeson County are directing a negative campaign toward Indians in and around Pembroke. Why? Seemingly there is a feeling among many Indians in Robeson County that "those Pembroke Indians hog everything." Indians and Blacks have the vote now. What are they going to do with it? Will they destroy themselves? The Indian psyche has a built in mechanism for failure, for destruction, for inverted madness. Instead of an effective Indian-Black political coalition, there are taunts of "Nigger" and "Croatan" in the air. The powers that be hope that the madness will continue. That is the only defense (and offense) left them.

But there is hope if we will learn the lessons of history. We must become activators, not reactors. We must broaden our horizons. We must look into the future. We need to retire our Indian and Black heroes. They have hindered our progress long enough.

We must protect our symbols, embellish our attributes and eradicate our faults. We need to read our history and understand why we yearn for failure. When we can look deep inside our scarred and battered psyches and not wince in pain and lash out at one another, victory will be ours. We will, indeed, be somebody. And our children will walk into the future unafraid and unencumbered with racist devices like double voting, lack of opportunity, and warped and inverted 1860 Democratic Party mentalities.

When we define our enemies, victory will be ours.

Then we can talk to one another - Indian, Black and White - and share our strengths and buttress our weaknesses. And condescension, the tool of the racist, will wither and die. Then - and only then - will Robeson County become a good place to live for all men of all races and persuasions.

And the Indian psyche will become a psychiatric relic and not the architect of our destruction.

**April 15, 1976**

## Even The Robeson County Library Does It

I like the Robeson County Library ...primarily because I like books. I like to be around books. It is exhilarating to me. Books refresh me, and the Robeson County Library is bursting at the seams with books. I like to grab an hour or so whenever I can and mosey around the corridors of the books shelves and thumb through this book and that one. Occasionally, when I find something that strikes my fancy, I will settle down in my own little niche in the library and read and read and luxuriate in the heady exercise. I approve of books ...and I approve of the Robeson County Library.

I have visited libraries in a good part of the United States, and the Robeson County Library stacks up nicely. The library is one of the best public libraries I have ever visited in North Carolina.

The staff is professional and helpful. They seem to care about their work, and that is important. The Library Director, Mrs. Dianna Tope, is a good one. She always has something interesting happening at the library.

But I am not blind to life around me. I watch such things, closely, and I have seen 1 Indian and 2 Blacks at work in the library. Maybe there are more. I simply haven't seen them. And I understand that there is only 1 Black and 1 Indian on the board of directors of the library. Pardon my grammer. That aint kosher. That aint right. As a matter of fact, it is shameful and wrong and evil and demeaning and condescending.

The library is asking \$86,740.57 from the county commissioners to match an equal amount allocated by the Lumberton City Council. The library is a joint venture of the city of Lumberton and Robeson County. The library has served more than 90,000 folks during the last fiscal year. That is \$22,000 more than they received last year.

But the library needs an affirmative action plan. Frankly, the staff and board of directors of the library ought to reflect the population of Robeson which is approximately a third Indian, a third Black and a third White.

Indian County Commissioners Bobby Dean Locklear and Herman Dial both said that they would find it difficult to increase the budget of the library in the light of the inequalities in hiring minorities. I agree with them. It is evil to treat people wrong because of the color of their skin. Race ought not to have anything to do with books. Damn it! I deplore that. I love books and libraries and libraries ought to be the one place where racism is banned emphatically. Books teach us that all men are equal and that respect is the arbiter of the sane and civilized man.

Right now the library board of directors is made up of 10 White, 1 Indian and 1 Black. The chairman of the board is White and the director of the library is White. The County and City of Lumberton ought to straighten out the inequities immediately. Let's get

politics and racists out of the library. The library should be the one sane and decent place in the world when everyone else goes crazy.

Let's do it for everyone. Whitman, Sandburg, Frost, and all the book writers and thinkers and philosophers in the world. That's why they wrote books, to teach the plebian small minds some damn sense. They wrote books to open our minds ...not to close them.

And, for God's sake, let the library grow and flourish and continue to reach us via books and ideas to treat one another with courtesy and respect. But let's begin with the library. Hire some Indians and Blacks and put them on the board of directors too.

And develop a Henry Berry Lowry collection and a Lumbee Indian collection and a collection on Black Robesonians, etc., etc., etc. Let's make the Robeson County Library a library for all the people of Robeson County - Indian, Black and White.

Reading books changes people. Having read a book or so in my lifetime, I can no longer say "Massa" with lowered head or pick cotton while the plantation owner sits on the balcony and drinks mintjulips. My arched, incredulous brow and questioning mind and heart are attributable to books and their influence.

**June 10,1976**



# Two Hundred Years Of Surviving And Suffering And Looking For Myself

There are a few countries in the world better than America-but not many. America is a good place to live if we know where we are going by understanding where we have been.

I like Free Enterprise and democracy even though both laudable institutions have become stunted and compromised by petty little bureaucrats and memo writers and an unimaginative populace. Even so, Free Enterprise is one of the few arenas left to creative Warriors. For that reason, mostly, I am proud to be an American even though the majority of the American Brothers and Sisters are psychologically frightened of free men of color.

I am proud of America's so-called democratic form of government although it has been warped out of shape by the money changers and power-hungry conservatives. As corrupt as America's form of government is, it is still laudable enough for the people to rise up and demand that Dennis Banks be freed. The only problem with a democracy is that the nuts and neurotics and psychological sick birds among us must be watched closely. They are mad and threaten our heroes. They will shoot Dennis Banks if we do not protect him. The sickies among us will shoot all of our heroes unless the people demand that they be turned out of our midst. They have already killed the Kennedys and Martin Luther King and Malcolm X and most of the Free Men of Spirit who have stood up and said, 'Damn it! I am somebody!'

No, I cannot fire a cannon in honor of America or even shoot off a fire cracker. And I will not wave the flag and sing of 'Old Glory.' The Klansmen and conservative businessmen in America have taught me to be brave and strong and not show my feelings in a brazen way. I watch them closely for that tell tale sign of AMERICA: RIGHT OR WRONG' thinking and I run for the bushes because they will soon begin shooting MEN OF FREE SPIRIT AND darkly hued folks. A conservative, as soon as he is threatened, begins shooting those folks different than himself.

There are a lot of things wrong with America, but there are some things right too. I could not write this article in some countries.

As long as I watch the sickies closely and do not threaten their manhood (or their interpretation of manhood) I can write or say anything I want to ...if I do not libel another while having my say. That is an important right guaranteed by the United States Constitution. I find that inalienable right to be the most important thing about America. And the constitution is not sacred and writ in Holy Ink because Thomas Jefferson and some of the other boys kept Black mistresses and disliked Red Skins and Niggers. So, one should read the constitution with an arched, incredulous brow and not become needlessly euphoric and giddy.

## ROBESON COUNTY IS THE ONLY AMERICA I KNOW

Robeson County is a microscopic view of America. Robeson County is the only America I know. My psyche was tampered with in America and I am still looking for myself. My manhood was stolen from me. I was taught not to think well of myself in Robeson County schools. I was force fed on condescension and provincialism. I was taught to say 'Mr. Charlie' for all the wrong reasons. I was taught to be ashamed of my glorious heritage and the blood lines coursing through my veins. I was taught to be ashamed of my peculiar Elizabethan twang.

I learned to be magnanimous and forgiving in Central Prison and on the Open Road. I went away to find myself.

I have returned and I know where I am going because I understand where I have been. My heroes are Henry Berry Lowry and Dennis Banks and Muhammad Ali and other Men of Free Spirit. I believe in a Power greater than myself. I believe I am an integral part of the Universe. I have found a task that needs doing and I am trying to tell it like it is without needlessly exposing myself to the negative feed back of a shot gun blast. I am gloriously happy! I have a glorious and majestic heritage. I am no better than anyone else ...but I am no less! I am somebody!

Robeson County is changing for the better. Double voting (that evil and life robbing system) is broken. Indians and Blacks have re-discovered each other, at least politically. Most Indians and Blacks are refusing to be played off against one another psychologically in a silly and futile attempt to determine who is number two on the societal pecking order. They - Indians and Blacks - are learning that all men are free and equal in America.

It is good to be alive and well in America, but I shall sing no songs. I will not become euphoric and giddy. I am too tired from surviving and learning about myself.

I will celebrate Lumbee Homecoming and the Spirit of Henry Berry Lowry and Dr. Herbert G. Oxendine and Lacy Maynor and Oscar Sampson and Harker Barton and Rev. Venus Brooks and all those WARRIORS who paved the way for us all. They are America and I salute them as America celebrates her 200th birthday.

Happy birthday, America! And may you grow up and treat all of your children as Free Men and worthy subjects.

**July 1,1976**

# **I Just Like Strike At The Wind**

"Strike at the Wind!" is told with humor and pathos and anger but always with hope that things will be better. As the poet has said, "Hope is an echo ...hope ties itself yonder, yonder."

And "Strike at 'the Wind!" is hope, an echo that ties itself yonder, yonder.

Always, the characters look ahead to the future as the Boy in the play says to the Leader, "Sir, the fist is also a hand ...a hand to reach out..."

I just like "Strike at the Wind!" I like the tri-racial board of directors and I like the tri-racial cast. "By God!", an elderly Indian gentleman said as he left the play after premiere night, "Indians play Indians, Whites play Whites, and Blacks play Blacks. That's the way it ought to be..." Thanks be to the Great Spirit, there is no White college student parodying as the Eagle Dancer in this play. Indians are Indians ...real ones!

Everyone in the cast is superb. They care. Good vibes flow between the cast members. Director Arthur McDonald has introduced them to one another and they sincerely like each other. They applaud one another. ...a White Red Springs realtor, Bob Van Hoy and a former Tuscarora leader, Carnell Locklear, meet in the play as Boss Strong and Sheriff King and it is obvious by watching them on stage that they have met and taken one another's measure. That's the beauty of the play ...people-Red, Black and White .. After the play is over Carnell Locklear and Bob Van Hoy will know one another and they will meet and talk over the joys of sharing the excitement of "Strike at the "Wind!" I doubt they would ever have met in their respective social circles if "Strike at the Wind!" had not brought them together as human beings. That's what Henry Berry Lowrie was all about. He despised condescension and man's frail notion that the color of a man's skin is of any significance. A man is either a Human Being or he is not. Respect is the true arbiter.

ADOLPH DIAL AND HECTOR MCLEAN...

Hector McLean said, "Strike at the Wind! will never succeed until an Indian takes charge and makes it work." McLean is a big man, bigger than most of us. We birth a dream and suddenly we demand the right conversely to put it to death. We hold it to our bosom in a death dealing grasp. But not' Hector McLean. He shared the dream. He gave it to Adolph Dial because the symbolism of the moment demanded that an Indian bring it to fruition. And Adolph Dial did.

Adolph Dial is a doer. He gets the job done. After succeeding Hector McLean as chairman of the Robeson Historical Drama, Inc., the sponsoring agency of "Strike at the Wind!", he began assembling a true and representative board of directors to help him. Indians, Blacks and Whites. McLean continued as vice-chairman. No one on the board

has looked back since. With the symbolism in order, "Strike at the Wind!" began to materialize.

## ROCK KERSHAW BELIEVES IN THE LITTLE THINGS THAT MAKE UP A BIG THING...

Seldom has anyone taken on the challenge that Rock Kershaw assumed when Adolph Dial talked him into taking on the at the time empty position of General Manager of "Strike at the Wind!" He was general manager of nothing, no form, no logic, just an idea that an outdoor drama could be realized. And he began to do the little things that make a Big Thing. He was fund raiser, carpenter, exhorter, writer, and the enthusiastic energizer of cynical Robesonians. We distrust one another: Indian, Black and White. We use one another terribly and, most times, for all the wrong reasons.

Kershaw put the pieces together. Often he came and talked to me when his enthusiasm was flagging because he knows that I too am a dreamer. Said Kershaw, at times like that, "God, I don't know if it will work or nOL..but I am gloriously happy!" It always works for those who are gloriously happy at their tasks. Always.

## AND ARTHUR MCDONALD MADE US TALK TO ONE ANOTHER...

Arthur McDonald is serving as director for this first and trauma-ridden season. He likes to work with clay. He took a mostly unprofessional cast and made them professionals. He introduced them to each other. They talk and share and it works. McDonald is the catalyst, the cement that holds the whole delightful dream together.

## AND LYRICAL WILLIE LOWERY SINGS A PRETTY SONG...

Underscoring the beautifully written script is the music of Willie Lowery. Poetical, understated, but there like the vein of gold in the rock. Pretty words, nice rhythms, a song sung. Willie Lowery has the soul of a poet. He sees things that most of us overlook. He is the poet, the singer, the music maker.

## RANDY UMBERGER DOES ALRIGHT FOR A WHITE MAN...

Randy Umberger, who wrote the script for "Strike at the Wind!" does alright for a White Man. He feels things. He understands what it is like to be an Indian in a strange land, with the rules changing from day to day.

He has something to say in the drama. And he says it. He is also a poet. Only a poet could have written "Strike at the Wind!" He did not have to know what it is like to be Henry Berry Lowrie. He took the time to learn about another Human Being. He has captured the beauty and the humor of Henry Berry Lowrie. He understands the blood and retaliation without necessarily condoning it.

But "Strike at the Wind!" is the cast. They are the force and vigor and life of "Strike at the Wind!" They are all superb-every one of them. They care about "Strike at the Wind!" All of them -- Indian, Black and White. They establish a dialogue of sorts, they talk back and forth across the stage. Things happen. Magic is in the air. It works.

DEREK LOWERY AND HOPE ST. PIERRE BUTLER - HENRY BERRY LOWRIE AND RHODA

Derek Lowery plays Henry Berry Lowrie the only way you can play the man-myth-bigger than life. Understatement will evolve with time. He is a vibrant force on stage.

Hope St. Pierre Butler is beautiful and moving as Rhoda who had to share Henry Berry Lowrie with the masses and his pursuers. She is a talented lady and improves with each night's performance. She is beginning to understand the nuance and subtlety of Rhoda, a strong but weak woman ...a woman in love with a man bigger than himself.

WHAT A DELICIOUS AND CRAZY AND MAD AND ANGRY GANG

They could have been farmers, fishermen, loggers, husbands, doting fathers, but history made them into Henry Berry Lowrie's gang - a little crazy, out of step with their fellow men. They ran and fought until the end because they were sacrificed to history and the insanity of the times. Their destiny was to die in a bloody and no hope land. They all went down swinging and singing and lamenting their fates.

Carnell Locklear is Boss Strong, brother of Rhoda, best friend to a madman. He knows that life has denied him. He understands the ludicrous moment after and before and during the Civil War when everyone went a little bit crazy. Carnell Locklear is marvelous, strong, comical, sad, fretful, singing with a loud voice to keep from crying.

And the rest of the cast - Isaih Cummings, Hoyt Ransom, Rodger Gibson, Tom Cope - all of them. What a gang? Each presents a special and heart rending vignette of the character they play. They become the part.

Ralph Suehr is brilliant as Hugh McGregor. Bruce Proctor is deliciously evil as Sergeant Porter. David Miller captures the essence of Hector McCord.

Julian Ransom is just right - resonant and strong - as the Leader. Hughes Oxendine is precocious and appealing as Indian Boy.

And what a beautiful bunch of Indians - Adore Clark, Brenda Jacobs, Teresa Oxendine, Jeannette Oxendine, Dora Chavis, Welton Lowry, Dosey Chavis, Millicent Locklear, Q.B. Cummings, Scott Blanks, Mary Alice Teets, Magdalene Lowry - all of them.

And Plummer Locklear creates an appropriately sneaky and nasty and mincing Donahoe McQueen.

Every single person in the cast is just right for the part they play.

What more can I say? Go see "Strike at the Wind!" and have a marvelous time. Enjoy yourself.

**July 15, 1976**

# Random Thoughts On Race And Reason And People In General

I must have hit a sane point last week. I did not, as usual, receive any nasty letters, no abusive phone calls, no arched incredulous brows. Just a how do you do and I agree with you and we don't talk about things like that out loud, etc., etc. We have been taught to think and act funny, all of us -Indian, Black and White.

## THAT EVIL DISEASE OF THE MIND AND SOUL - DOUBLE VOTING

Now that the courts have outlawed double voting, I wonder if anyone of us really realize how sick double voting made all of us. Double voting created a White controlled board of education which has not ever been responsive to the Indian people living in the county school unit. This White Board of Education (and it will remain in power until Dec. 1976) has always hired White administrators to formulate policy for a school unit which is 80% non-white. Who are these people who have been 'educating' Indian and Black children for the last seventy years?

## HERE IS WHAT THEY THINK OF YOU AND ME AND OUR CHILDREN AND WIVES AND HUSBANDS ETC.

In their application for a federal grant to establish the Education Resource Center (the planetarium etc.) you can find the following illuminating passages: 'Culturally, they have a second-rate version of white culture, with no vestige of an Indian culture as it is thought of among the Plains Indians or the Indians of the Southwest. Never in the reservation category, they endeavor to follow the patterns of the white culture although they had little, if any contact with the whites for so long. They are handicapped with speech problems, poor background, little interest in education, some quiet resentment against the powers that be, yet they desire to reach the level of the people they resent... Today many of the Indian teachers are those who graduated from Pembroke State College in a period when its education was no more than adequate... There is still a large segment untouched by modernity, a segment totally unfit to face the challenges of the modern world. Many recognize their lack and have a resentful attitude toward the whole situation. Others are apathetic with little hope of improvement and with a defeatist attitude on life.'

And here is what they think of themselves and mint julip and magnolia blossoms, etc.

So much for what these 'educators' think of Indians, here is their opinion of themselves: 'The whites have an upper stratum (that's a fancy word for high society folks) of old families with farm property and with some degree of wealth, and living for the most part in town, of which only one lies within the bounds of the Robeson County School System...'

And the clincher is that... well, I'll be damned if they didn't get the grant. You see the planetarium everyday on your way to Lumberton.

It seems that the thinking of the administrators of the county unit is rooted in the pre-Civil War South with all its attendant prejudices. They speaketh with a forked tongue, with a "Hey you, boy!" articulated by an 1860 Democratic Party mentality. Is it any wonder that little James Locklear's reading is not up to the North Carolina average?

Is it any wonder that any of us are up and about and well? Well, we are. We are a marvelous people, strengthened by adversity, steeled by the evils of our past. We are strong and resilient and, metaphorically speaking, like the Mighty Oak.

Friday afternoon, the new courthouse in Lumberton will be the setting for the swearing in of two new Indian attorneys, Sandy Dexter Brooks and Earl Strickland. For eons and ages, Indians (nor Blacks) could attend law school. As soon as the barriers were lowered, as soon as the racists were pushed from the door, Indian lawyers became part of the landscape. We now have at least 10 Indian lawyers from Robeson County that I know of. They are becoming so common place that I probably overlooked one or two.

Pembroke State University is the Lumbee Indian's gift to the world at large. The school was created for and by Indians initially. Indians have given more to the Robeson County society than they have received. PSU is a thriving school, a school that is a vibrant part of Southeastern North Carolina and beyond. PSU is a show piece of Robeson County. Dr. English E. Jones, the Indian chancellor, is a man of vision who can talk from a book as good as any man I know.

What was their gift to us? DOUBLE VOTING!! And the vestiges of double voting remain. What other rhyme or reason could explain the fact that Shirley Britt and Rev. Bob Mangum (2 Whites) finished third and fourth in the recent voting. I can understand Bob Mangum's election but Shirley Britt's leaves me in the double vote quandary. Mrs. Britt has consistently voted against just about every Indian- orientated measure that has ever come up before the Robeson County Board of Education. How do you explain her election? Did the school teachers put her in? Did some of our Indian and Black heroes engineer her election? Were we psychologically taken in by the name Britt? Did the Indian, magnanimous and forgiving, assuage his or her collective guilt? God only knows. But it should be pointed out that the top five vote getters in the November election will receive four year terms. The next four high vote getters will receive two year terms.

As it now stands, Whites will have two of the five four year terms up for grab. Is that what we broke double voting for? Is that what the struggle is all about? No, my friend, that is the vestige of double voting. That is the result of a mind set created by and nurtured by double voting. We are products of what they have taught us. We are creatures of double voting still to a great extent.



Other Indians are talking about voting just for the nine people on the Democratic side. That includes Shirley Britt. Some of the Indian candidates are looking for a way to protect their own political hides. They don't want to take a chance on getting bumped themselves. But Carnell Locklear, an Indian, is also running for election to the Robeson County Board of Education. He is listed as a Republican.

CARNELL LOCKLEAR IS AN INDIAN IS AN INDIAN IS AN INDIAN

Carnell Locklear is an Indian. I am sure of that. Carnell, who played the popular 'Boss Strong' in the successful outdoor drama Strike at the Wind is an Indian to his bootstraps.

His activism is one of the reasons double voting is now broken. He is a good man who spends a great deal of time just helping people, with food stamps, medical attention, getting jobs, just helping people.

We need a bare-knuckled Indian on the board of education. Not a politician but a pure-bred Indian who will look out for the best interest of children period.

I know many who will berate me for speaking forcefully in Carnell Locklear's behalf. He might even lose a few votes in the process, but it is one of those times to speak up and be counted.

I know the power boys, the Ben Floyd Raiders, are going to be talking up a straight Democratic ticket. I want to cut them off at the political pass if I can.

You can vote for who you want to on the board of education. You can vote for eight Democrats and Carnell Locklear, if you want to. The world will not come to an end. We will not fall into the sea. My personal choice is to vote for eight Democrats and Carnell Locklear. I honestly believe that we need a Carnell Locklear on the Robeson County Board of Education.

Until Indians can vote freely and clearly, we are still victims of double voting.

**September 2, 1976**

# **An Indian Manifesto**

Robeson County is the homeland of our Indian people, though for many long years we were almost powerless in our own country because of White political domination. Now, thanks to the efforts of many Indian people, we as Indian people, have achieved much progress. However, let us not be deceived: Indian progress has been accomplished through Indian power. Massive voter registration was accomplished with Indian registrars. The evil double-voting system for the county school board was broken via an Indian federal court suit. The reapportionment of the county commissioner districts was forced via another Indian federal court suit. The long-time White Conservative County Commissioner, George Reed Pate, was defeated via a massive Indian voter turn-out in the Rowland District. We, as a group of people, must face a very simple fact: The Indian people are locked in a struggle with a White racist political system which has absolutely no intention of allowing our people to participate in the decision-making process within this county. We need only look at the recent judicial race for proof of this simple truth. The White population of this county en masse voted against our candidate simply because he was an Indian; they voted in favor of an unknown outsider simply because his last name was not Oxendine. How long are we to endure such insult? How long are we to allow the county White political system to keep our people in political, social, and economic bondage?

In the recent democratic primary, Indian people, in a sense of fairness, made several significant concessions to the White community for the sake of racial harmony within Robeson. One of our most respected leaders withdrew from the house race in order that it might remain tri-racial. The White senator from Robeson was unopposed so as not to jeopardize our chances for an Indian judge. Many Indians made a concerted effort to see that the county school board was tri-racial. From the lips of several Indian figures came the soothing message: 'They have changed; let us not do unto them what they have done unto us.' WE WERE BETRAYED! Indian candidates were massacred in the White precincts. Our naive trust, grounded as it was in deception and betrayal, almost cost us our children's future.

**CONDESCENSION IS NOT STRENGTH IN POLITICS OR ANYTHING ELSE.**

I am an observer of the political scene in Robeson County. One of the things I have noticed is that, as a general rule, White politicians do not give Indians or Blacks anything of substance unless it is laced with the political arsenic of condescension.

Politically, they (the White power structure) allow us (Indians and Blacks) to take one step forward and two steps backwards at the selfsame time. It is a defeating process. Power comes from strength and cohesiveness and a unified will. We must learn to work toward our common goal: political and social and economic parity with our White brethren. Simply put, parity is two-thirds of everything in Robeson County period. Two-thirds of every dollar, tree, political office, etc. Yes, count 'em out. We (Indians and

Blacks) should also rightfully want two-thirds of the responsibility of running Robeson County, taking the best from all three races and truly putting our collective minds together and making something worthwhile for our children.

But listen to the chant of the Indian and Black politician; our Indian and Black heroes! They mouth empty, meaningless chants: 'Don't activate the opposition.' How can one activate his supporters if he does not activate his opposition? 'Aren't we moving a little too fast?' No, my friend, yesterday was too soon: today is the day for justice and equitable treatment of all people in Robeson County. Tomorrow will be too late.

We are Robeson County: all of us-Indian, Black and White. The people are demanding action now, not tomorrow. Give us our share of Robeson County and remove the demeaning additive of condescension.

We are tired of White judges and White district attorneys sending our young people away to prison. We are tired of every county office of substance being manned by Whites. We are tired of empty promises that come to nothing. We are tired of condescension and ill treatment and that most evil and condescending malaise of 'Black vice-president this' and 'Indian vice-chairman that.' We are tired of our children growing up and not thinking well of themselves. We want a share of the economic institutions such as banks and savings and loan association and farmers markets and tobacco boards of trade. We are tired of our leaders selling us out for mere pittance. We want to raise the price of our souls and psyches and mentalities. We want to market the crops as well as grow and harvest them.

We want the right to say, without malice or ill-will, that 'we are no better than anyone else but WE ARE NO LESS!'

We want an Indian superintendent to teach our children. We want. an Indian school board attorney and an Indian business manager. We want our share of the dollar. We want our share of everything!'

We want to run our own school system for a change. Now that Indians seemingly will control the Robeson County Board of Education, many of our willy nilly, shifty friends within the city units are talking about consolidation and merger and putting our resources in a common pool. Where were they before we broke Double Voting? Where were they when our White friends, one by one, ran off and set up five city school units? Where were they then... when we were at their mercy and needed them. We do not need them now! We have teachers and lawyers and businessmen and men of good will who can provide for our children's welfare. We demand the opportunity to run our own school system for a change.

Where were the Christians and men of good will when Senator Luther Britt engineered a bill to take Clyburn Pines and Barker Ten Mile out of the county system? Did they exert their magnanimous spirits? NO! THEY DID NOT!

Only Indians are magnanimous and forgiving 70 times 70 times 70 times 70 times 70. We are masochistic and beg to be punished. Enough is enough. It is time for us to demand respect. It is time for us to stomp condescension underfoot. What are we punishing ourselves for? For being maligned against?

It is time to say that the only relationship worth nurturing and developing is one based on mutual respect and understanding.

I will not sit in segregated seating, use a bathroom marked 'Indian' or accept condescension from my White brethren. I will treat him as he has treated me. I will treat him with respect only if he treats me with respect. I cannot and will not modulate my voice or be bought for less than ten million dollars.

It is time for men in Robeson County to say things out loud. A letter to the editor is better than the negative feedback of a shotgun blast. It is time to truly love one another. It is time to listen to the pain and sorrow evoked from the deepest recesses of our hearts. It is time to treat each other with respect and love. It is time to work toward harmonious racial relationships but not at the demeaning price of condescension.

**October 7, 1976**

# An Editorial Viewpoint: Pembroke Vs. Lumberton

Robeson today is embroiled in a struggle of traumatic, earth shattering proportions; the outcome of which will decide nothing less than the destiny of every man, woman, and child within our county. On the one hand, we have the White political establishment which has controlled Robeson since Reconstruction. Traditionally, the seat of power for this establishment has been Lumberton; every White countywide elected public official, save David Parnell of Parkton, resides within the Lumberton area. The White Lumberton political establishment has been able to dominate county politics through skillful use of several factors: the large White vote in Lumberton; disunity among the other White towns; fear, on the parts of Whites in general, of Indian and Black political power; mutual distrust between Indians and Blacks; and the king-of-the-mountain syndrome, i.e. a natural reluctance on the part of most people - Indian, Black or White - to challenge the established political order. In its heyday, the White Lumberton political establishment made of Robeson a closed society: If one was not White and inside the system, then he was definitely out, period. People were bought and sold just as fully as were slaves on the auction block over a hundred years ago.

Today, however, several forces are battering the walls of this old order; a revolution is sweeping the land. One major factor of which has been the emergence of the Pembroke area as a force to be reckoned with in Robeson politics. Since the forced retirement of most of the old Indian Pembroke political figures, an aroused younger Indian political cadre has made the Pembroke area a hot-bed of political activity; a catalyst for revolution and reform. Such activism spawned the **Save Old Main Movement, the Task Force to Break Double-Voting**, and, more recently, the **Effort to Reapportion the County Commissioner Districts**. The rallying cry of the group has been **INDIAN POWER**. The vast majority of the people in the Pembroke area now realize that there is a fundamental difference between themselves and the people of Lumberton: Pembroke is Indian, liberal, and tolerant; while Lumberton is White, conservative, and racist. One need only compare voting trends between the two areas for proof of this simple truth. For illustrative purposes, we need only consider the two White middle-class precincts of Lumberton, number one and eight; together with the Black Lumberton precinct, number six. In the recent presidential primary, White Lumberton supported George Wallace, while Indian Pembroke and Black Lumberton supported Jimmy Carter. On the same day White Lumberton voted against the statewide bond issue for higher education, even though Lumberton receives more benefit from the presence of Pembroke State University than any other town, including Pembroke. Naturally, Indian Pembroke and Black Lumberton voted for the bond issue.

The 1978 elections will be for all the marbles; let us begin to prepare now. The 1976 general elections will be the last warm-up that we will have before the 1978 sheriffs race. We have at our disposal a very clear cut race: Carnell Locklear versus Shirley Britt. Shirley Britt has demonstrated total indifference to the needs of the Pembroke community. Do our children really need four years of Ms. Britt's racial attitudes? We have a clear alternative: Carnell Locklear is Indian to the toenails. Does anyone in

Robeson doubt that Carnell Locklear will not speak out for what is right? We need Carnell Locklear on the Board of Education. In order to be successful. Carnell Locklear needs the Pembroke vote. Let us send our White friends in Lumberton a message: We accept the challenge. The Pembroke vote is available to any candidate - Indian, Black or White - who represents CHANGE. We fully intend to VOTE INDIAN. We fully intend to VOTE FOR EVERY LOCKLEAR ON THE BALLOT.

**October 14,1976**

# **All White Folks Ain't Devils... Neither Are Black And Indian Folks**

Shades of conciliation! A White called me last week and talked of my views and feelings on Robeson County politics and racial harmony and brotherhood and the like. It was a good conversation. She stated her views and I stated mine. Neither of us reached for our shotgun. We talked in modulated tones and we probably, after the dialogue, found that we have a lot in common and that neither of us is as terrible as the other might have thought before we stopped and talked to each other.

The important thing is that we really talked to each other in good English without the curse words. And that's the key to it: dialogue, talking to one another.

She initially thought that I was a little heavy handed and too general and pervasive in stating my views, She noted that "all White folks ain't devils..." and I readily agreed. And I added "and neither are Black and Indian folk." We're all in this county, for better or worse, part of the landscape. It's our home, our squatter's lodge. We belong here... all of us - Indian, Black and White.

But a relationship - if the relationship is of any merit - must be based on mutual respect. People must look each other in the eye ball. Eye ball to eye ball, across the table.

I am not against reconciliation. I am for people working together and sharing their best qualities. Robeson County is for all the people - Indian, Black and White. But I am opposed to condescension. I am against people (especially Indians and Blacks) ignoring their history, pretending that problems do not exist, selling out their own. I am against Indian and Black heroes. I believe democracy is for all the people, not for just a few. I frankly do not need any Indian or Black power broker deciding what is best for me. I like to make my own decisions, do my own thinking.

I am against political contrivances like double voting and separate bathroom facilities and sitting in balconies of movie theatres and denial period because of race or creed or color.

Carl Sandburg, loving Sandburg, although irascible as hell, loved people and universal ideas. He stated once that "Hope is an echo... Hope ties itself yonder, yonder..." And I believe him. If I generalize against the evil in our midst and label the good with the bad... well, I apologize for that.

But as a Robeson County Indian, I did not have anything to do with writing our history. But I have read it. It is not a nice story; the history of Robeson County is a sorry annal of man's inhumanity to man. Indians were (and, in many instances, still are) denied full participation in the economic, social and political life of the county.

Robeson County is one of the 39 counties in North Carolina under the 1965 Voting Rights Act. The only way to be subject to civil rights legislation is to deny the people the right to vote. Period.

So, let's keep on talking to one another, sharing our frustrations and our dreams, Robeson County can become as good and decent as all of us want her to be. But we have got to quit fooling each other. Our Indian and Black heroes have got to quit selling us out and pretending that everything is all right. And our White political masters have got to quit playing games with us, trading Indians and Blacks off against each other and teaching their own to say "nigger" and "croatan" glibly. Indians and Blacks have got to quit selling their vote to the highest bidder. The right to vote is priceless.

Yes, Robeson County is on the verge of greatness... as soon as Racism and Condescension and ill will and mistrust become relics of our language without meaning and substance.

**October 21, 1976**



# A Letter To Brandi

I hope my readership will forgive my personal touch this week. Barbara (my darling wife) and I experienced the birth of our newly-born daughter, Brandi Nakell, last Thursday afternoon. Needless to say, I am exhilarated and full of ideas and thoughts concerning her future and all the children who will follow us down this sometimes frightful path of life.

Dear Brandi:

We simply assumed you would be a boy. If so, we had meant to name you Berry Nakell. We wanted to name you in honor of Henry Berry Lowrie and Barry Nakell. I want you to always honor them and carry their names proudly. As an afterthought, in case you might be a girl, we decided to name you Brandi Nakell. Brandi, when you say it out loud and trill it off the tongue, brings to mind the memory of Henry Berry Lowrie, the hero of your father... and your mother... and of every Lumbee Indian (or Tuscarora) I have ever discussed the matter of heroes with.

Brandi is aggression and pride and stick-to-itiveness. Brandi is a name that is portent of warriors; for instance, you can brandish weapons of truth and integrity and openness against our common enemies. There is Marlon Brando and Brantley Blue, both models of forthright and truth seeking people. Brando is an Anglo Saxon but he likes Indians and helps them whenever he is able to do so. Brantley Blue is a Lumbee like we are; he is the first Indian to ever serve on the U. S. Indian Claims Commission. He is a seeker of truth. He has helped articulate our grievances and forged new directions for our people - the Lumbee Indian. Brandi is a good and decent name and a reminder of those who exemplify Henry Berry Lowrie. Be proud of who you are and what you are. Do not consider yourself better than anyone else... BUT DO NOT CONSIDER YOURSELF ANY LESS! YOU ARE SOMEBODY!

We named you also in honor of Barry Nakell, a lawyer, a friend of the Lumbee Indians. Barry Nakell is a professor of law at UNC-Chapel Hill. He was our attorney when we (Indian parents) went to court and fought the evil double voting system. We won the case and double voting is no more. Beginning with the upcoming elections, Nov. 2, 1976, double voting is outlawed. Double voting was an evil system whereby citizens in the five city school units (mostly White) voted on their own school board elections and also voted on the election of the school board for the Robeson County School Unit (mostly Indians). I am so happy that you will not have to suffer the evil ramifications of double voting like your father and his peers did. Do not ever treat anyone with a lack of respect... especially if they are Indians. For generations to come, we will react to the evil nature of double voting and we, in many instances, will not understand exactly why we are disrespectful to one another. Double voting did that to us but we will overcome that mental state, that heart rending aberration of people walking around thinking and doing

evil against one another because we were taught to be disrespectful to one another by our enemies in high political places.

You and your peers are our future. You can walk out into life thinking well of yourself. You are our future, our hope, our salvation.

Barry Nakell is an Anglo Saxon, Jewish I think. I have never really asked him. It seemed so unimportant. We were in a battle together and we never really stopped long enough to explore our respective blood lines. We fought a common evil... and we prevailed. He is my friend and my mentor and I hope that you will honor Barry Nakell and think well of him. He helped to loose a mental shackle that would have been placed around your heart and mind and soul if we had not knocked double voting asunder in the federal courts of the land.

So, do not brandish the shotgun, the tart tongue, the back biting tongue. Talk about the issues, engage those who disagree with you in dialogue. Be frank with them, speak quietly but firmly. Do not hate those who oppose you, but do not be magnanimous for the wrong reasons. DO NOT STRIVE TO BE AN INDIAN HERO WHO BARTERS WITH THE VOTE AND MIND AND SOUL OF YOUR INDIAN BROTHERS AND SISTERS. Share the mantel of responsibility with them. Be a grass rooter, a woman of the people, a friend of the down trodden, an enemy of those who attempt to enslave your mind, and damper the spirit of your being. Cry with those who are hurting, share with those in need. Love others easily. Love is natural and right and a force to be reckoned with in the Universe.

Love your heritage, your special quality: YOU ARE A ROBESON COUNTY INDIAN, a truly remarkable being.

And always remember that you are surrounded by love.

Your Father,

Bruce

**October 28, 1976**

# **Too Many Indians And Blacks Tried & Convicted In Robeson Courts**

People tend to look at alleged crimes on the surface. Sociological root causes are never examined. Crime is an abberation, a manifestation of our society as a whole.

An interesting observation is the fact that an overwhelming majority of those charged, convicted and incarcerated in Robeson County for crimes (sic) are Indians and Blacks with the majority of them being young male Indians and Black. We do not pretend to be jurists; we are commentators on the social scene before us.

All we know is that there are no Indians or Blacks in the office of District Attorney Joe Freeman Britt. Seemingly, too, he enjoys sending people to prison or death row. That is not the answer: send them off to prison and they will return more hardened than ever. Some of them will be lost forever from the redeeming qualities of life.

Let's look at the root causes of crime and quit treating the symptoms. It is time for Joe Freeman Britt to be compassionate and understanding instead of appealing to the 'switch puller' in our midst. It is time for Robeson County to affirm that all people - Indians, Blacks and White - will be treated fairly and equitable. It is time for Robeson County to purge herself of racism and ill treatment of people because of the color of their skin. It is time for affirmative action in employment, including the office of District Attorney Joe Freeman Britt. An Indian or two in his office might possibly help us save our young people rather than send them off to prison with harsh sentences or, worse than that, the defeating straits of Death Row.

Of course, the voters of Robeson County serve as jurors every four years. They might wish to sentence District Attorney Joe Freeman Britt in 1978 by turning him out of office. That is their prerogative.

**October 28,1976**

# **Rev Bob Mangum Is Not A Sacred Cow**

I am used to being cussed at but my unfavorable comments on the proposed Occupational Education Center loosed a torrent of epithets... some I had not heard before.

The unfavorable comments were not necessarily directed at my negative views concerning the occupational education boondoggle put forth by some of our educators: no, the inference was that, somehow, I had tackled a sacred cow in the sense that the chairman of the study commission that recommended the Occupational Education Center was Rev. Bob Mangum.

Some folks indicated that they were displeased because my unfavorable comments on the center was a reflection of sorts on the chairman of the study commission - Rev. Bob Mangum.

Gnu's milk! Afghanistan! Boo! Blah!!\*\*\*? No one deserves the foolish fate of being a Sacred Cow, including Rev. Bob Mangum. As a matter of fact, it is a back handed compliment of sorts that I feel free to criticize Rev. Bob Mangum when the infrequent need arises. He agrees, as I do, that a Letter to the Editor is better than the negative feedback of a shotgun blast.

I contend that our students (especially in the Robeson County School Unit) are taught everything except to think well of themselves. Our students need to be taught something of their glorious history. Who are they? Are they a pertinent part of the world around them? Are they somebody? What is a Lumbee Indian? Is there Tuscarora blood in Robeson? Are feathers important? Is Henry Berry Lowrie a hero or isn't he? Is Dennis Banks pertinent to Robeson County?

I want our children to learn how to play a flute; to dance a pirouette; to write a book; to make the world stand still within the lines of a poetical couplet. I want them to step out into the job market with head held high, with a sense of self. I want them to boldly declare, 'I am somebody! No more than anyone else, but certainly no less!'

I want our youth to define their capabilities for themselves, to feel free to tackle any chore, any undertaking with spirit and joy and a sense of accomplishment.

I do not trust the present administration to decide which of our children should make hope chests, or tear down the insides of a Farmall Tractor. They would have all of us categorized, placed in their conception of our societal niche. They would maim the fingers of our flutist, dry up the minds of our poets, damper the fire of our painters and thinkers and intellectuals.

To work with one's hands is a God given talent and is not to be entrusted to Gilbert Lewis (head of Robeson County's Occupational Education Program) and Y.H. Allen. They would, as I see it, have all of us picking cotton when some of us could, without restraints of the mind and spirit, market the stuff.

The provincial nature of education in Robeson County has narrowed all of our views. Give us symbols that our youth can point to with pride and satisfaction and the unsaid assertion that 'if he can do it By God then so can I.'

Give us some dark skinned folk in high places (including the superintendency of the Robeson County School Unit) and we shall look for the best in our children, not necessarily the worst. And if our children want to build hope chests, they will do so with good self images and sense of self, taking pride in their choice of educational pursuits.

Give our children an educational program that allows for differences of opinion. Teach them to respectfully disagree when they want to. Teach them to be of a questioning nature, examining life about them and changing 'things as they are' if change is called for.

Our children need less isolation, not more. Our children need to know who they are and what their worth is as human beings. That is education!

So, to those who cussed a bit and misconstrued my opinion of Rev. Bob Mangum, take comfort in the fact that I respect him highly and even love him. But, at the self same time, Occupational Education, as proposed by the study commission, is the wrong program at the wrong time at the wrong place.

**December 30,1976**

**1977**

# **In A Lot Of Ways, 1976 Was A Very Good Year!**

The Carolina Indian Voice is now beginning its 5th year of operation. We ought to be applauded for perserverence if for nothing else. We are committed, still, to our original goal: to serve as a communicative bridge between people and communities. We are happy if we establish dialogue between races and communities. They (community and races) don't necessarily have to agree with one another. Our goal is simply to establish dialogue, get them to talking back and forth across the psychological barriers they have erected between themselves. We encourage the dismantling of fear walls, racial barricades. We ascribe to the theory that a letter to the editor is better than the negative feedback of a shotgun blast.

## **DOUBLE VOTING, THAT EVIL SCHEME, IS NO MORE**

November 2 was a symbolic day. That was the day that a school board was elected to serve the constituents of the Robeson County Administrative Unit (where most of the Indians reside). As a result of a federal law suit initiated by Indian parent.s the federal courts agreed that double voting was unconstitutional in that it diluted the vote of Indian parents mostly.

Double voting was the practice (until it was outlawed) whereby voters within the five city school units (Maxton, Fairmont, Red Springs, St. Pauls, and Lumberton) voted on their own school boards and then (at the same darn time) voted for the makeup of the Robeson County Administrative School Unit (where most of the Indians reside). The nefarious and evil practice effectively kept Indians from electing Indians to the school board. Until the early 60s, no Indians served on the Robeson County School board, in spite of the fact that (right now) 60% of the students enrolled in the Robeson County Administrative School Unit are Indians, 20%, are Black and 20% are White.

Indians would run their little hearts out and they would be defeated every single time hy the city votes. Mostly, people elected to the school board did not reside within the county school system nor did their children attend Lumberton City Schools. I have always been struck by the thought that ... well, by God, if the school system isn't good enough for his children, I wonder if it is good enough for mine.

But the Indian parents took the matter to court and won even though the powers that be rationalized for years that "taxation without representation" was the reason they were entitled (sic) to membership on the board. The federal courts said, in essence, "phooey!" on that antiquated logic.

The new school board is the first one in history to be constitutional and fairly representative of the constituency (the people who live in the school district). Six Indians were elected on November 2, 1976 to the Robeson County Board of Education along with one Black and two Whites.

The new school board even elected an Indian, Ralph Hunt (eminently qualified, I might add) as chairman of the board. Now, if we can have an Indian school board attorney, business manager, and superintendent, the world will possibly aright itself and we can return their good self-images to our children.

The dismantling of double voting, as I see it, was the greatest thing to happen to Indian people since Jesus offered himself as our intercessor with the Father.

1976 also was the year that another Indian (J. W. Hunt from the Rowland District) was added to the Robeson County Board of Commissioners. Indians now have three of seven commissioners on the board, the single most powerful hoard in existence in the county. All they have to do is exercise their power.

Indians also gained a majority on the Lumbee River Electric Membership Corp. Now, the biggest battle ahead is to encourage those Indians elected to boards and commissions to wear an occasional feather and not cause us to trade in a whipping post for a second rate symbol.

If 1976 is any indicator, 1977 should be even better.

**January 6, 1977**



# Spitting Into The Wind: A Lonely Exercise

My father Lew Barton, is prolific at spitting into the face of the wind; defying the odds; standing alone many times. He is a master at solitary, impromptu protests.

Many times, in the past, his unquenchable spirit has caused me much chagrin and pain. But I am older now and less afraid of standing alone. I have come grudgingly to admire and, yes, love him. He stands for something - his own sense of honor and integrity.

Now, I've looked at the man up close for a long time. I've looked into his motives, explored his psyche and suffered painfully from his neglect; his, as I see it, machiavellian derring do. No! Not Lew Barton - Young H. Allen.

And they honored him Friday night at the Pembroke Jaycees Awards Banquet! They named him 'Boss of the Year!' I could have sit stolidly and even have applauded if they had named him 'Tyrant of the Year!' or 'Politician of the Year!' but 'Boss of the Year?' No! Never!

I got up and walked out heart heavy, laden down with the weight of history. And my mind danced madly - my heart quivered with rage.

No one followed me out. Most stood and applauded although the clap, clap of hands was lethargic, muted, limp, and not smattering wildly as was evident following the announcement of other award winners. Still, they stood and applauded and observed the societal niceties of the moment. Why? There are hundreds of reasons and all of them are valid. But, for me, I had to spit into the wind and stand for my own sense of dignity and pride and self essence. I walked out in silent protest.

I believe my children respect me. They know that I, with all my inherent weaknesses, stand for something. My wife does not cringe and turn away when I lie beside her after my days labors are done.

I try, sincerely, to live my life in such a way that I can sleep peacefully and not fight the dark presence of fears and deeds not done and words not spoken.

I want my children and others to respect me and unspokenly avow that Bruce Barton, father, husband, son, friend of man, stands for something.

And sometimes I find it difficult to articulate what I stand for. I suffer from the same vices and shortcomings common to all of us.

I only know that, every once in a while, there comes a time when, if no other alternative is available to me, I must, and forcefully so, spit into the face of the wind. I must stand if

the whole of mankind remains seated. I must walk out to the sound of taunts and sneers even. I must stand for what I believe in.

I do not want to sleep fitfully nor do I want to see my spirit, my self esteem ebb away bit by bit. I shall walk out first.

And yet I respect the man who nominated the source of my discontent; his inherent right, to nominate Young H. Allen as 'Boss of the Year.' His psyche is not mine. His inner barometer is his; not mine. Probably he is comfortable and sure of himself. As a philosopher has said, "I will disagree with you but I will fight to the death those who attempt to deter you from expressing your opinion."

Those who know the inner workings of the Robeson County Board of Education understand why I walked out. I had to; I had no recourse left to me. I was forced to spit into the wind.

But all is not lost. I understand my father better now. I understand why he has spent a life time spitting into the face of the wind.

And I understand Danford Dial and Dr. Martin L. Brooks and the other courageous warriors better now. They had no other recourse: they spit into the face of the wind knowingly and of their own volition - I suspect that the warriors (deep down beyond the hurt and psychological wounds) think well of themselves.

And Young H. Allen. What of him? He is a personable man. I can say nothing more.

For 12 years, he has headed a nefarious and evil system - the Robeson County Board of Education. For my own reasons and those evident by a careful reading of history, he should be summarily fired - not honored. He has robbed many of our children of their good self esteem. Although the federal courts have ruled double-voting unconstitutional and unlawful, Allen still believes in its evil tenets avidly.

So I walked out. We must stop rewarding the evil doers in our midst. We must rid ourselves of our masochistic leanings. Why do we insist on punishing ourselves and rewarding those who have harmed us? I do not know although I can discern a psychological pattern.

But I am a hopeful man. Soon a collective Lumbee (and Tuscarora) Band will stand and spit into the face of the wind and rebuff the willowry thrust. We shall stand erect and note, surprisingly that the fears of the olden days have been rebuffed.

Until that day comes I will, if need be, walk out alone and spit willfully into the face of the wind.

May God not count acquiescence a sin and may he bless us all- and, hopefully, one day soon, all of us together in one mighty puff in unison will, if need be, spit bravely into the face of the wind.

**January 27, 1977**

# **Times Are Changing But They Remain The Same**

Indians are having a hard time of it psychologically and politically and in every other way. They are being buttressed about by the stresses and strains of their history. The chickens are coming home to roost.

A case in point: The Robeson County Board of Education met Tuesday afternoon and said not a word about the attorney hiring. Six Indians, two Whites, and one Black cannot find it in their hearts to replace I. Murchison Biggs, the epitome of white conservatism, with an Indian law firm. Why?

Well, nobody knows, really! Indians do not kill across racial lines and they do not seduce across racial lines so it stands to reason that they cannot fire a White conservative anything, including I. Murchison Biggs or Y. H. Allen, the shrewd white superintendent.

When Harbert Moore's motion at an earlier meeting to replace Biggs with an Indian law firm was defeated 4-2 it raised a number of questions. The most overriding question is why did only six board members vote when all nine of them were present? The chairman only votes in case of a tie. What happened to the other two Indians who did not vote? Was it psychological shock? Were their hands stilled by a reading of their infamous history? Faced with an opportunity to fire a White conservative ... well, were they overwhelmed with the thought of such potential power?

God only knows our heart. Who can decipher the nuances and subtleties of our history? Are we programmed? Are we indoctrinated by what has happened to us?

God only knows ... Still, we must begin to grapple with our past, our ignoble present and our unknown future. Our destinies are in our own hands. What will we do for our children?

Anyway, the board did not mention the problem. The politicians called off the people and it seems that I. Murchison Biggs and Y. H. Allen are what we want and, seemingly, what we deserve.

**February 10, 1977**

# **I. Murchison Bigg's Firing Provokes Cry of "Racism" From Whites**

Said Mrs. Shirley Britt, the White board member of the Robeson County Board of Education, when the board fired I. Murchison Biggs as school board attorney Tuesday night, "I'm very much opposed to the way this thing was handled ... I feel Mr. Biggs was fired because of his race." She further added, "I don't believe anyone should be hired, fired or anything else because of race ... we are setting back education in this county, state and nation by this action ..." Ahem.

How ironic. Until 1967 no Indian or Black ever served on the Robeson County Board of Education in spite of the fact that over 80% of the pupils enrolled in the system are either Indian (60%) or Black (20%). And the first Indian was hand picked over the strenuous objection of many Indian people because they did not think he would represent their best interest. They appointed him anyway. Those were dark days, indeed.

Until Indian parents took double voting to court and had it declared unconstitutional, it was the law of the land that people living in the city school unit's jurisdiction voted on who would serve on their own school boards as well as who would serve on the county school board. It is interesting that. Whites always won the school board races, in spite of the fact that Indians ran ahead of the field in the county school board race. The city vote always overwhelmed the county vote.

What is racism? Well, to this newspaper, it is a denial because of color. Mr. Biggs, as we see it, was not denied because of color. He was fired because the new and now representative school board did not wish to continue his services. There is a clear distinction.

Biggs also lost the Double Vote suit, among other things, and lives in the Lumberton city school system.

It is ironic and amusing that the first firing ever precipitated by a predominate minority board in Robeson County would evoke cries of racism from conservatism's camp.

Where were those cries when Indian and Blacks were being systematically denied representation purely and simply because of color? It was deathly quiet, at the time, as we remember it.

It is not a case of the shoe being on the other foot. Psychologically, Indians and Blacks are too magnanimous and sensitive to the issue of race to do unto others as they have done unto them.

From an Indian's viewpoint, we saw no evidence of racism Tuesday night. We saw a case of Indians insisting on responsible input into the political system in Robeson County.

Racism is a horrible and life robbing thing. It is ironic and amusing that the word is now being bandied about publicly by Whites. We assumed that the word was only used in Indian and Black vocabularies.

Robeson County is made up of three races: Indians, Blacks, and Whites. It is time that Indians and Blacks had some say so about their destinies. We publicly applaud the progressive (finally!) Robeson County Board of Education. And we wish Locklear and Brooks God's blessings and the wisdom of Solomon. They are going to need all the help they can get.

We prophesy that Robeson County will not slide into the sea because of Tuesday night's action. We believe that quality of education will improve for all the children-Indian, Black and White.

**March 10, 1977**

# **After Two Hundred Years Of Nothing ... Are The Indians Moving Too Fast?**

The Robeson County Board of Education's firing of I. Murchison Biggs has raised an interesting but foolish question: are the Indians moving too fast? Ahem.

That's the question that was asked me by a seemingly responsible Indian the other day following Biggs' dismissal. He, in essence, asked me to go easy and not push for traumatic action, inferring that my aggressiveness might set back certain alliances that are forming in the county.

Well, to be perfectly honest, the Indians (and Blacks) are moving too slow, I think they should fire Y. H. Allen as county school superintendent at the very next meeting. Why? Well, I believe, despite what all the experts say, that Allen is a poor superintendent and does not reflect the views and needs of his constituency - the pupil enrollment of which 80 percent is minority - 60 percent Indian and 20 percent Black. Fire him! To be magnanimous for the wrong reason is worse than being patently cruel for the wrong reason.

I for one do not believe that Indians are moving too fast. How can we move too fast after 200 years of denial by suddenly asking for our rightful share?

We have Indians who are qualified to be county school superintendent. Why not replace Allen with one of our own.

I cannot deny my honest opinion even for political considerations. Where were those "don't do unto them as they have done unto us" when they were doing it unto us? I see nothing wrong with demanding quality education for my children. They deserve the best we can give them and Y. H. Alen, as I see it, is not the best.

He's (Allen) a personable man and I might even enjoy going on a fishing trip with him but I do not think he should be superintendent of an 80 percent minority school system when we have imminently qualified Indians and Blacks standing in the wings.

**March 17, 1977**

# Sick And Tired Of Being Sick And Tired

A friend of mine called me the other day and laced into me for being a negative, dark and dreary fellow. Said he, "Look, Bruce I know Robeson County is and has been an evil place but how about giving me a week's respite from it?"

He added, "**The Carolina Indian Voice** and your own personal recovery from a life of waste and rampant alcoholism are both miraculous in nature. How about telling us a little bit about how it all came about?"

And, just before hanging up, he added, "I would like to read one column of yours in which Y.H Allen, Murchison Biggs, Double voting, and the like, are not mentioned."

**Well, I'll try ...**

It sounds crazy to some folk but there came a time in my life when I resolutely became sick and tired of being sick and tired. My life was a traumatic mess, and I often turned to alcohol for a temporary respite from, as I saw it, the evil world around me.

I am a graduate of CPU (more commonly known as Central Prison University). I have been in jails of sundry kind some twenty-five or thirty times. And always it was booze, that misleading lubricant, that eased me back behind bars.

In sober moments, I considered myself a nice fellow who never, never wanted to hurt anyone. I was a pacifist, who became combative and destructive under the debilitating effects of alcohol.

And that last time in a jail cell ... a miracle took place. A miracle that changed my life for, some contend, the better. It was too cold that night and the jailer was unfriendly and not overly concerned about my protestations of chilliness. It was just a wee bit too cold. I had a cigarette butt ... without a match. And the jailer let me know in no uncertain terms that his duties did not include lighting my butts.

Time was out of focus that night. And I had an uncommon need to know what time it was. The jailer said, and I quote him exactly, "What does a drunk need to know what time it is for?" His syntax was like his manners -lousy!

And out of the sum total of my experience and that last night in jail, a miracle took place. I grew weary of it all: I became sick and tired of being sick and tired.

I found, after I got out of jail, other people just like me, a part of a marvelous fellowship who practiced certain tenets and beliefs.



They taught me that "it is the first drink that gets you drunk." And they placed their trust in a POWER GREATER THAN THEMSELVES. And they came to believe that a Power Greater than Themselves could restore them to sanity. And that Power can.

I am going on seven years without a drink. I have found a peace and serenity, even in imperfect Robeson County, that offers solace to my buttressed spirit.

I am not always perfect (Ah, I hear a snicker or so) but I do try to take it easy. And I always put my sobriety above all else, even my family. I would have no family, no peace, without sobriety.

The Carolina Indian Voice has a rough time of it some times, but I believe that the miraculous nature of things will see her through troubled times. All I have to do is stay attuned to the laws of the Universe and The Carolina Indian Voice and I will survive in goodly fashion.

I believe in myself. I am somebody. I am no better than anyone else BUT I AM NO WORSE. I am me, somebody, a human being who feels things and cries and laughs in turn.

It is good to be alive and well and up and about doing something that I feel needs to be done.

And here is a philosophy for anyone who wishes to be happy and successful.

JUST FOR TODAY by Dr. William S. Hendrie

JUST FOR TODAY: I will try to live through this day only, and not tackle my whole life's problems at once. I can do something for twelve hours that would appall me if I felt that I had to keep it up for a lifetime.

JUST FOR TODAY: I will be happy. This assumes to be true what Abraham Lincoln said that, "Most folks are as happy as they make up their minds to be."

JUST FOR TODAY: I will try to strengthen my mind. I will study. I will learn something useful. I will not be a mental loafer. I will read something that requires effort, thought and concentration.

JUST FOR TODAY: I will adjust to whatever is, and not try to adjust everything to my own desires. I will take my "luck" as it comes, and fit myself to it.

JUST FOR TODAY: I will exercise my soul two ways. I will do somebody a good turn, and not get found out. I will not show anyone that my feelings are hurt; they may be hurt, but today I will not show it.

JUST FOR TODAY: I will be agreeable. I will look as well as I can, dress becomingly, talk low, act courteously, criticize not one bit; not find fault with anything and not try to improve or regulate anybody except myself.

JUST FOR TODAY: I will have a program. I may not follow it exactly, but I will save myself from two pests: Hurry and indecision.

JUST FOR TODAY: I will have a quiet half-hour all by myself, and relax. During this half-hour, sometime, I will try to get a better perspective of my life.

JUST FOR TODAY: I will be unafraid. Especially, I will not be afraid to enjoy what is beautiful; and to believe that as I give to the world ... so the world will give to me.

So there I have done it. I have written a positive column. But I do not pretend that Robeson County is a microcosm of Heaven below -not just yet! And I am committed to the task of making Robeson County a place for all good folk - Indian, Black and White - to live. She ain't that yet, but things are improving. I guess that is our hope. And, because of the inherent hope, I can repeat the lines from the poet that... "Hope is an echo, hope ties itself yonder, yonder" ... even in Robeson County.

And thank God for all of you - our readers - and those who chastise us unmercifully. Our readers encourage us and our detractors keep us from being big headed and haughty. We need both - supporters and detractors - to survive.

**March 31, 1977**

## Mr. Walter - His Life Made A Difference

I loved Mr. Walter Pinchbeck although I was never a boy scout. I was a mama's boy and not attuned to scouting and traumatic things that took me away from my mama's side. Too bad! Mr. Walter would have made me get up and do manly things like camp and swim and meet people.

Yes, I loved Mr. Walter. He was my mentor. He encouraged me when most folks considered me a flash in the pan, an unlikely candidate to succeed in building the **Carolina Indian Voice** into a viable newspaper. Not Mr. Walter; he encouraged me to press ahead with my task. I learned from Mr. Walter that encouragement, given at the right time, is the greatest impetus, one can receive. Encouragement is a friendly accolade; an igniting influence that, many times, makes the critical difference.

He brought me things from time to time like home-made tomahawks, wood carvings, feathers, symbols that seemed somehow to make me become even more cognizant of my culture and my purpose. And he talked to me about life and "**sticktoitiveness**". I learned his lesson well. I am still plugging away at my task and the memory of Mr. Walter will keep me keeping on. He was a remarkable man.

15 Eagle Scouts matriculated at Pembroke's Troop 327. under Scoutmaster, Walter Pinchbeck. He made the Indian youth get out and face the challenges about them. Many had never traveled outside Robeson County before the advent of Mr. Walter. He took the "boys" on scouting expeditions, camporees, and strange and exciting places. And he made his boys hold their heads up and "look 'em in the eye." Mr. Walter mostly taught his scouts that they are somebody, no more than anyone else but certainly no less!

Those 15 Eagle Scouts and all the boys who scouted under the tutelage of Mr. Walter are his monument, living testimonies to his goodness as a human being. All his scouts have a certain thing in common: dignity! All 15 Eagle Scouts are successful in their life's callings. He taught them to think successful. He taught them love of country. He taught them that they are the Original Scouts. He taught them many secrets. And the scouts never forgot the lessons he taught them.

He was a simple man, a man of the earth. The most complex things are the most simple. The forests and the streams hold the secrets. And Mr. Walter taught his scouts to love the woods, the glens, the mountain stream. He taught them all he knew. And he gave his secrets away freely.

I loved Mr. Walter but I took him for granted. I just assumed he would be with us indefinitely. I wanted to sit and talk to him one more time. I waited too long; I was too busy; too preoccupied with other things.

Oh, I wish I had found the time to talk to him one more time. I shall miss his gentle ways, his wisdom, his friendship. Mr. Walter was a remarkable man. We shall not know his like again on this earth. He will be missed by all of us.

Commissioner Brantley Blue, one of Mr. Walter's boys, put it best in a mailogram to Mr. Walter's widow, Miss Bertha: said Blue, "The Great Scoutmaster had need of his scout and has called him home. Don't despair!"

**April 21, 1977**

# **Plaudits For Carnell Locklear And Other Heroes And Heroines Of Mine**

I like Carnell Locklear. He is an old-fashioned "go-getter" and whether he is leading a Tuscarora Movement or raising money for Miss Lumbee his mode of delivery is straight ahead and at a furious pace. he gives his all to whatever he is doing at the moment.

Carnell is talented, naturally humorous. And Strike at the Wind, our fabulously successful outdoor drama, featuring the exploits of Henry Berry Lowry and the Indian people of Robeson County, is assured of another great season because Carnell Locklear will be back as the excitable "Boss Strong." Carnell has made the part his to such an extent that I cannot envision anyone else playing the pivotal role. He was superb last year as "Boss Strong," Henry Berry's best friend and brother-in-law. Carnell is a natural comic, and plays mostly himself in the role. I look forward to seeing him recreate his successful interpretation from last season.

I even like the way Carnell ran for office although he lost the race in his bid for a seat on the Robeson County Board of Education. He took his campaign to the people. He sang, he danced, he told a few funnies and even told the people what he would do for the children if elected to office. Alas, he ran as a Republican. And it was not a year for Republicans to win elections this year, not even Carnell.

I even like his feelings about his party affiliation. He is still a Republican although it is no longer in vogue. Many of his fellow Republicans during the Holshouser years have quietly switched back to the Democratic Party. Not Carnell! He is what he is, in season and out. I respect him for that. He stands for something.

The Tuscarora movement, as I see it, was one of the greatest things to ever happen in Robeson County. The Tuscaroras stood for something. They showcased our grievances better than anyone has ever done except Henry Berry Lowry. I admire their spirit, their audaciousness, their insistence on developing their own lifestyle and naming themselves. And Carnell Locklear was a positive force when he identified closely with the Tuscarora movement. Someone has to make waves if the waters of discontent are to be distilled and cleansed. The Tuscaroras made mighty waves. And I admire them, and consider myself one of them although the name game does not interest me in the least. I admire the spirit, the fevered expression of grievances.

Still, I am a Lumbee Indian legislatively. It is not the name that is important: it's the spirit, the sense of unity, the bold expression of Indianness. Carnell helped articulate our grievances, and espoused our cause.

And recently he was in charge of the plate sale for Miss Lumbee, the gracious and lovely Linda Gail Locklear. The Pembroke Jaycees and Jaycettes project was very

successful. The sale probably cleared some \$800 in profit. All of it goes to Miss Lumbee. She will need that and more to be appropriately frocked for the upcoming Miss North Carolina Pageant. Thanks to Carnell, the Jaycees and Jaycettes, Lumbee Regional Development Association and Mrs. Florence Ransom, her chaperone, Miss Lumbee will be able to compete in the North Carolina pageant in style. And that's darn nice and worthy of an extra helping of approbation.

## AND HELEN SCHEIRBECK AND THAT WASHINGTON CROWD AND OTHER HEROES

We are blessed with leaders, in county and out. Vine Deloria, Jr., that great Indian writer and philosopher who visited with us last week, spoke in awe of Helen Scheirbeck, the Lumbee lady who has been in Washington for a number of years. Said Deloria, "She's one sharp lady. She knows how to get things done. She has done more for Indians nationwide than anyone else."

Helen is the daughter of the late Lacy and Mrs. Maynor. She has worked for Senator Sam Ervin, and was instrumental in drafting the Indian Civil Rights legislation. Most knowledgeable Indians give her the lion's share of the credit for developing and spearheading the Indian Education Act legislation through congress. She has served as head of the Indian Education desk at HEIV. At the moment, among other projects, she is finishing up her doctorate in education. She's some lady. She also headed the task force for Indian Education for the America Indian Policy Review Commission.

And there's Brantley Blue on the Indian Claims Commission. He is the only Indian jurist in America to my knowledge. He is being considered for a seat on the U.S. Claims Court. That's pretty good for an old country boy and Indian besides.

And Gene Locklear, our major league star who is temporarily practicing his wares with Syracuse. He'll be back in the majors soon. You can count on it. He has the indomitable spirit that is common among Indians in Robeson County.

And Dr. English E. Jones, the visionary chancellor of PSU. He thinks ten years ahead. And, as far as I can ascertain, he saved Pembroke State University as a viable institution of higher learning. I suspect that Pembroke State would now be a technical institute or some such if he had not been chancellor during the troubled 60s and 70s. And, in spite of the bad publicity of the Old Main movement, he is quietly working within the existing administration to see that Old Main is rebuilt. I admire the man. He is, in many respects, bigger than his critics.

And those hearty souls like Danford Dial, Lew Barton and Janie Locklear, and others, who stood up in Old Main's behalf, are to be applauded. Old Main would more than likely be a distant memory if they had not called the nation's attention to her plight.

Ah, we have many heroes. That Washington crowd deserves special praise. They have been able to tip us off to major legislation and point us in the right direction on many occasions. I hope we will always have a Washington crowd to look after our interests in the nation's capitol. So, a special hip! hip! hooray! for Helen, Brantley, W.J. Strickland, Rod Locklear, and all the others ensconced in high places in Washington. And Jo Jo Hunt, a special and talented lady who is right. now attempting to revive the moribund Coalition of Eastern Native Americans (CENA) after a stint as assistant counsel on the subcommittee on Indian Affairs of the Congressional Interior and Insular Committee and as head of the task force on non-federally recognized and terminated tribes of the American Indian Policy Review Commission, And she's still in her 20s. My Lord! I can hardly remember when I was twenty, I "vas still playing macho games and scurrying about looking for myself.

And all those hearty Indian souls here at home who have stood up to racism and deprivation and said, in no uncertain terms, "We won't stand for that, by God!"

And our lawyers and doctors and scholars and teachers and doers and trendsetters. God bless them one and all. And Lumbee Regional Development Association (LRDA), truly an Indian agency for Indian people.

There, who said I couldn't write a positive and uplifting column?

I've said the above to say this: If we don't unify the factors that threaten to divide us permanently, we'll lose all the valuable ground we have gained in the last few years, as I see it.

Who cares what "that Pembroke crowd" and Rep. Horace Locklear are fueling about? More than likely, it is quite insignificant. Certainly it is not worth losing the good shot we have at the sheriffs race next year. We recently lost an opportunity to place an Indian on the UNC-Board of Governors because of the smallness of some of our own people in high places. Both Mrs. Grace Epps and Adolph Dial are reminders that their losing bids are an indication of our future if we do not mend our fences in the very near future.

We need an Indian sheriff and some Black and Indian judges, etc. etc. etc. to continue making the progress that we have made in the last few years. Many Indian people, and I have detailed a few of them in this column, have worked too hard and too long to see progress dry up because of the provincial nature of a few of us.

I am sure that O. Tom Blanks, a possible candidate for sheriff, and other interested Indians for other offices, are watching the situation closely to see if we can bridge the chasm that. has suddenly divided us. We demand bridge builders, not ditch diggers.

**May 5,1977**

# Glenn Maynor Is A Friend Of Mine

Glenn Maynor is in trouble, if what one reads in the area papers is true. He has been in trouble ever since he toppled the late Hilton Oxendine by a mere two votes and a couple of court suits in the race for the Lumberton City Council from the predominately Indian 7th precinct. Some people in Lumberton and Robeson County have never forgiven him for winning that city council race. His enemies have long and vengeful memories.

But Glenn Maynor is my friend. So was the late Hilton Oxendine. I admired Hilton Oxendine and said so on many occasions. Oxendine was the most astute businessman I ever met. He taught me a lot about the business world and the art of survival. But Glenn Maynor is my friend too. The irony of Indian politics is that many contend that I cannot like both Maynor and Oxendine. They, in essence, say "if you like Glenn Maynor then you cannot conversely like me etc, etc, etc."

Glenn Maynor needs his friends to rally around him during these difficult times. I admire him immensely. He is brash, young and audacious. And if he said, as the reporter for the Fayetteville Times quoted him as saying, "My philosophy has always been to help the people from my area any way I can ... politically this is good for me. The people in my area will know who to go to to get a ticket fixed.", so be it. Tuesday Maynor denied making the statement. Now, according to the Fayetteville Times again, they have a transcript of him saying what they said he said and what he said he did not say.

So be it: if he said what they said he said ...well, the devil, he didn't mean it like it sounded. Maynor is not a crook. He is a decent and ambitious young man. He did what all politicians do, help the people in their precinct or their district or ward or whatever the case might be. It is a universal practice. Maynor did not invent the political rules that abide in Robeson County. Even I have gone to county officials in attempts to have speeding tickets taken care of. Everyone does it. But that does not make so called ticket fixing morally right.

I say let's stop it but let us not brand the Glenn Maynors of the world for practicing political art of a very low form as they have been taught by their elders.

Those who have followed politics on the Lumberton scene know that the council is split between a liberal faction and a conservative faction. I notice that those accused of ticket fixing are mostly of the liberal persuasion, to wit, Glenn Maynor, Frank Benton and Rev. E. B. Turner. I cannot believe that conservative politicians are virtuous creatures above taking care of a ticket for a constituent. I just can't believe it.

And why has the city manager, Timothy Woods, given the accusatory policemen immunity?



I don't know. I just know that I am a wee bit paranoid and suspicious about Robeson County politics. Politics in Robeson County is dirty and vicious and as low life as I have ever seen. Politicians play rough in Robeson County.

I only have questions and a public affirmation of my friendship for Glenn Maynor. Friends need friends in times of trouble, not when everything is going rosy and well. I am Glenn Maynor's friend through thick and thin, I would not like myself very much if I could not declare my friendship now that blood has been drawn from my friend's side.

**May 12, 1977**

# **An Indian Superintendent: A Lifelong Dream Realized**

I'm dazed! In a state of shock almost. I am not really sure that it has registered on my emotional system yet. The Robeson County Administrative Unit now has an Indian superintendent. My verbosity (my natural state) has been muted by the surprising developments of the last couple of days. I am happy, surfeited as if I had just climbed Mount Everest after countless failures. I am not gloatful even, I am just satisfied to know that the good guys have finally won a war instead of a needless battle.

Now comes the hard part. The Robeson County Administrative School Unit has been in turmoil for a number of years. Y. H. Allen, the long time nemesis of progressive education in Robeson County, was operating the schools with a mandate of 5-4 and his support had slipped even further with the advent of the new board elected without the debilitating effects of double voting. Allen resigned to go to Lenoir County for more money and less responsibility. I wish him well. And I am delighted that we are finally rid of him.

Now Purnell Swett is superintendent with the unanimous support of the board of education. Even the chairman (Ralph Hunt) asked to be recorded voting in favor of Mr. Swett. The board is anxious to work with him for the betterment of the children. The children, as I see it, have never been the top priority of the Robeson County Board of Education. I think the new superintendent and the Robeson County Board of Education can now do what is best for the children. Hooray!

I for one plan to support the cause of education in Robeson County with renewed vigor. I shall frankly look for the best in the superintendent and the board of education. But I shall not look past what I consider evil doings and bad policy. But I shall give them (the superintendent and the board of education) the benefit of the doubt.

Education, as a matter of fact, is only as good as the people who support it. The children have never had an opportunity, generally speaking, in Robeson County. The politicians, in times past, have controlled education in Robeson County. It seems that the vote of the Robeson County board of Education was a statement in support of education and not the political parasites that have feasted on the bones of education.

## **PURNELL SWETT, THE MAN AND HIS CREDENTIALS**

Purnell Swett, above all else, as I see it, is a decent, God fearing man. His life's work has been devoted to the cause of education. And he seems imminently qualified. He has had experience at every level of education, as a teacher, principal, assistant superintendent, associate superintendent, and now superintendent.

I wish Purnell Swett well as superintendent. He is going to need all the luck and prayers and support he can get.

### TIMES THEY ARE A CHANGIN'

It seems like a new day in Robeson County and it's about time. The only complaints I have heard about the new superintendent concerns the method of his selection. Some folks in the community contend that there are many Indians qualified to be superintendent. They are right, of course. That's what is so wonderful about the Lumbee Indian experience. The dissidents contend that the board should have waited and considered applications from the likes of Dr. Dalton Brooks, Dr. V. R. Thompson, Dr. Waltz Maynor, Dr. Dean Chavers, Helen Scheirbeck (who is completing requirements for her doctorate), Assistant Superintendent Albert Hunt, Dr. English E. Jones, Dr. James B. Chavis, and others residing in the county and in other parts of America.

The irony is that few of us ever thought we would see the day when an Indian would be seriously considered for the position of superintendent of the Robeson County Administrative School Unit. Yes, times they are a changin'. When the time came, the Indians mentioned above and others were ready. They were qualified to serve. Any of them would, as I see it, make a good superintendent. The board saw fit to name Purnell Swett. They had been thinking about it for years, just in case the opportunity ever presented itself. They did not, as I see it, act with undue haste. They had been considering possible candidates for a long time. And they made their decision based on their knowledge of the climate of the times, and their familiarity with all those qualified to serve as superintendent. They had a choice.

Little did any of us know, as little as two years ago, that a time would come like this one. And when the opportunity did come, the Indians were ready.

Hopefully, all those possible candidates listed above will share their wisdom and knowledge with Purnell Swett. Hopefully we will unite around the man and his work-the education of our children.

The lesson is this: an Indian youth can accomplish whatever he wants to accomplish if he (or she) is ready when opportunity presents itself. Yes, our Indian youth can be whatever they want to be-even county school superintendent- if they are willing to work hard toward the attainment of their goals. It has not always been like that in Robeson County. Yes, I am proud to say that times they are a changin', even in Robeson County.

**May 19, 1977**

# **No More "Cotton Pickin'" In County Schools Young H. Allen Goes To Lenoir County An Editorial Viewpoint**

THE CAROLINA INDIAN VOICE applauds the departing figure of Young H. Allen. He is going to Lenoir County as superintendent of that school system. We wish him well, and say, with a sigh of relief, "Praise God! There will be no more cotton pickin' in the Robeson County Administrative School Unit."

Allen's mode of delivery was condescension. He was able as an administrator and a failure as a humanist. He cared more, as we see it, about buildings and facts and figures than he did the human development of the student.

As the titular head of the county system, Allen taught the students, generally speaking, to not think well of themselves. Teach a child to think well of himself (or herself) and trigonometry will be mastered in the end.

To the bitter end, Allen and his adherents sanctioned double voting and all the evil tenets of the nefarious practice. Our grave yards are peopled with the failure of the county system to teach the youth to think well of themselves. We visit the failures of the school system weekly in our prisons. Illiteracy and economic and political deprivation speak loudly of the failure of Allen and the White conservative education he advocated.

THE CAROLINA INDIAN VOICE wanted Allen replaced as superintendent for the same reason that we advocate Black majority rule in South Africa and Southern Rhodesia. The people have the inherent right to govern themselves.

Y. H. Allen leaves a school system in unrest and confusion. The people mistrust one another. Suspicion is in the air. Allen was a master psychologist. He was shrewd and calculating. He played people off against one another. The children suffered.

THE CAROLINA INDIAN VOICE considered it a moral affront to have a white administrator over a school system that is, at the present time, 80% minority - 60% Indian and 20% Black. As far back as Dr. Herbert G. Oxendine and further, Indians had educators eminently qualified to serve as school superintendent. They never had the opportunity. Many of them died of broken hearts; many of them left the county; many of them were psychologically destroyed by the racists who supposedly taught us.

Yes, as the Robesonian said in a laudatory editorial Wednesday, May 18, 1977, Allen presided over the affairs (our affairs) of the county system through turbulent times. Many of the turbulent times were of his own making.

Allen had a knack for surviving, even until the bitter end when he left the county system for a better job in Lenoir County. One day, when Robeson County joins the Twentieth Century, we will cease rewarding those who have done us evil.

We wish Y. H. Allen well in his new endeavor and say, without a malicious glint in our eye, "good riddance!".

**May19, 1977**

## **Justice In Robeson County Seemingly Is Reserved For Dark Skinned Folk**

Pembroke Town Manager McDuffie Cummings has registered a forceful complaint against two North Carolina Highway patrolmen, Hubert Covington and T. J. Evelyn. The trial, centered around the arrest of O'Neil Oxendine, an Indian from the Pembroke area, began Tuesday afternoon and is set to resume Friday afternoon at 2:30 p.m.

I was asked to appear in court by defense attorney Henry W. Oxendine. He had earlier asked me to take and develop some photos of Oxendine. He did indeed have contusions and bruises on his face and, according to the amount of gauze on the back of his head, a gaping hole. I mused, at the time, that it is difficult to get hit in the back of one's head. A person would either have to be running away or be shackled and thrown face down on the ground to receive such a wound. Oxendine looked like he had been put through the veritable meat grinder. Someone had whipped upon his head in a serious and protracted manner.

McDuffie Cummings is a mild mannered man. I have never known him to act capriciously. He is a serious and courteous man, and an elder in his church. I tend to believe him when he says that the two troopers acted in more than a forceful manner to restrain and handcuff Oxendine while performing their duties. Cummings seemed to be quite upset that the violence displayed by the troopers took place in front of his minor children.

In conversation with the troopers they said, in my presence, "We have something in store for Mr. Cummings." I heard later that they intended to tell in court that Cummings had a number of traffic violations. I hope that is the "surprise" they have in store for him. Cummings contends that the troopers have, since the incident, harrassed him and followed him and parked in front of his house while allegedly maintaining a traffic check. That's scary.

Too, T. J. Evelyn said to me, and a number of area newsmen, that "Some people are trying to say that this is a case of racism: it just ain't so. What do you expect when over 90% of the people are Indian?" Evelyn seemed surprised when I told him that Indians make up less than a third of the total population in Robeson County.

After sitting through Tuesday's session of Lumberton District Court, I can understand why Evelyn might think 90% of the people in the county are Indians. The only people tried in Tuesday's session of Lumberton District Court were Indians and Blacks. not a single White was tried Tuesday afternoon.

Now I know Judge Charles McLean will say, in essence, "one afternoon don't make a fair reading of who's tried in district court." Judge McLean will probably also avow that

he is not a sociologist. He is a judge. He tries, I presume, whoever is brought before him accused of a crime. The only Indians I saw in court Tuesday afternoon were Sheriffs deputy Garth Locklear, two Indian probation officers, attorney Henry W. Oxendine, and Indians and Blacks being tried or waiting to be tried for sundry crimes. There are no Indians or Blacks, to my knowledge, in District Attorney Joe Freeman Britt's office either.

Like I say, maybe it was a mere coincidence. Maybe the Whites were tried Tuesday morning. I only know that Indians and Blacks were tried Tuesday afternoon. I was there.

Justice in Robeson County is a scary thing for Indians and Blacks. And justice seemingly is reserved for dark skinned folk.

When a mild mannered fellow like McDuffie Cummings becomes incensed, I suspect that things are not like they ought to be. Anyway, the trial resumes Friday afternoon.

The Oxendine incident is not the first complaint I have heard concerning highway patrolmen. Indians talk quite frequently among themselves about what they consider harrassment, intimidation, brutality, and discourteous treatment by law enforcement officials. Most of the complaints I have heard concern the highway patrol. Maybe they send their problem troopers to Robeson County as punishment. I don't know about that. I only know that justice is not even handed in Robeson County.

It's scary and sad. Citizens should feel comfortable around law enforcement officials. I do not, and many Indians have told me that they are a wee bit afraid and intimidated by the guys in blue. That's sad. A law enforcement official should evoke feelings of safety and well being from the citizenry.

Still, it is not the kind of thing one wants to talk about out loud. Suppose a burglar man goes to McDuffie Cummings' house, or my house, or yours to do you wrong? Should you call for help? Would the guys in blue be slow in responding to a distress call to McDuffie Cummings' home? I hope not.

Still, Cummings is mad as a setting hen about the whole thing. He says, "someone has to stand up. Enough is enough. I will not allow the likes of Trooper Evelyn to make the streets and highways of my community unsafe for me and my children." I believe that all of us agree with him.

Whatever happens in Oxendine's trial Friday, some ugly questions have been raised by McDuffie Cummings. I hope the responsible officials will answer them in a forthright and honest and compassionate manner.

**May 26, 1977**

## Rev. D. F. Lowry - A Man Who Cared



My last conversation with Rev. D.F. Lowry. As usual, he is stating his forceful opinion and I am awaiting my turn. Brandi, 8 months old at the time, sleeps while Bruce Barton, 35 years old, and Rev. D.F. Lowry, 96 years old, discourse on the ills of the world.



I like Dr. D.F. Lowry, and I respected him - but I didn't always agree with him. But it never bothered him in the least because he didn't always agree with me either. He was a man who had his own opinions. He would listen respectfully to yours but he seldom changed his. Why should he?

After all, he had lived a full 96 years. He was active in politics, education and religion. He had an impact on all our lives. He cared, he contributed mightily to whatever he was involved with at the moment. He was a fighter.

I will miss him. I considered him a friend and a mentor. The last time I saw him was at a reception given by Pembroke citizens for Dr. E. E. Livingston, our new dentist in town.

It can truly be said of him that the world is a better place for his having tarried here for a while.

### ELVIS PRESLEY IS DEAD!

They called him The King of Rock 'N' Rock, and rightly so. He was an American phenomenon. He was the King! He was so handsome (ephemeral almost) that he posed no threat to young ones like myself who grew up with him. He crossed racial barriers and spoke to all of us of a country bent on improving itself, in spite of the reactionary ones among us.

His luminary presence represented the hope of American. He was a poor boy who made good. He symbolized the greatness of American - room to grow and create and be whatever the laws of the Universe will allow.

And Elvis Presley had planned a concert in Cumberland County Memorial Auditorium this week. Pembroke Councilman, Sam Dial, who is an acquaintance of Colonel Tom Parker, who managed Elvis' career, had secured tickets to the concert. Councilman Dial had invited me to attend the concert with him. I had planned to go. I was excited about it. But Elvis died.

Now all we have left are the memories. He was a man bigger than life itself, and now he is gone. Long live the memory of Elvis, truly the king of rock and roll.

**August 25, 1977**

# **Lumbee Bank's New President Is An Impressive Individual**

Many people discount symbols: I do not. I like my symbols, dark and industrious and able. but I draw the line at placing an incompetent symbol up front just for looks. I want my symbols to be productive and stand for something.

The Indian symbol must be up and about and contributing to life around him (or her) to be useful and serve as role models for our children. We want our children to strike out down life's road of adventure declaring boldly that "if Gene Eugene Locklear, Gene 'Chief' Locklear, Dr. English Jones, Dexter Brooks, Arnold Locklear, Donald Bullard, Ertle Knox Chavis, Horace Locklear, Earl Strickland, Herman Dial, J.W. Hunt, Harbert Moore, Ruth D. Woods, A. Bruce Jones, W.J. Strickland, Helen Scheirbeck, Arlie Jacobs, Glenn Maynor, Herbie Oxendine, Dr. M.L. Brooks, Dr. Benford Hardin, etc. etc. etc. can do it, by God so can I"

Of course the above mentioned are not all our good symbols, they are just a few of the Indian youth (and their elders) who have gone out in the world and made their mark. They have accomplished something of note that our youth can use as examples. And there are more, hundreds more. School teachers, leaders in every conceivable field. Indians. are up and about doing their thing and contributing mightily to the world around them. The theme brings to mind the LREMC board (8 of them Indians) and the Pembroke Town Council, etc. etc. etc.

On the boards of education, we have Indian representation. On the county board there is Ralph Hunt, the able chairman; Lillian Faye Locklear; Sim Oxendine; Laymon P. Locklear; Tommy Swett besides those already mentioned. And the administrators, Purnell Swett, the superintendent; Albert Hunt, the assistant superintendent; and teachers galore! The Indian teachers are our real saviours. They taught us in the dark days when role models were scarce as hen teeth. They charted our journeys and kept us going in the right direction. And Harold Deese and Palmer Ray Bryant on the Maxton school board.

And our religious leaders. God bless them one and all. Many of them spoke boldly from the pulpits. Burnt Swamp Baptist Association, that cradle of our being, will be celebrating its 100th year - next month. They have been on the job for a very long time, patient but perservering. We owe the Burnt Swamp Association more than we can ever repay. They soothed our weary spirits, telling us of the Great Comforter who is coming. And all the other Indian religionists have been out in God's arbor a very long time, feeding the hungry, clothing those who ~re naked, telling the story of Jesus. And our political leaders. They did well within- the context of their time. They kept the door open until we were able to put a collective shoulder to that Dark Barrier and now the political door is wide open. Who will enter, they say?

And Joe Brooks, Jim Chavis, Silas Lowry and their compatriots. They took care of business. What they did is remarkable and mind-boggling. They put things in motion that no force can effectively stop. And they did it in the 30s and 40s when times were

hard indeed. How can we every repay them? And Lumbee Regional Development Association, a remarkable story in itself.

And hundreds more just like the above mentioned. Think of it! The Tuscarora movement crystalized our needs and gave us courage to demand what is rightfully ours, a sense of dignity. Few say it out loud but how can we repay the Tuscarora leadership for what they did and are still doing for us?

The Indian people of Robeson County (and elsewhere) are remarkable people. Each and everyone has contributed to our remarkable story, especially the mothers.

### BUT WHAT ABOUT ECONOMICS? WHO IS COUNTING THE MONEY?

We have left the money angle for last. Because the subject of our column, in spite of the above, is Jim A. Hunt, the impressive new head of Lumbee Bank. The symbolism is now in order. The president of Lumbee Bank is now James A. Hunt, a Lumbee Indian. The vice-president, Curtis Pierce, is a Lumbee Indian, as is the rest of the staff and the board of directors. And the majority of the Lumbee Bank stock is owned by Indians.

Lumbee Bank! What a dream! What an idea! Indians have recently experienced remarkable growth in the social, educational and political realms, and now they are coming to grips with economics, probably the most important factor of all.

Whose idea was the Lumbee Bank? We should erect a statue to his memory. We should endlessly applaud him (or was it a she?).

Non-Indian owned businesses in Pembroke especially had an unwritten rule, in the olden days, that the Indian was not allowed in the back where the money counting took place. And since non-Indians owned and controlled the majority of the business sector in Pembroke and Robeson County, we were never overly successful in developing money. counters, decipherers. We just left the money part to others. We grew up believing that banks and savings and loan associations were somehow out of our reach. We took the stuff to market and THEY weighed it and sold it.

But the Indian money counters are coming!

We sincerely wish James A. Hunt well in the challenge before him. Some Indians still darkly mutter that it just ain't right for Indians to be in the banking business. That is a taught. response by non-Indians who planted the idea that banking was not for Indians. Llama Dung!

There used to be an old saying that "Indians grow tobacco and the non-Indian sells it." Guess who make the most money, the grower or the seller?

The Lumbee Warehouse and First American Cooperative are now selling the stuff. I expect more non-Indians to explore the possibilities open in the tobacco markets and other areas.

Same thing with the banks. Think about these things: The Robeson County Board of Education (of which 80% of the students are non-White) banks with a banking concern in Lumberton, I think. The Indian Education monies do not go to Lumbee Bank. They should. Until the Indian Education Monies filter through a predominately Indian-owned bank, the Indian Education Act monies are mislabeled. It is not IEA money. It is White-conservative money. Except for staff, the monies go mostly to non-Indian vendors, and the monies filter through non-Indian banks. They, in turn, lend it out to us and we pay interest galore on it. Etc. Etc. Etc. I have heard, from reliable sources, that there is a presidential order that states, in part, that federal monies should be placed in minority owned banks, if there is one in the area. It will be interesting to find out how much county, state and federal monies are on deposit at Lumbee Bank.

But the president of Lumbee Bank is an impressive fella. Maybe he can find out some of the answers to some of these economic questions. It is time to raise up money counters and figurers, and decipherers. One preacher (Rev. Ike) states that money is not the root of all evil. Rev. Ike says that the lack of money is the root of all evil. I tend to agree with him.

Anyway, the economic lesson aside, I wish our new banker success. He is going to need it.' History is against him, and our people (Indians) have to pay more attention to the whole art of money counting. Two plus two is four in any language or any race. Now that we have learned how to read and do a little 'rithmetic ...well, it is time to put the lessons we have learned to use. Let's count the money!

**September 29, 1977**

# **Rev. Elias Rogers Is Now The President Of Lumbee River Electric Membership Corporation**

I admire Rev. Elias Rogers. He never gives up. I believe the first prerequisite for success is to keep on keeping on. Rev. Elias Rogers has done that.

I have never heard of a more sordid chapter in Racial Relations than the one featuring Rev. Elias Rogers and Lumbee River Electric Membership Corporation.

Until 1967 no Indian or Black had ever served on the Board of Directors of Lumbee River Electric Membership Corp. Never! Rev. Rogers was the first one, and he paid dearly for it. Following a federal court case that unearthed a sordid tale of illegal proxy votes and rank and rancid racism, Rogers was seated on the Board of Directors of LREMC.

He was seated by a federal court order. The others on the Board treated him terribly, going approximately two years without even recognizing him at board meetings. They mocked him and slandered his name. They hurt him spiritually like few men have ever been hurt. He persevered. Throughout his ten years on the Board, he has survived many traumas, including concerted efforts to unseat him every three years when he comes up for election. He never falters. He never gives up.

And Tuesday night, at the 37th annual meeting of LREMC, Elias Rogers was elected president of LREMC's Board of Directors. It was poetic justice, it was a case of chickens coming home to roost.

And today (Wednesday) an Indian political leader (sic) said to me up near my ear, "Bruce, the thing that worries me is can he handle it? He's not too educated, you know." And I grimaced and did not reply to him. I was too angry. I have thought about it and here is my answer:

If Sir Edmond Hillary can climb a mountain, Elias Rogers can be president of our membership owned cooperative. If Lindberg could fly an airplane, Elias Rogers can be president of LREMC's Board of Directors. If God gives him the wisdom (and I believe He will), Elias Rogers can be president of the LREMC. And if the sun rises in the morning and descends in the afternoon (and I believe it will) Elias Rogers will make a marvelous and deserving president of the LREMC. And if my prayers are answered (and I believe they will be) Elias Rogers will make a first rate president of the LREMC. Go to it, preacher! I wish you the best. No man ever made a greater sacrifice and no man deserves the honor more.

**October 20, 1977**

# **Condescension Stalks The Land As The Robesonian Enters Pembroke's Municipal Election Race**

The story will not win the Robesonian, or the staff writer, a Pulitzer Prize -not even a free ream of paper. It was journalism at its dreary worst. Again, Pembroke masochistically washed its dirty linen in public. And the Robesonian -deeming it newsworthy -put it on the front paper -the day before the election.

There it was -'Candidate says Town Official Threatened Resident Eviction' -nestled between a story on massive flooding and the demise of Guy Lombardo, fabled band leader. I could hardly believe it. The story appeared on the front page of the Robesonian Monday, Nov. 7, 1977.

The Robesonian, seemingly, has a morbid curiosity about happenings in Pembroke, especially our, as they see it; sordid and negative expressions and lurid recountings of our transgressions.

The story was printed the day before elections. It seemed, as I see it, to have been a case of much ado about nothing.

But, as I have noted on previous occasions, Indians, especially seem to enjoy batterings in print. It is as if they consider it expiations for their sins. They cry, 'loudly, "punish us," even though they have committed no crimes.

Condescension stalks the land, even on election eve.

Consider Pembroke. Pembroke has always been treated like a stepchild in Robeson County. Until the 40's, the governor appointed the mayor and the city council. And most of his appointments were non-Indian - Thaggards, Breeces, etc. I wouldn't know a Thaggard if one walked up and kissed me. But the governor condescendingly, as if we were savages, illiterate nincompoops appointed Thaggards to govern us. And the town regressed steadily until...

Now, by God, Indians are being elected to public office. They found, immediately upon assuming office, that the town was financially in trouble. No services were offered to the citizenry. It was a rude awakening.

And many Indians are clamoring -"Let's enter the 20th Century!" But some of us do not want to grow, progress, join the rest of the world. We are provincial, small minded and backward thinking.

We are the ones, when threatened, who run to the Robesonian and cry madly, "save us from ourselves." Remember the Indian maxim, "We have met the enemy and it is us!"

The Robesonian, my friends, will not save us. They, as I see it, are not interested in our virtues, our saving graces. They will hang out our dirty laundry, they will push up our sleeves and-expose our wart-ridden elbow. They cannot and will not save us. History will not allow them to champion Indian causes and heroes. It is against their nature.

It is sort of like impatiently dragging the hangman to the scaffold so that he may more quickly hang you.

As I see it, the Robesonian insists on treating the Indian citizenry with condescension and a lack of respect.

The story that has provoked this outrage is, as I see it, tasteless and a mere recital of unproven charges. The reprinted ballot means nothing. Any citizen can secure a printed ballot (simply mark it "sample" and remove the name of the chairman of the board) and encourage citizens to vote for their choices. After all, this is America. And registrars are supposed to register voters.

Too, intimidation infers that those who live in housing units are inferior, illiterate folk. That is a damnable lie. No one can remove any person from a housing unit for exercising his or her democratic right to vote for whomever they choose. The people know that.

One day, Indian people will rise up in anger and demand equality, respect, and a fair representation, even in the pages of the Robesonian. That uprising is long overdue.

I am betting on the people. I do not believe the Robesonian can effect an election in Pembroke.

Let the people speak! Condescension shall not continue to stalk the land unmolested. Power to the people!

POSTSCRIPT: This column was written the day before the election. It seems, to me, to be appropriate following the election return.

**November 10, 1977**

# Grappling With A Miracle 24 Hours A Day

There has always been something miraculous about the Carolina Indian Voice. The Carolina Indian Voice is a figment of my imagination, a wild-eyed notion that came to fruition with unbelievable hard work and faith in the free enterprise system. Free enterprise is a hard system but a rewarding one never-the-less when victory is achieved.

But before victory comes, hard times crop up with unerring frequency. Free enterprise is demanding and cruel to those who fall before her onslaught. The Carolina Indian Voice, I must admit, is threatened on a number of fronts but we shall persevere until victory comes or until we fail gloriously at our task.

The tax man cometh! Ah, the scourges of small businessmen are the tax man and a chronic lack of cash flow, operating capital the economists call it.

It is difficult to stand for something in the newspaper business and achieve economic independence at the self same time. Issues crop up and one must declare himself yea or nay.

The Carolina Indian Voice has stated editorial opinions when, as many of our friends in the newspaper business tell us, we should have remained silent. But I could not sleep nights if I succumbed to easy money, turning the cheek when it pangs my conscience. No, I cannot and will not do that. And, since I am the editor of the Carolina Indian Voice, neither will the Carolina Indian Voice.

I am sorry to bother you about our money problems, but I am simply tired of walking about with a brave smile on my face when the economic demons are nipping at our heels.

BUT I BELIEVE IN MIRACLES! I know, deep down within the inner most recesses of my heart, that miracles still occur. All one has to do is keep on keeping on with a clear heart and good times will roll around again.

If I do not believe Robeson Savings and Loan Association is good for Pembroke I will say so in spite of all economic sanctions, all pressures that can be brought to bear. If, in writing a story or developing a column, Pates Supply becomes part of that story or that column ...well, I will write it if it harsens Robinson. I do not know any other way to run a newspaper. Etc. Etc. Etc.

One cannot adopt a neutral position every time an issue surfaces. At sometime, one must declare himself. If one is neutral, one is for whatever is before the public's scrutiny.



So, The Carolina Indian Voice will continue forever or as long as economics will allow. And, hopefully, we will remain as independent and cantankerous as ever. Let those be neutral who may. That is not our way.

BUT I EXPECT A MIRACLE! And when the miracle comes The Carolina Indian Voice will be better off for not having sold its editorial integrity. As I reflect back on the five year history of The Carolina Indian Voice, I still believe that double voting is (and "vas) evil, that Young Allen should have been replaced as superintendent of a county school system with an 80Q, minority pupil enrollment, and that Robeson Savings and Loan Association should not be allowed to establish a branch office in Pembroke. For better or worse I also believe justice does not exist in Robeson County, and that, most times, condescension rules the roost in old Robeson.

Therefore, we shall be content to let the chips fall where they may. But you can help, if you want to. If you have a subscription, you are already helping. We thank you sincerely. If you are a regular advertiser in the pages of the Carolina Indian Voice you are already helping. We thank you sincerely for that. If you do not subscribe, now would be a good time to do so. We need all the subscribers we can get. If you do not advertise, now would be a good time to do so. We honestly believe that we can sell your product and/or service to our readers.

But, most of all, remember us in your prayers. We need them desperately. And we shall continue to grapple with the miracle of The Carolina Indian Voice 24 hours a day as usual, believing the maxim that says "pray as if everything depends on God and work as if it depends on you" is a good solution to any problem.

**December 15, 1977**

## **And Special Salutes To Friends Of The CIV**

The Carolina Indian Voice is thankful for our many friends. 'I here is a lovely lady named Mrs. Nora Hardin. She contributes to The Carolina Indian Voice on occasion. I wish her a very special Merry Christmas. The Carolina Indian Voice is surviving because of people like Mrs. Hardin. What a lovely lady I

And my mentor and friend, Elmer W. Hunt, has done more for us than we can ever do for him. He has taught me all I know about photography. More than this, he is a nice and gentle man. I admire him tremendously. He is one of my heroes. And cynical man that. I am, I do not have many heroes, I wish you a Merry Christmas, Mr. Elmer. Thank you for all you have done for me and the Carolina Indian Voice.

And I remember the late and beloved Miss Anna Mae Locklear this Christmas. I loved her dearly. Her memory keeps me keeping on. She was a Christian lady who lived her religion every day of her life. No one ever has had to wonder about her Christian life. Her life was her testimony. I remember telling her brother not too long ago that I was privileged to have known her. My critics might disagree, but I am a better person for having known her. I shall always treasure her memory.

And Mr. Jim Chavis who has taught me so much about life. He always says that he should be smarter than me because he has lived longer than I have. I admit it freely, Mr. Jim, you are smarter than I am, considerably.

Mr. Jim, 83 years young, is more radical and progressive than any college student I have ever met. He believes in progress and is a constant foe to those who would mislead us. Merry Christmas, Mr. Jim! Thank you for your friendship. Thank you for sharing your experience with us.

And Mr. Archie Oxendine. Mr. Archie teaches at Pembroke Junior High and is very active in his church, Union Chapel Community Church. Mr. Archie Oxendine is simply a nice man, one of the nicest compliments one can pay another. He is not loud and loquacious but he is involved in his community.

And Merry Christmas to Harbert Moore, the Squire of Prospect. Harbert Moore cares. I admire him for that.

And Merry Christmas to my parents, Berna Barton and Lew Barton. I accept responsibility for the foibles in my character and give you credit for any good residing within my bosom.

And Mrs. Ada Locklear, my grandmother. I love her madly. If I had a choice, I would pick you anew to be my grandmother.

And my personal family - Barbara, Pete, Sissy and Brandi - thanks for the love and responsibility you have taught me. Merry Christmas!

Merry Christmas to Mrs. Bazie Hardin who writes the Pembroke News; to Mrs. Violet Locklear who contributes the Mr. Airy News; to Mr. Albert Hammonds, who contributes from the Piney Grove area. Thank you all, not only for your contribution of news, but because you are wonderful people and make The Carolina Indian Voice what it is. You give us the strength, by understanding and caring, to continue day by day. And, of course, Merry Christmas to all our readers. Without you we would not be.

And to Connie and Garry, my sister and brother; and Donnie, illy cousin;who share the travails of the newspaper business with me - Merry Christmas! When we are on the mountain top, it will be amusing to remind our loved ones of the hard times we have experienced.

And to good folk everywhere. Merry Christmas! May this be the best Christmas you have ever experienced. And may Christ, the one who's birth we celebrate shine in your lives every day of the year.

**December 22, 1977**

**1978**

## **Robeson Savings & Loan Hearing For Pembroke Branch Set For Feb. 8**

The Savings and Loan Division has set a hearing date for Robeson Savings and Loan Association concerning their application for a branch office in Pembroke. The hearing date has been set for Feb. 8, 1978. The hearing is set for 1 p.m. and will be held before the N.C. Savings and Loan Commission in Raleigh, NC. The hearing will be held in the Dobbs Building, Room 617.

I plan to appear before the commission in opposition to the branch office. My opposition is more philosophical than economical. I honestly believe that the Greater Pembroke Community is capable of developing its own savings and loan association. Whether or not the community will shoulder that responsibility is another matter.

In matters like this, in spite of economic sanctions, subtle pressure, and economical sermons, one must take his philosophical stand and let the chips fall where they may. That is what I plan to do.

One cannot know where he is going if he does not know where he has been. I know where we have been and it is time for the Pembroke community to develop its own economic patterns. Let our entrepreneurs and silver tongued organizers come to the forefront and help us develop our own savings and loan association. After all, the economic growth of Pembroke is our responsibility. And it is time for us to face up to our responsibility.

**February 2, 1978**

## **A Tribute To Dr. Joy J. Johnson**

It's official. Rep. Joy J. Johnson has resigned his seat in the North Carolina House of Representatives and accepted a position of the North Carolina Board of Paroles.

I have mixed feelings about it. I am reluctant to see him go although there is an overriding need on the North Carolina Board of Paroles. He will apply his Christian values there and the board of paroles will be better for his contribution.

But I hate to see him retire from the political wars. As I see it, Rep. Johnson is the best legislator ever to serve in the general assembly from the 21 st district. And that covers forever. We shall miss him.

Dr. Johnson did more in the area of human values and services than anyone I have observed on the North Carolina political scene.

There is a flinty quality to the man that I have always respected. But he is not a bitter man although he came from abject poverty. There is a certain elan to his operations. He is graceful but tough.

But, his most overriding accomplishment is in the area of racial dialogue. He is one of the few Robesonians who can talk across racial lines. In his many campaigns for public office, he developed many friends and adherents in all three races. That, as I see it, is the man's greatest accomplishment.

We shall not see his like again in politics. But time marches on. New challenges arise. And Dr. Johnson loves a challenge.

I wish him well in his new challenge to the North Carolina Board of Paroles. I am proud to count him a friend and a hero of mine. He is a little man in stature but his shoes will be big ones to fill.

**February 2, 1978**

# **A Correction Of A Correction Of A Correction**

## **Bigelow Has Trouble Saying "I'm Sorry!"**

Hey, the easiest thing one can do in the newspaper business - or in any other business - is to say "I'm sorry" when the occasion calls for it.

That lesson comes with maturity. The Robesonian is spending a lot of time these days writing corrections and amplifications, etc. They are breaking in a lot of new writers. Whew!

One who has been a thorn in my side is the the biased broadsider, Scott Bigelow. He likes to pontificate and expostulate amd editorialize when he is supposed to be writing a straight forward news article.

Scott Bigelow trampled a nuance under foot recently .and though that he has discovered idelogical gold. Alas, it was fool's gold.

He said recently, in a news article, that I had gone on record supporting Progressive Savings and Loan, a proposed stock owned savings and loan quartered in Lumberton. Sam Noble, county commission chairman and Ben Floyd, clerk of court, among others are affiliated with the proposed institution.

I called Mr. Bigelow and asked for a correction. His correction was halfhearted, misleading, shoddily put together and, in many ways, worse than the original false story.

I have decided not to ask him to write a correction of a correction. Mr. Bigelow has a lot to learn. He will find out, in nuance ridden Robeson County, that it is important to do a little bit of research before one pontificates.

He has intimated that I am a stalking horse for Ben Floyd, Sam Noble and others. Mr. Bigelow is either an evil man or sorely misinformed. My independence has been gained after sundry battles. I belong to no man, financially or philosophically. It is too bad Mr. Bigelow does not say the same thing in the irate manner.

I always say "I'm Sorry" when the occasion calls for it. As it is, Mr. Bigelow, to straighten out the matter now, would call for a correction of a correction of a correction.

Just forget about it, most of us read your prose between the lines anyway.

**February 16, 1978**

## Edwin Sampson - Deep Branch Citizen

He was a familiar figure in the Deep Branch Community. Born and bred on the fertile land, on the banks of the Lumbee River, Edwin Sampson and his family cleared much of the farmland in the Deep Branch Community when he was a boy and a young man. Sampsons abound in the Dep Branch Community. Many are buried there.

On Friday, Edwin Sampson will be buried in the Deep Branch Cemetery where many of his deceased family members reside in their final abode here on earth. He will be missed by surviving family and friends. He was a good and decent man. He died suddenly Monday of a heart attack. He went quickly. He did not suffer.

Many times he and I watched the evening news together on television and he would bemoan the perversion that he saw about him in America. He knew Richard Nixon was a shady character long before the Watergate Committee uncovered his wrongdoings. And Edwin Sampson announced it folly that a country like America would spend more money than she took in. It didn't make any sense to him.

Edwin Sampson was a hard working man. He provided for his family. He scorned sociological welfare and other social notions. He believed that a man should receive his bread from the sweat of his brow.

And he loved his family, dearly. He excelled as a husband, father, grandfather, father-in-law, brother. A rough man, a man of the earth, a man whose spirit cried out against the confining nature of towns, he was tender and loving and caring on the inside. He was a marshmallow beneath the bluster.

He was my father-in-law. He thought me a peculiar fella but he did not scorn me because I loved his daughter, Barbara, and his Sissy and Peter. And, in time, I think he came to love me for myself. Mr. Edwin always wanted a son whom he could teach to farm and worm hogs, and raise cattle, and repair farm machinery and all the loving tasks one must learn on the farm. Alas, poor me, a town boy, unable to screw in a light bulb correctly gave him a fright in the beginning.

But we - Mr. Edwin and I - came to love and respect one another. We understood our respective strengths and weaknesses. I could not castrate a hog but I could decipher beaucroatic nonsense found festering within the government contract he had to read, understand and sign to maintain his contract to keep the post office clean. We were helpful to each other. And he told me when and how to screw in light bulbs, repair water pumps, and build fires, etc. And we shared the love of Barbara and Pete and Sissy, his daughter, grandson and granddaughter. He mused recently, "I just hope I will be able to live long enough to see Sissy grow up ..." That's not asking for much. Sissy introduced him to ballet, funny pointed ballet shoes, clarinets and primply notions. He watched Sissy's last ballet recital in amazement.



But he is gone now, a good and decent man. He exerted a mighty influence on his wife, Margaret, his two daughters, Barbara and Bonnie, and all the rest of us. We are all better for having known him. We shall miss him so very much. And we take comfort in the fact that he is, as Sissy recounted between tearful bouts of crying, "gone to be with Jesus."

**March 16, 1978**

# Much Ado About House Bill 1515

It was done quietly... too quietly. House Bill 1515 was passed last year in the North Carolina General Assembly. House Bill 1515 transfers the N.C. Commission on Indian Affairs from a quasi-independent status to the North Carolina Department of Administration. As I understand it, the purpose of the transfer was to "keep a closer eye on them Indians."

They needed legislation to change the status of the Indian Commission. The result is House Bill 1515. Mistakenly, many Indians blame Representative Horace Locklear (D), Robeson, for the bill. It ain't so. Representative Horace Locklear is not the author of the bill. As we understand it, Rep. David Diamond, from Surrey County, sponsored the bill and convinced more than thirty other legislators to co-sponsor the legislation with him. Interestingly enough, Rep. Horace Locklear is not on this list.

If Rep. Locklear is guilty of anything, it is negligence. Since he is the only Indian legislator in the General Assembly, he is rightfully expected to monitor any and all legislation effecting Indian people. That just makes sense. He also should have sounded a Red Alert to the Indian Community as soon as he got wind of it.

But there was no evil intent, as I see it. Lots of mediocrity, lots of negligence, but no evil intent.

House Bill 1515 inadvertantly repealed Chapter 71, the all encompassing legislation in the general assembly dealing with Indians. Right now, Indians are technically in a never never land.

House Bill 1515 is mostly shoddily written. As it now stands, an Indian from anywhere in America (as long as he is a Lumbee or Haliwa, etc.) can serve on the N.C. Commission on Indian Affairs. The bill needs to define the Indian tribes and groups and generally locate them geographically.

Well, they roasted Rep. Horace Locklear at the North Carolina Indian Unity (sic) Conference recently. They accused him of everything but stealing syllables out of the English Language.

But, as I said earlier, Rep. Locklear ain't an evil guy. He is guilty of mere negligence and of not alerting the Indian Community. It's really our fault - yours and mine. We ought to keep a closer check on what's going on in Raleigh and/or send someone to Raleigh who will.

Now, suddenly, it's political time. It would be interesting to debate the issue some say. Maybe so. Most lawyers affirm that the House Bill 1515 is so shoddily written that it will

be straightened out as soon as enough legislators get together to undo what they have done. I agree.

State officials, including the governor, have assured the Indian Community that the matter is not damaging or effecting any present funding in the Indian Community. Even the Lumbee Indian's most virulent critics know that the bill is shoddy and poorly written. Some feeble attempts have been made to tamper with funding, but they were half-hearted and attempted with a smile because the critics know that any and every court in the land will rewrite the intent of the bill if the legislature does not do so in the upcoming session.

Besides, the Federal recognition, even with that debilitating last clause, is still in effect. We're still Indians, in spite of House Bill 1515 . If not, we have been discriminated against for the wrong reason.

So, don't despair. House Bill 1515, shoddy and ill bred, is expected to be straightened out soon. In the meantime, if you were an Indian yesterday... well you are an Indian today. You can depend on it. We are what we are and the deletion and/or addition of legislation (including House Bill 1515) will not change that unalterable fact.

House Bill 1515 needs to be straightened out so that the bureaucrats can put us in the proper pigeon hole. We need to be counted and tabulated and computerized. That's all.

**April 6, 1978**

# Heavy Handed Patrolmen In Robeson

Maybe it's the weather. It seems like every year when it warms up, the highway patrolmen stationed in Robeson County begin to beat citizens in the head with blackjacks. Why? Is it the racial composition of the county? Do they have problems contending with the young Indian and Black and White males with their manhoods worn upon their sleeves? Do they take any sociology courses in highway patrolman school? Probably not. If they did, they would know that Indian and Black males especially are easily provoked when their manhoods are threatened. The highway patrol in Robeson County simply is unable to deal with that. When young Indian and Black males resist in any guise (and many of us wonder if resistance is necessary for the blackjacks to begin to pummel. ..) the highway patrolman seem to overreact.

One of the patrolmen involved in the celebrated O'Neal Oxendine\* brutality case, heavily reported locally, reportedly has beaten up another young Indian male in the Union Chapel School area. He and his cohorts seem to be unduly heavy handed. In another case, a young Indian male, struck in the head by a highway patrolman's blackjack, is in critical condition. He is reportedly in critical condition in Cape Fear Valley Hospital.

Additionally, The Carolina Indian Voice is investigating a number of other cases where excessive force might have been used.

Part of the problem seems to be that the highway patrol is in dire need of an affirmative action plan in hiring. There are seventeen highway patrolmen and four sergeants stationed in Robeson County. All of them are Whites, except for one Black patrolman who "was recently assigned to Robeson County. Alas! He has already hit a young Indian male in the head for reportedly calling him "a nigger." Wow! That's scary. Supposedly highway patrolmen are taught to be solicitous and understanding. The perverted rationale possibly could be that. White patrolmen are allowed one whack at you if you call them a "honky." And Indians, although there are none stationed in the county, would be allowed to crack a noggin if called "croatan."

The highway patrol has a policy against assigning patrolmen to their home county, effectively disallowing Lumbee Indians from serving on the patrol force in Robeson County. It is a cockeyed policy and possibly could be reconsidered since most of the Indians in North Carolina reside in Ol' Robeson.

Hey, we wish to be protected, not brutalized. We are citizens, not enemies of the state. Many citizens in Robeson County are literally afraid of some of the highway patrolmen stationed in our midst. Seemingly, based on our assessment of the situation, most of the highway patrolmen seem to be decent, hard working lawmen, but a few heavy handed ones are giving all of them a bad reputation.

We say throw out the bad apples, they will destroy the whole lot if they are not removed from the barrel.

The citizens in the Pembroke area have been assured by county and state officials (reaching even into the governor's office) that a couple of heavy handed patrolmen would be moved. Alas, they are still among us, hitting us in the head and terrorizing us.

\*EDITOR'S NOTE O'Neal Oxendine, even though he sustained a busted head in the rear, was found guilty before District Court Judge Charles G. McLean of resisting arrest and being intoxicated, etc. He, seemingly for good reason, has appealed his conviction to superior court. The case has been scheduled a number of times but has not been tried even though it happened months ago. He has retained counsel outside the county to represent him.

**May 25, 1978**

# **Cardell Spaulding's Pending Trial To Afford A Close Up View Of Prison Life**

I run into a lot of so-called "educated folk." I wonder sometimes just how educated they are. I finished one year of college and a lengthy stay in Central Prison. As a matter of fact, I list myself as a graduate of Central Prison University, a hard school, but a school where' lessons stay learned, and where there is little room for error. One must learn quickly in Central Prison.

Recently I have become acquainted (through correspondence) with Cardell Spaulding, an inmate on Central Prison's I & J Block. I & J Block is solitary confinement, maximum security, the most controlled place in North Carolina. If one were to search for the most desolate place on earth chances are Central Prison's I & J Block would be found.

Spaulding, 39 years old, is originally from Robeson County although most of his surviving family now live in High Point. He originally went to prison in 1969 on a second degree murder conviction. He also has spent time on Central Prison's Death Row on another murder conviction of an inmate in the prison system. The old Death Penalty was struck down by the Supreme Court. Since that time Cardell Spaulding has spent most of his time in maximum security.

Maximum security is exactly what it means, maximum security. Maximum security is sitting alone in a cell every day, seven days a week, 24 hours a day, except for one hour of recreation a day. It is a stark and lonely existence. On June 19, in Wake County Superior Court, jury selection will begin in the case of the State of North Carolina against Cardell Spaulding. The state is seeking the death penalty. Since the old death penalty was struck down it has been refined and is now back on the books.

Cardell Spaulding is charged with the murder of Hal Roscoe Simmons, a fellow inmate on I & J Block in Central Prison.

Spaulding has pled not guilty to the charge.

Wade Smith, a Raleigh attorney, is Cardell Spaulding's court appointed attorney. He, in essence, as I understand it, is going to indict the prison system and Central Prison. It seems to me to be a good defense.

Smith has also asked the court for exhaustive physical and mental examinations of Spaulding. The court has agreed and, according to Smith, the tests are being conducted and should be part of the court proceedings.

Smith has said he will seek to show the environment in which maximum security inmates live and its effect on their emotional stability.

Spaulding was almost killed in a severe stabbing he suffered in 1977 from, as yet, unidentified hands. No one was ever tried in the case although Spaulding was repeatedly stabbed in prison in tight security.

The state's refined death penalty law provides several mitigating circumstances for a jury to consider in arriving at a life sentence in lieu of death. One is evidence that the crime was committed while the defendant was "under the influence of mental or emotional disturbance."

Smith said Spaulding has been in prisons and in the company of criminals "for most of his adult life."

Since the 1977 stabbing "he has lived in fear of being killed," Smith said. "He lives in a world most of us would find hard to believe."

In asking for the state to assume the cost for the exhaustive examinations, Smith said, "Have them think about what it does to someone to live there for years ... in that jungle environment."

Central Prison sits sort of up on a hill in Raleigh. It is a foreboding and ugly edifice, a reminder of dark and dreary days. One can not laugh easily within the confines of Central Prison. There is little to laugh about, not even a smile is welcome there. Central Prison is over crowded, teeming with ill will and oppressiveness. There is nowhere one can go for a quiet moment in the evil place. One must constantly be on guard, alert to every movement about him. One always guards his back in Central Prison.

I was in Central Prison for a long period of time in my youth. I still suffer the scars of my incarceration there. My "nerves" are shot. I am jumpy even now, even though I left the dank and dark place in 1968. I can close my eyes and remember the smell of the place, the stifling dreariness in the air. The taunts, the curses, the stifling of one's manly urges. I shall never forget how it was ... and still is.

Central Prison revives bad memories for me. It reminds me of a painful period of my life. I shall never forget it. I was in jail in Hillsborough, North Carolina awaiting my trial in superior court for breaking and entering with intent to commit a felony. I waited seven months in that county jail for my day in court. I was found guilty. I remember the day vividly. It was in December, 1965, just before Christmas.

The deputy sheriff brought me from the court room back to my jail cell where I waited sentencing after having been found guilty earlier that morning. While I was waiting the jailer (a mean and vicious man) came excitedly to my cell and said, "Well, I just found out what your sentence is... how much time the judge gave you." I trembled in fear and trepidation. The jailer, with his small and narrow mouth spit out: "YOU GOT THIRTY YEARS!"

Well, I was young and naive. I did not know any better. The jailer was joshing me, "funning" as he called it. Later they carried me back across the street and I stood before the judge. He sentenced me to seven to ten years in the prison system of North Carolina. Oh, I cried. Rage welled up in me. I honestly believe I could have killed the jailer. It was a cruel thing he did to me. He caused me to suffer the horrors of a thirty year sentence for more than two hours when I actually only had seven to ten years.

There is quite a bit of difference in the two sentences, it is the degree of hope that is the difference.

As I see it, thoughtlessness, meanness, condescension, all these things constitute cruel and unusual punishment. And these things are Central Prison and all prisons and jail cells everywhere.

I did not intent to write so much of this matter, but the bad memories are booming and reverberating within my heart's chamber.

The undue delays, the excruciating waits, the scornful snorts of derision from prison guards and administrators ... none of these things are written down in the judge's sentence. But when one is sentenced, he receives more than time; he receives fear and frustration too.

I grew up quickly in Central Prison. I understood fear for the very first time. I understood frustration. I understand how it is to talk without anyone listening. No one listens in Central Prison. Administrators become immuned to sad stories. Initial concern becomes callous disregard after a few months of the sameness of the stories.

It is cruel and unusual punishment to live in Central Prison. The prison is an abomination. It is not good enough to pull time in. It crowds people, it stifles people, it makes people tense.

I believe it is wrong to take the life of another. But one must live in the stark terror of Central Prison to understand the motive of another. Why does violence breakout in places like Central Prison?

If every administrator, every citizen of America lived one lonely night in a place like Central Prison, attitude would change in the courts, in the prisons, in the hearts of men.

I believe rehabilitation must take place in the hearts of lawmen and judges and prison guards and administrators of places like Central Prison before rehabilitation can take place in the life of an inmate.



It is 3 a.m. Thursday morning (June 15, 1978). This newspaper is supposed to come out this morning. Everyone is waiting for me to finish this column. I am trying. A lot will have to be left unsaid.

I just know that I have deep feelings about this case, and others like it. I am not a sociologist, a psychologist, a do gooder necessarily. I am a product of Central Prison. I am a graduate of Central Prison University.

I guess what I really want to accomplish in this column is just to get someone to look at the situation from Cardell Spaulding's point of view. And I believe that is what Cardell Spaulding wants too - understanding!

As noted earlier, Spaulding's trial begins Monday, June 19, 1978 in Wake County Superior Court in Raleigh, N.C.

This trial is expected to last from 2-3 weeks. According to Smith, life in Central Prison will be a topic for consideration, Smith expects to point out inadequacies in the N.C. Correctional System. Few deny inadequacies exist.

#### A FINAL NOTE

I've spent sleepless nights thinking about what I would say about the topic explored above. I guess I want everyone to know something about what it is like in prison, the hopelessness, the desolation.

The only way I can describe it is to compare it to the plight of the wretched sinner. To be lost! Alone! Unable to cry out...

I wish all men - including especially the prison bound the peace and comfort I feel in the arms of Jesus. I am glad I have a Saviour. I want everyone to be saved.

**June 15, 1979**

# Death Keeps Stalking Us

Death is pervasive, relentless, grim in its deadly pursuit of us all. None of us can escape the Grim Reaper forever. A day of accounting comes to all of us.

It used to be that those who died were not our friends, loved ones, neighbors, acquaintances. It used to be when one died we might say, in passing, "I don't know if I know him (the deceased) or not. I might know him if I saw him..."

We know them all now. And many of them are our loved ones and our - friends and our mentors and our heroes.

Just in the last few days we (the CIV staff) have done five funeral programs. They were: Alton Chavis (Pap), Jerry Jacobs, Charles Griffith, Layton Lowery, Rev. Harvey Lowry, A. G. Dial, etc., etc.... the list goes on and on.

A. G. Dial was a doer, a man of accomplishment. He set out to make something of his life and he did it. He probably owed no man when he died and he lived as well as he wanted to, He was a provider. He was an avid reader of The Carolina Indian Voice. I suppose one could say safely that he had discriminating taste. He read edifying stuff.

I miss his council, his down to earth touch. He was my friend. He is dead.

And Rev. Harvey Lowry. he died suddenly of a massive heart attack. He was a methodical man, an orderly man, a timely man. He did not waste time.

He prepared his messages studiously, devoting countless hours to them. He visited the sick. He had a deep feeling for humanity. He was a Good Shepherd at Prospect United Methodist Church.

His children - Jim, Robbie, Harvey, Jr. and Jerry - are living examples of his success as a parent, probably the most difficult task there is to do.

And all the others. Fine people loving kin, brothers, fathers, loved ones.

Is death a renewal? A new beginning in a new land? Many of us believe that death is the new beginning for those who believe in the redeeming blood of Jesus Christ.

The constancy of death reminds us that life goes on, no matter how much our hearts ache. The hope of a painless and peaceful eternity is our bane, our salvation in the time of storm and stress and disharmony on this wretched earth that none of us want to leave.

Our Adamic natures cry out "Stay! Stay! Here on Earth!" even when our better self tells us that things are better on the other side of the Great Divide. And we cling timorously to this frail existence.

And here we are: the staff of The Carolina Indian Voice. We are exhausted. We have in the last few days, laid out, printed and assembled 13,000 books of sundry kind, funeral programs, a newspaper, faced our banker who looked askance at our operations, etc., etc., etc. And we are weary.

And I have been trying desperately to monitor the trial of Cardell Spaulding, who is fighting for his life in the court room in Wake County's Superior Court.

His fate is being decided today.

We try sometimes to do more than we are able. But we must try. Death is serious business. We must be alert, ready to go, and do our tasks as well as we are able.

We complain but we should not. There are individuals like Cardell Spaulding sprinkled throughout the prison system of the so called civilized world. They fight every day to live. They know that life is a fragile thing. And maybe the quality of life is more important than the life itself. Integrity, Manliness, these things override everything else in prison.

It is frightening. I offer my prayers to Cardell Spaulding and his family. These are difficult times and they do try men's souls.

**June 29,1978**

# Strike At The Wind! Can Survive Some Constructive Criticism.

One of the dangers facing "Strike at the Wind!" is that the exciting production will become an institution, a sacred cow, not "Strike at the Wind!"

Last week we noted some things we did not like about "Strike at the Wind!" We did not like them last week and we do not like them this week. After all, "Strike at the Wind!" ain't like it was. But we noted, after we have had our say, that "Strike at the Wind!" has the potential to be the most exciting outdoor drama in America.

To be honest with you, Adolph Dial, the Chairman of the Board of Directors of "Robeson Historical Drama, Inc.", overreacted just a little bit. If "Strike at the Wind!" survives, the drama must survive criticism too, and learn from it. No one is immune to criticism. All of us are imperfect and every once in a while criticism can be helpful and instructive. Really! I ought to know. I probably hold the record for "most criticism in one life time."

Adolph Dial, a man I respect very much, said "I'll tell you the truth - I think your criticism hurt "Strike at the Wind!" Adolph Dial is my second cousin. I admire him as an Indian leader, businessman and kinsfolk. But I don't always agree with him. I believe "Strike at the Wind!" can survive even my criticism. If not, it was a weak kneed production anyway.

But whose hero is it we are talking about? Is it the hero my grandfather told me about on his front porch or is it the hero Jimmy Autry (the talented non-Indian who handles publicity for "Strike at the Wind!") tells us about in weekly press releases? I tend to believe my grandfather. My grandfather was a wonderful and talented man. They once tried him in local court and fined him for practicing law without a license. I am still angry about that. Indians, back then, could not be lawyers. They were barred by the licensing agency. Ah, my friend, one can not know where he is going if he does not know where he has been. Our past is our rudder for the future.

Randy Umberger is a talented guy. He has written a very poetical script but it is not better than the oral one my grandfather told us on those late Autumn evenings when we preened as he told us of the exploits of Henry Berry Lowry, the baddest hero a fella ever had. The telling of "Tales of Henry Bear" even made my grandfather feel good.

And that's part of the ideological problems I have with "Strike at the Wind!" I am concerned about the image of Henry Berry Lowry and the Indians of Robeson and adjoining counties.

Who is going to tell the story? Who is going to develop the logos, the themes, the images that will linger after all of us on the contemporary scene are dead and gone?

I want my children to hear the same "Tales of Henry Bear" that I heard as a boy. I want my grandfather to be the sage, not "Strike at the Wind!" publicists.

And directors and writers and general managers. We must tell our own story and we must write it. We must direct our own destiny. We must cultivate our own image. It is our responsibility as Indian people. Let us begin learning now.

Therefore we ought to be developing directors, scriptwriters, make up artists, general managers, etc., etc., etc. Why not teach us the craft? Why not show us how? Teach a man to read a book and he will refuse to be a slave.

So, in essence, there is nothing wrong with "Strike at the Wind!" except the telling and how it is told. Catch a nuance and put it in your pocket. Catch a subtlety and tell it like it is.

**July 20, 1978**

# **No Wonder Henry Berry Lowry Was A Republican Party Sympathizer!**

NO WONDER HENRY BERRY LOWRY WAS A REPUBLICAN PARTY SYMPATHIZER!

No wonder Henry Berry Lowry was a Republican Party sympathizer! The senate committee for the 12th senatorial-district met at Dr, Gibson Gray's home in Lumberton last Monday night and named Sam R. Noble to replace Luther Britt, Jr., who was put in the ground the same day. It seemed sacrilegious somehow.

The rationale was, according to Betty McCain, that the replacements's name had to be notarized and sent to Raleigh by 5 p.m. Tuesday so that his name would be on the ballot.

Who is the culprit? Rev. E. B. Turner, the Black Democratic Party Chief in Robeson? Betty McCain, the state party head? Alex Brock, the state election director? The printer?

Anyway, Sam Noble is the new senator from the 12th senatorial district. According to the racial composition, the senator ought to be non Indian.

No media announcement: No time or place announced. A secret meeting. how undemocratic can the Democratic (sic) Party be.

No wonder Henry Berry Lowry was a Republican Party sympathizer. Things ain't changed much since Henry Berry Lowry stuck his fist in the Democratic Party machinery.

NOW, WHO WILL REPLACE SAM R. NOBLE?

Probably a Black ought to replace Noble, and an Indian (preferably Herman Dial) move up to Chairman. Watch the politicians and see what they do. According to racial arithmetic, a Black or Indian ought to be chairman of the board of commissioners in Robeson. After all, non whites make up two thirds of the population. Starting from that point, the non-whites ought to have two thirds of everything in Robeson County including the money and the political muscle, as I see it.

So who will replace Sam R. Noble?

**July 27, 1978**

# **Herman Dial Is The New Chairman Of The Board Of Commissioners**

It's official. Herman Dial is the new chairman of the Robeson County Board of Commissioners. We wish him well. He is definitely going to need it. There are many people in Robeson County - Red, White and Black - who will try desperately to help him become an effective chairman.

There are a few Robesonians who would not support him if he brought 1600 Volkswagon plants into the county and the King of Saudi Arabia built a summer house on the banks of the Lumbee River. They would gravely intone, "He's the wrong color." But I believe there are more of the first than the last. Most people are decent and upright. The negative ones just get all the press and news cameras follow them where ever they go. We tend to be misled.

One thing about Herman Dial: he is, as I see it, an effective commissioner. He has represented the Pembroke Smiths-Maxton District since 1966. He is savvy, shrewd, thinks well on his feet and is compassionate. He is also an Indian of Robeson County. He has even said so publicly on more than one occasion. That is good. His success as chairman can advance the cause of Indian brotherhood, and the brotherhood of all men.

So, let's wish him well and remember him in our prayers. He does need our good wishes and prayers.

**August 3, 1978**

## Readers Respond To My Column Last Week

Race is a sensitive issue. And I probably am not very good at writing about it. I probably am not intellectually sound enough to write about the sociological riddles found therein. I probably should quit trying.

Last week I allowed myself the latitude of talking in print about Rev. Bob Mangum's appointment to Prospect United Methodist Church, the symbol of it, etc. Mangum is White. And I attempted feebly to write out loud about what it means sociologically. I did not, according to reader response, handle the subject very well.

One lady told me I should keep "my sociological thoughts to myself." In retrospect I agree with her. I can only say that my intentions were good. I want Robesonians to talk about racism out loud until we understand it. When a problem is analyzed and understood it makes solving the problem easier.

But I was wrong to express an opinion about the matter. It is a spiritual matter anyway, or should be. As the lady said, "We just wanted the best possible pastor ... race had nothing to do with it."

As I said last week, Prospect United Methodist Church could not, as I see it, have a better spiritual shepherd than Rev. Bob Mangum.

Anyway, my father called me too. He did not like the article either. Said my father, "We should praise those like Bob Mangum who have practiced brotherhood in its fullest sense."

I agree. And as I told my father, "Heck, it's easy for me to say, I'm sorry." And if I offended anyone by my thinking out loud last week, then I apologize profusely. In my defense I believe what I was trying to say was misunderstood, I really do admire and respect Bob Mangum. Really.

Rev. Bob Mangum and Prospect United Methodist Church have my prayers. Maybe they can help the rest of us bridge the gap that now separates races, ideologies and churches.

**BUT LAST WEEK WAS NOT ALL STICKS AND STONES AND CRITICISM. I MET MIZ MARY LAST WEEK TOO...**

Miz Mary is the late Harry Locklear's widow. She recently retired from teaching at Magnolia School and makes her home in Pembroke. She called me.



Probably most people know that Harry West Locklear and I did not always agree on things politically. We never really got to know each other because the politics always kept us separated. We never had a conversation. We never talked about the weather.

That's sort of what Miz Mary was calling me about. Said she, "You know, life goes on. And I don't believe you ever really knew the real Harry ..how he loved people ...and how he helped people. He was really a good man ...and I would like for you to come out to my home and take a picture of this wall I have fixed up of all his plaques and honors he received during his lifetime ...honors and things that did not bring him any money either..."

Well, the gesture just touched my heart. And, of course, I went.

And I enjoyed talking to her so very much. She is a wonderful woman. And I agree: I did not know Harry West Locklear. I wish I had taken the time to talk to him, to really talk to him. If Miz Mary said he was a wonderful man ...well, my inclination is to agree with her.

Mr. Locklear was killed in an automobile accident on January 3, 1976. He was 61 years old. He left to mourn his passing, besides Miz Mary, 2 daughters. Miz Mary said his favorite saying and what he built his life around was the following poem:

**We are all blind  
Until we see  
That in the human plan  
Nothing is worth the making  
If it doesn't make the man.  
Why build these cities glorious  
If man unbuilt goes?  
In vain we build the world  
Unless the builder also grows.**

Locklear served on many boards and organizations. He was President of the Pembroke Chamber of Commerce when he was killed. He also served many years on the Robeson County Board of Education and as a member PSU's Board of Trustees. He was a busy man and as an Editorial in The Robesonian noting his passing said, "An Influential Citizen."

**August 24, 1978**

# **A Visit To The Thomas Wolfe Memorial In Asheville**

I like big and imposing heroes, like Muhammad Ali, and the late Thomas Wolfe who wrote prose as if he were on fire. He created a stir in his home town of Asheville. "Look Homeward Angel," the book, autobiographical in nature, created a fury in Asheville when it came out. Many Ashevilleans thought they read about themselves in the book. Their reaction to the book kept Wolfe from going home for many, many years and prompted him to write "You can't go home again," another book. His prose was flowing, like a river, big and mighty. Like a brook, he bubbled up. He wrote like a man possessed.

Maybe he was. He died at the early age of 38 from tuberculosis of the brain. He was a big man, handsome and awesome. He weighed close to 300 pounds and loomed up to 6 foot, seven inches.

He was a little mad, like all mountaineers and all men who live in confined quarters and then one day find themselves free. But are we ever free, you see? His prose was a primal scream, tinged with a wild paranoia. Maybe he never really liked himself. I don't know. I know that he wrote as if he were trying to exorcise himself of devils.

Every time I find myself near his home that has been preserved first by the city of Asheville and his family and then by the North Carolina Department of Natural Resources, I go by and wander through the house, now an historical site, and get a feeling of the man. It's a great experience if you are ever in Asheville. The architectural design of the house and the antique furnishings are worth touring the house for, but the spirit of the man is there too.

Anyway, my family and I took the long weekend and went to visit our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Lowry, and family, who reside in Columbus, North Carolina, approximately 45 miles from Asheville. The leaves are turning now, and the colors will turn your head. It's a good time to visit towards the mountains.

Jim and Phillis and Chad and Jayme, their children, have moved to Columbus because they recently acquired a Chevrolet dealership in nearby Tryon, North Carolina.

It was good to see them again. And the mountains, and the foliage and Thomas Wolfe's old homeplace. It was a very pleasurable weekend. Jim is the son of the late Rev. Harvey Lowry and Mrs. Myrtle Lowry of the Union Elementary School area. Phillis is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bracy Locklear of Pembroke.

**October 26, 1978**

## **Minorities Give Away Gained Positions With New Elections**

Until the 1960's Indians and Blacks were considered "Non people" by the Robeson County political and economic powers that be. Until then Indians and Blacks were not elected or appointed to anything in Robeson County. They (Indians and Blacks) received few of the jobs accruing to party faithful.

Now in 1978, after having won a battle or two, and having seen Blacks and Indians appointed and/or elected to responsible positions in the county structure, they (the Indians and Blacks) are in the process of giving back the gained positions that have accrued to them.

To be fair and above board, two thirds of everything in Robeson County would have to belong to Indians or Blacks. Indians and Blacks make up approximately two third of Robeson's population.

Alas, Indians and Blacks are finding the responsibility of power and position unsettling. They (Indians and Blacks) are in the process of giving back the power and position that they thought they wanted. Why? It is a sociological puzzle that almost defies description.

Last week the elections board passed over the Indian acting supervisor of elections (Mrs. Pearline Revels) in favor of Mrs. Elizabeth Morton, a white, with little or no experience in conducting elections. At the self same time they asked Mrs. Revels to remain as second in command. Strange indeed! Indians and Blacks suffer form a societal disease called "vice-president this and vice chairman that."

If Mrs. Revels was not qualified, why did the board literally beg her to stay on in the number two position? That is exceedingly weird to us.

Why would a Black (Rev. Charles McDowell) and an Indian (Carmel Locklear) vote for the white candidate (Mrs. Morton) and allow the White member of the elections board (Ray Revels) to make political hay by voting for Mrs. Revels? It is mostly unbelievable unless Rev. McDowell and Mr. Locklear were also making political hay and/or following instructions from the political power brokers in the county.

When queried as to whether or not she had been treated fairly, Mrs. Revels said emphatically, "No, I have not!"

We concur. The Carolina Indian Voice believes Mrs. Pearline Revels should have been named supervisor of elections.

Conservatives in political circles are snickering smugly to themselves. They have said all along that Indians and Blacks do not have the moxie or sense to govern themselves. Maybe there is some credence to their condescending assertion. God forbid!

**November 23, 1978**

**1979**

# My Big Sister, Ruth

My big sister, Ruth, was someone very special. I looked up to her like every little brother should.

She taught me how to survive. She was dogged in her pursuit of happiness - of God!

Officially she was named Mary Ruth Barton at birth, but the "Mary" didn't fit her personality so she discarded it.

When death claimed her she had become Mrs. Ruth B. Watkins. She was devoted to her husband, Ervin, affectionately known to all of us as "The Hog." She believed in the sanctity of her marriage. She believed every word in her wedding vows. She married Ervin "for ever."

They lived in a little community named Bellmont, next door to Burlington, N.C. She worked in the mills there, working her way up, over the years, to an "office" job."

She was the proud mother of two sons, Tommy and Randy. She loved them very much.

And she had, in the last few years of her life, come to know the Saving Grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. She cast all her cares upon the Lord. She was a faithful member of the local Baptist church.

Only 39, she died so suddenly. Like a knife wound, the pain of her unexpected death has not really been felt yet. We will hurt later, in the quietness of our hearts.

For now, we are stunned, inarticulate, unfeeling. I can only ask: Why?

Reports are skimpy. A seemingly drunken driver rammed mercilessly into her after running a stop sign.

The innocent one is dead. The offender scarcely received a scratch.

And Sunday night she died. We had thought she was recovering.

She was buried yesterday (Wednesday, Feb 14) in the community that she had become such an integral part of - Bellmont.

She was a beautiful woman, inside and out. Physically, she looked like the phototype of "the movie star." She was gorgeous.v

But on the inside is where she was really beautiful. She was not a gossip. She did not pry into the lives of other folks. She accepted all of us for ourselves. She spent little time attempting to remake others.

She looked ahead, not behind. She had lived a trauma-filled life, but she did not complain. She was a perfect sister.

She was the daughter of Mrs. Berna Barton and Lew Barton, and the oldest of nine brothers and sisters.

All of us looked up to her. I saw my first right cross being unfolded from the depths of her mighty right hand. She taught me to respect my elders, beginning with her.

I miss her already. I will love her forever.

I will trust God more - not less because she has died. Faith in God is the 'only meaning and purpose to this life: all else is fleeting.

God bless her as she sleeps in the bosom of Jesus, ready to arise on the Great Judgement Morning when all the dead in Christ shall rise. :1will meet her there.

**Post Mortem:** This issue of The Carolina Indian Voice is published in her memory. She would have wanted us to "print as usual." She was like that.

**February 15, 1979**

# **The Pembroke Area Presbyterian Ministry Is A Viable Force In The Community Thanks To The Irrepressible Rev. John A. Robinson, Jr.**

One of the most amusing (but wonderful) realities imaginable is the presence of a Presbyterian Church in Pembroke. Pembroke, as most of you know, is made up of more than 90 percent Indians. TO MY KNOWLEDGE THERE IS NOT A SINGLE, SOLITARY INDIAN PRESBYTERIAN IN PEMBROKE OR ROBESON.

The Presbyterian Church was for many years a spiritual refuge for the mostly non-Indian employees of Pates Supply Company. In keeping with the times, the membership of the church dwindled until services were suspended for lack of walking about Presbyterians in recent years.

That's when Rev. John A. Robinson, Jr. came on the scene in 1977. Many of us greeted him with reservation but he has done a heck of a job since arriving in town with his lovely wife, Helen.

The church is once more vibrant and alive and it is being used for and by all the peoples of Pembroke - Indians, Blacks and Whites. God never intended, as happened in the case of the Pembroke Presbyterian Church, for His people to use His church for racial oneupsmanship. Human relations were not the strong suit of the church until Robinson came to town.

The past should not condemn us but one cannot know where he (or she) is going unless one knows where he (or she) has been. No Indian attended Pembroke Presbyterian Church when regular services were held there. They were not welcome. When services are resumed in the near future (as I am sure they will be) Indians will be more than welcome. Robinson is irrepressible and committed to humanity period, no matter what the color.

Robinson has changed my mind about a lot of things. He reflects the message in the poet's song: "Hope is an echo; hope ties itself yonder, yonder." As long as a Robinson comes along every once in a while we will keep at the task of making Robeson County a good and decent place for all men - Indian, Black and White - to live and work and play together.

The Pembroke ministry is vibrant and exciting. Robinson heads a mission that encompasses a youth program, a ministry on the PSU campus, a community workshop, community development, and other exciting avenues of approach.

He is undertaking a fund raising effort that will insure the continuance of the program. The ministry is administered by a ten person committee appointed by the Fayetteville



Presbytery. Robinson was appointed to a four year term in 1977. Robinson is a native of Portland, Oregon and a graduate of the University of North Carolina at Greensboro and the Union Theological Seminary.

Funds come from many sources, but mostly is dependent on individual contributions. If you would like further information about the ministry write Rev. John A. Robinson, Jr., c/o the Pembroke Area Presbyterian Ministry, P.O. Box 1162, Pembroke, North Carolina 28372. Or you can call the guy at (919) 521- 3795 or 521-2386.

I would not be surprised if an Indian Presbyterian came out of all this. I know Robinson would like that very much. Really, I recommend Robinson and the ministry to you.

**March 1, 1979**

# **We Support The \$16 Million School Bond Issue Vote Set For March 13... Reluctantly**

The Carolina Indian Voice editorially supports passage of the \$16 million school bond issue. The vote is set for March 13. We support this matter reluctantly.

Our support is given reluctantly but firmly. One could equate it to emergency room treatment. Robeson County is suffering an educational heart attack and emergency room treatment will be tendered in the ballot box on the 13th.

Passage of the school bond issue is emergency room treatment only. It will not solve any of our long term societal diseases like racism and stupidity. But the schools need buildings now, all of them.

So, we say, in spite of six school units, let's "build the buildings." We will settle with the politicians later on. The buildings will still be here when common sense prevails and the racists and provincial ones are turned out of our midst. When that time comes the buildings will be put to even better use.

But, for now, the matter calls for emergency room treatment in order to keep the patient alive until long term treatment can be given.

One theory of thought is that we ought not to help the financially troubled city school units. But the city school units are for children too, many of them Indian and Black children entrapped within the city units because of HEW's infamous 1970 desegregation plan when district lines were arbitrarily drawn. If we turn on the politicians at this time, we will only hurt the children.

So, we encourage each. of you to support passage of the school bond issue set for March 13... reluctantly, knowing that is is emergency room treatment when long term care is needed.

**March 8, 1979**

## **Dr. English E. Jones: A Remarkable Man**

On April 20, 1979 the community will honor Dr. English E. Jones, who is retiring as chancellor of Pembroke State University after some 17 years at the helm. It is fitting and proper that the community honor Dr. English E. Jones - a remarkable man!

Pembroke State University has grown tremendously under his able leadership. I admire him very much for what he has accomplished. I suspect that PSU would be some semblance of a trade school today if it were not for Dr. Jones; and the university would be somewhere in the vicinity of Lumberton proper. No one has told me that specifically; I just know that it is so.

Everyone knows that he and my father disagreed vehemently about the Old Main initially: Dr. Jones agreed with the State's assessment that the building ought to be razed in the name of progress and give way to the modern and spacious Performing Arts Center which was ticketed to sit on the ruins of Old Main.

But my father, Lew Barton, and thousands of Old Main enthusiasts across America disagreed. A movement sprang up... SAVE OLD MAIN! I was living away at the time in 1971 and 1972 and 1973 when the fight caught the attention of the world at large. I missed the struggle. But anyone who knows me knows that I would have been in the middle of the fray if I had been here. I know me well enough to know that I would have been in favor of Saving Old Main!

Old Main was saved and it is right that the building should have been saved. Old Main (the first brick building on the now PSU campus) is the symbol of the Indian spirit. At one time Old Main housed the only 4 year degree conferring Indian college in America. Indian people in Robeson County built Old Main and Pembroke State University. One must have beginnings, roots, antecedents. Pembroke State University began in the bosom of Indian parents who vowed that their children would have an education which was denied them because of racist legislation.

But Dr. English Jones adjusts well too. He eventually led the fight administratively to find the money to restore Old Main to her rightful place as a stately edifice, after the state relented.v

So I admire him for Old Main too. Warts and all he is a remarkable man! He even found some place else to put the Performing Arts Center. So, both were saved - Old Main and the Performing Arts Center.

Dr. Jones will be known for years to come as the building chancellor. And the curriculum has been strengthened under his reign.

When Dr. Jones took over the reins there were only nine buildings on campus with 750 students. Today there are (at last count) 25 buildings with a worth of some \$20 million. There are now 2,300 students on campus and a faculty of 134.

All has not been peaches and cream. There are many Robesonians even today who do not accept the fact that a constituent member of the University of North Carolina is in the small but vibrant town of Pembroke. They use the school but they do not cheer it on to victory. Many come and get their degrees and go away forever. They do not join the alumni association or the booster club. They take advantage of the school but they do not add any esprit de corp to her. There is little tradition outside the Indian community.

The majority of the faculty and administrative staff live in Lumberton. They come to Pembroke and earn their bread and they spend it in Lumberton after dark. They bemoan the lack of suitable housing and social activity in Pembroke. Many of them go to Lumberton and elsewhere to play golf and watch dirty movies, etc.

But Dr. English E. Jones has persevered. He has run a taut educational ship when many of the sailors (faculty) probably would have liked to throw him overboard. And Dr. Jones has lopped an educational head off, enough to let them know that he could and would if the situation deemed it necessary.

Yes, it is well that we honor Dr. English E. Jones. He has come a long way and he has brought Pembroke State University along with him.

In spite of the societal madness, the lack of esprit de corps, the callous and many times disloyal faculty and staff, Dr. Jones has chartered Pembroke State through those murky waters to a point in time where we can quote the poet... "Hope is an echo, hope ties itself yonder, yonder..."

He has left PSU better than he found her - that's his testimony as I see it.

**April 19, 1979**

# Remembering Dr. Martin L. Brooks

He stood quietly on the sidelines and listened as this marvelous medical dream unfolded before his eyes. But it was not his dream, although many contend he paved the way for the dream makers.

Dr. Bobby D. Brayboy, the driving force behind Pembroke Medical Services, was telling about the people involved, the unbelievable hard work, the delays, the continuing pursuit, and he noticed Dr. Martin L. Brooks, seemingly out of the corner of his eye.

And Dr. Brayboy recognized him: "Dr. Brooks... would you like to say anything?" And he said, "Full speed ahead." I'll admit that I like a nicely turned gesture and phrase. I like Dr. Brayboy for recognizing Dr. Martin L. Brooks. Tuesday morning at the groundbreaking of the new medical facility being planned for Pembroke - Pembroke Medical Services, Inc. And I liked Dr. Brooks' cool reply: "Full speed ahead." I like a big man and Dr. Brooks showed some of his bigness by attending the function Tuesday morning. A lesser man would not have attended.

Many of us remember another place and another time... 1958! Indians were denied just about everything you can imagine, especially respect and political and economic participation. And Dr. Martin L. Brooks returned to his native land after many years in Michigan where he had miraculously acquired his medical degree. He came home to serve his people. Indians in Robeson County considered him a Messiah; others considered him a troublemaker.

And serve them he has although he has paid a dear price for his dedication to good medical care. He has suffered personal trauma, including the death of his wife, Louise, recently to cancer.

The community gave him little when he returned home to minister to them, mostly because they had little to give but because Dr. Brooks is a proud man too. He never asked for much. He just persevered. He has been practicing medicine for more than 20 years in Robeson County. He has most times been the only doctor in the Pembroke area, and certainly the only Indian medical doctor about.

He was even denied admittance to the county medical association in those early days, simply because he was an American Indian. But he has kept on keeping on. I like a long distance runner. And Dr. Martin L. Brooks is a long distance runner.

He may stumble from time to time but he never gives up. After a stumble, in due course, he gathers up his resolve and gets back in the race.

He was ahead of his time in many respects. He was active politically. He helped tear down a lot of barriers, including the most evil one of all - double voting - although he is not generally credited for his accomplishments.

A lot of people say he was ahead of his time. He was too far ahead of the pack to receive the accolades due him.

But, said one ancient fella, when told of the new medical facility, "They can bring back Albert Schweitzer from the dead if they want to, but I am going to keep on going to Dr. Brooks until I don't need a doctor no more. He's the best there is. He can make me stop hurting when no one else can..."

The medical profession agrees with the elderly gentleman. Dr. Brooks is acknowledged in medical circles as a first rate general practitioner, especially in the area of diagnostic medicine.

When the citizens of Pembroke and the surrounding areas look back on Tuesday, April 24, 1979 (the day of the groundbreaking for Pembroke Medical Services, Inc.) they'll recall it as a red letter day because there are enough sick people in Pembroke and Robeson County for 20 doctors. Dr. Brooks probably will have to expand his practice; that's what happens when good competition comes to town.

**April 26, 1979**

## **Rev. C. E. Locklear**

Rev. C. E. Locklear just sort of grins when a subject like the chancellor thing at Pembroke State University comes up; he's been through the same kind of thing countless times. His grin is not in opposition to anything or any cause... it's just sort of a "I've been here before" kind of grin.

Recently I stopped by his home in Pembroke as he and some of his folks celebrated his 82nd birthday. Doctors tell him to take it easy but he is still spry and quick with a quip. He laughs easily. He remembers when times were worse than they are now. He can remember when the governor used to appoint the mayor and city councilmen to their seats. (The governor invariably appointed non-Indians although Indians were the dominant force in the Pembroke community... in numbers, anyway). He was appointed a time or two himself by governor somebody, way back then. But he did not let it make him bitter. He kept on keeping on. In time he became the first Indian ever elected mayor of Pembroke. That took some doing; took some patience. But it happened.

Rev. Locklear still pastors New Hope Baptist Church in Bolton among the Waccamaw-Siouan Indians, as he has for more than thirty years.

It was nice to see him again and find that he is still doing reasonably well. He's a stately looking man, full of vim and vigor.

It was good to see him again. I am glad that the Lord taught me to respect and revere my elders. They know alot and I am a good listener. I wish Rev. Locklear many more happy returns of the day.

Sharing the moment with him were sons Rod Locklear and family; Bundy Locklear and family; Castor Locklear and family; Ted Locklear; Garth Locklear and family; and a daughter, Mrs. Vera Doris Malcolm and her family.

**June 14, 1979**

## **New Judges Don't Excite Me**

Jim Hunt has named some new superior court judges. Two of them - Sam Britt and Donald Smith - are Lumberton natives, although Smith, a Republican, lives in Raleigh now.

I don't know much about Smith, although some of the local attorneys tell me he is a very good judge. I know a little bit more about Sam Britt, who will be relinquishing his post as chief district judge for the 16th Judicial District (Robeson and Scotland Counties).

To be frank with you, the new judges do not excite me. Britt's judicial temperament is not conducive, as I see, it, to calm and rational legal deliberation. I have found him to be fiery, condescending, and temperamental. It is o.k. for a ballerina to be temperamental; not a superior court judge.

Anyway, the other judges named were Arthur Lane, the black commissioner of nearby Cumberland County; State Rep. Dave DeRamus, D-Forsyth; John Jolly, a Rocky Mount attorney; Charles Lamm, a Boone attorney; and Preston Cornelius of Iredell County, district court judge in the 22nd, District.

The appointments were made from a list of 27 submitted to Hunt by the Judicial Nominating Commission under a merit selection system Hunt put into effect by executive order in 1977.

Just about everything Hunt has ever done has been politically motivated; I suspect that his new judges are not political liabilities.

Like I say, I know little about the new judges, except Sam Britt. I do not like his condescending manner in court. But Hunt likes him, so he is a new superior court judge.

I understand that jockeying is already underway to replace him as a district court judge. Henry Ward Oxendine, a Pembroke attorney now serving on the state parole commission, is being talked about as a possible replacement. I hope he stays in Raleigh. He can do more good on the parole commission than as a district court judge hamstrung by plea bargaining and Robeson County's eccentric form of justice.

Maybe the new judge will be Herbert Richardson, a Black on the D.A.'s staff or Donald Bullard, a young and personable Indian attorney from Pembroke. Both are competent and well liked in the area. God knows we need some dark skinned justice in Robeson and Scotland Counties.

**July 19, 1979**



# They Call It "White Flight"

In the big cities, when they flee from the inner city, they call it "White flight." When mostly White faculty members and administrators flee from the greater Pembroke area at the end of the workday at PSU, they call it the "fleeing professor syndrome."

The PSU faculty is a sociological nightmare; and it is time to do something constructive about it. Here's what I propose:

I propose that PSU issue a memorandum of conscience on the matter concerning the fact that more than a hundred of the approximately 130 Pembroke State faculty members live somewhere else other than the greater Pembroke area, with the majority of them living in the Lumberton area.

The administration of PSU ought to suggest strongly, whenever possible, that faculty members and administrators live in the greater Pembroke community. Just a moral suggestion by the PSU administration would solve most of the problem; everyone wants to please the boss. Those faculty members and administrators now living in the Lumberton area are living there with the implied consent of the previous administration.

At one time it was, some contended, in the best interest of PSU to appease the White conservative element in Robeson County that still controls things; especially while Pembroke State was involved politically in attaining university status. Many people think it was the right attitude for the season.

Condescension is the worst evil ever devised by man. As the "fleeing professors" and others ride through Pembroke on their way toward Lumberton and other places of domicile, they say in passing. "Pembroke is not good enough for me to live in... you are not good enough to associate with me... your schools are not good enough for my children..."

I propose that PSU take the lead in forming an ad hoc committee composed of PSU and Pembroke community representatives. The committee should then formulate a plan of action to do something about the "White flight" and all that the aberration implies.

It is a mere sociological problem; we are capable of solving it. If a university can not improve the community around it there is something wrong with the university. Pembroke State, to date, has not done anything, as I see it, to make the Pembroke community a better place to live, work or play in. The place reeks of condescension; the university and the town of Pembroke have a poor working relationship; Pembroke State smirks a lot at the town. Many PSU professors and administrators serve on boards and commissions (some are even elected to offices like Bill Chestnut, the school's auditor, who doubles as Maxton's Mayor) in the towns they live in; they take part. But they do not share their talents and creativity with Pembroke. That is a shame.

What are we going to do about it? I am prepared to write about it and keep it before the public until Hell freezes over. Repetition is the key to the Universe; if you say something often enough and believe it something good will come from it. I plan to write about our sociological problem until we do something constructive about it. That's a promise from me. I am like the fly on the rhino's back; I'll keep pecking away until someone swishes their sociological tail.

We can do it; let's solve this sociological problem.

**October 18, 1979**

## Mr. Jim Chavis: A Eulogy

Mr. Jim Chavis was buried yesterday, or his body was. His spirit and influence will live on as long as any of us live. And then, hopefully, we can pass it on to our children. He left a good legacy.

Interestingly enough, he never really grew old; his thinking was always young and vibrant and alive, right up until the end. He suffered some at the end, not an undue amount, but enough. And finally, he died peacefully, without a struggle. He just looked around, according to his son, Randall, who was there, and just died. His life here on earth was through. He had accomplished his mission.

He was 84 when he died, but he was not old. He was alive, vibrant, progressive, looking ahead, until the last moment. He lived every moment of his life.

He was in the Indian business in the 30s, long before it was in vogue. He agitated for Indian recognition before the majority of us were born. He was executive secretary of the Siouan Council, the forerunner of the Tuscarora movement and every progressive movement of the last 50 years in Robeson and adjoining counties. Nobody, and I mean nobody, could organize like he and Joe Brooks and Stinson Revels and Bud Hunt and Silas Lowry and Bennie Chavis and H.P. Revels and men like that.

From their efforts came the Resettlement Farms, the right to serve on juries, voter registration, social welfare, prison reform and the like. Men like Mr. Jim were hearty men, forged on the iron times of the depression. The famous 22 lawsuit, reaffirming Indian blood in Robeson County, was based on work they did in the 30s.

Mr. Jim had a lot to tell me while he was alive; I mostly listened. I knew I was in the presence of one who would tell me the truth about how it really was in those exciting days of yesteryear.

He was the son of the late Rev. "Zimmie" Chavis and Agnes P. Chavis. He was born in 1895. He was a farmer and teacher, but mostly, he was a good and decent man. He devoted years of his life to working with prisoners; he had a special feeling for them.

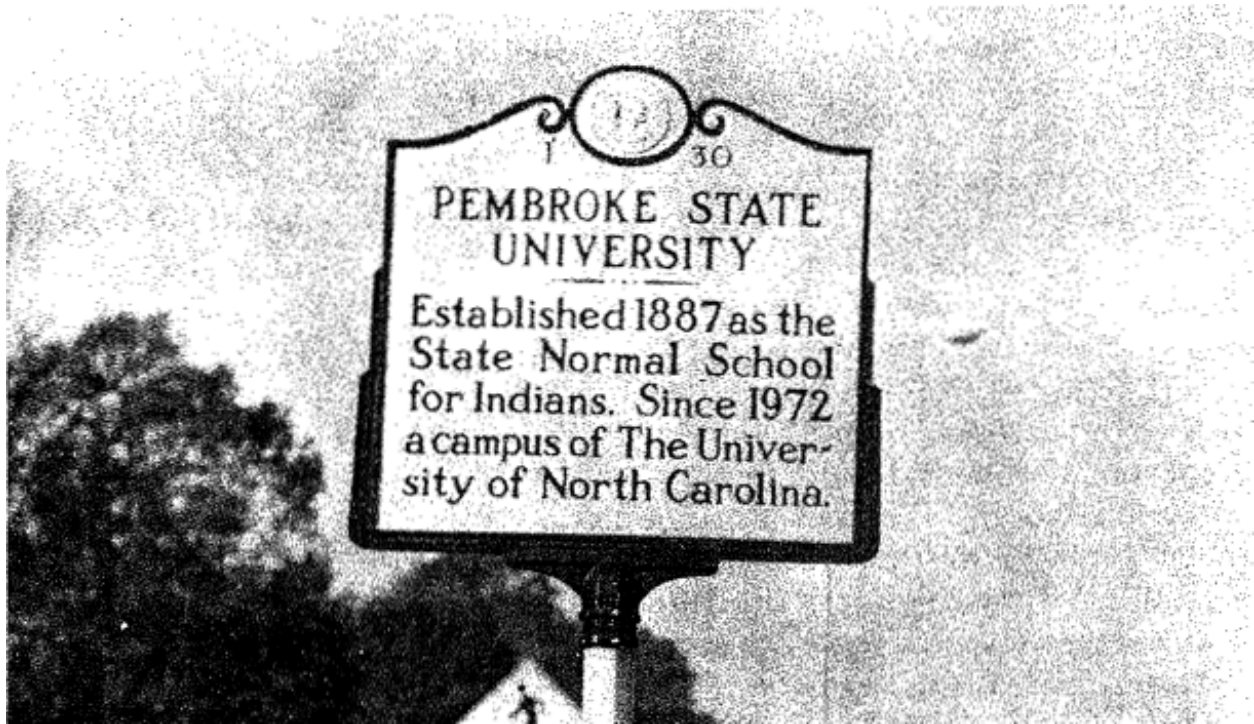
But he taught me the most about Christian life and integrity and standing for something over a long period of time. He was not a fair weather friend; he would pray for you and chuckle when his prayers were answered. I always wanted him to pray for me when times were hard.

His life was an open book; he stood for the highest and best in life and exerted an untold influence over countless friends and admirers. He liked the underdog, the down trodden, the lonely, the prison bound, those in need of a friend. I was all of these things: maybe that's why he took up so much time with me.

He was my friend. I will miss him always. Goodbye, Mr. Jim.

**November 8, 1979**

# Pembroke State, Past, Present and Future: A Continuing Series



I will be presenting a series of articles in the next few weeks concerning Pembroke State University, Past, Present and Future. The articles are planned to coincide with the dedication of Old Main, the forerunner of what is now Pembroke State University. Old Main will be dedicated Feb. 16, 1980.

## HER PAST

The series of articles hopefully will explore many of the nuances and subtleties that bind the Indian community and university together. Some say in a lovers' embrace, others contend that one holds the other (according to your perspective) against her will.

Sociological nuances have arisen because of the university's concerted effort over the last 25 years to seemingly shirk her past. Times and events have shown that it is difficult to obliterate one's history. It is impossible to know where one is going if he (or she) does not know where they have been. That is a law of the universe, unchangeable and undeniable.

The definitive history of Pembroke State as I see it was written by Professor Emeritus Clifton Oxendine in January of 1945 when his article "Pembroke State College for Indians, Historical Sketch" appeared in the North Carolina Historical Review.

Professor Oxendine, a long time history professor at Pembroke, now retired, noted in his historical sketch, "The history of the founding of Pembroke State College for Indians" (that was the school's official title in 1945) is inseparable from the history of the Indians of Robeson County. Prior to 1885 these people (the Indian people) were not designated as a separate race, and consequently there were no separate state or county supported schools for them..."

Before 1835 the male Indians of Robeson County were allowed to vote, just like anyone else... except for women, of course. It seems that man's inner self drives him to discriminate against someone or something. If no one exists to discriminate against, man will invent someone or something. That, seemingly, is man's Adamic nature asserting itself.

The state, in a racial frenzy, revised the state constitution in 1835 and disenfranchised everyone except White Anglo Saxon Protestants (WASPS). The act was the beginning of hard times for "men of color," including the Indians of Robeson County. Indians were systematically discriminated against from that day on, with the next fifty years being dubbed "50 years of darkness." The state woefully neglected the Indian people. Professor Oxendine surmises that the neglect was caused by anti-slavery agitation, the coming Civil War, and the resulting Reconstruction.

The revised constitution of 1868 (a Republican-led revision, I might add, for all the wild eyed democrats among us) gave the Indians the right to vote anew. But the franchise to vote did not include the right to attend school, unless the Indians attended school with the Blacks in Robeson County. The Indian stubbornly refused to do so, and grew up in ignorance. Many sociologists contend that the 50 years of darkness (from 1835 until 1885) still accounts for the violent streak (as they see it) in the Indian psyche. Some contend that the sometimes unbridled violence is a convoluted sense of inadequacy and assorted insecurities resulting from the educational deprivation.

The Indian people, instead, agitated mightily for schools of their own. Education became a beacon for them; many Indian parents singlemindedly pursued educational opportunities for their children. Education became a sacred thing, something they could sight on and pursue. Education became their halycon, their shooting star.

Many historians contend that the traditional democrats in Robeson County denied the Indian of Robeson County educational opportunities because of Henry Berry Lowry, and the Republican tendencies left in his wake among the Indian people. Henry Berry Lowry stood up to the power boys; they never forgave him or his descendants - us!

But the poets say, "Hope is an echo, hope ties itself younder." When man is at his lowest ebb, hope will assert itself. That too, is a law of the universe. Dawn follows the dark of night, at its most intense and obscure moment. We do not always understand this law', but it is riveted in the eons of time. Dawn always follows the night; hope walks in the wake of despair.

And the hope for the Indians was Hamilton McMillan, a White from nearby Red Springs. McMillan was a barrister and represented Robeson County in the General Assembly. Representative McMillan swam upriver, in a sociological sense. He was different. He decided to help the Indians. The "Why?" would make an interesting story unto itself.

McMillan was obsessed with the Indians of Robeson County: he studied the habits, customs, and traditions of the Indians and decided that they were descendents of Raleigh's Lost Colony. He published his findings in a pamphlet. Because of his effort, McMillan authorized a bill and ushered it through the General Assembly in 1885. The bill designated the Indians of Robeson County as Croatan Indians. The bill noted that we were descendants of the Croatan Iridian Tribe, a friendly tribe that once graced Eastern North Carolina on the Roanoke River.

The most important thing about the bill was the following:

"That said Indians and their descendents shall have separate schools for their children, school committee of their own race and color, and shall be allowed to select teachers of their own choice, subject to the laws of the general school board."

After spelling out more mundane details, the bill said, in part,

"That W. L. Moore, James Oxendine, James Dial, Preston Locklear and others who may be associated with them, and their successors are hereby constituted a body politic and corporate, for educational purposes, in the county of Robeson, under the name and style of trustees of the Croatan Normal School and by that name shall have perpetual succession to have and hold school property, including buidlings, land, etc... between Bear Swamp and Lumber River in said county."

The act set aside \$500.00 for the above purpose.

Pembroke State University's first name was Croatan Normal School. More next week...

**December 6, 1979**

# **Pembroke State University Past, Present And Future... A Continuing Series**

This is another in a series of articles concerning Pembroke State University. The series of articles are planned to coincide with the dedication ceremonies of Old Main, the forerunner of what is now Pembroke State University. Old Main will be dedicated Feb. 16., 1980.

## **SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT OLD MAIN**

Editor's Note: The compilation of facts presented below was put together by members of the Old Main Movement, one of the most exciting groups ever to join hands in a common cause. The mostly ad hoc group changed the mind of the state. Old Main, scheduled to be razed by the state in 1972, will be dedicated Feb. 16, 1980. In between the announced razing and dedication is one of the most interesting and exciting stories ever told in these parts. More about that next week. For now, here are some facts and figures about Old Main.

## **OLD MAIN**

The State of North Carolina made no provision for the education of the Lumbee Indians until 1887 when a bill was passed by the General Assembly establishing the "Croatan Normal School." The act provided five hundred dollars for that purpose, but carried with it the stipulation that unless the Indians provided a building, the next session of the General Assembly would repeal the act.

With money raised by local subscription the Indians purchased an acre of land one mile west of Pembroke and constructed a two story building with lumber and labor donated by the Indians in the area.

The late Rev. W. L. Moore, an Indian of the Prospect community, was the first teacher and began work in the fall of 1887 with an enrollment of 15 students.

The Legislature of 1889 raised the appropriation for the Croatan Normal School to \$1,000 and it remained at this figure for many years afterward. Although the school was called a normal school, it was almost two decades before any students advanced to high school work.

In 1909, ten acres were purchased at the present site of PSU with money raised by the Indian community. The Legislature appropriated \$3,000 for a new wooden building and the school was moved to its present location in Pembroke.



In 1921, the Legislature appropriated \$75,000 to build Old Main. Construction was completed in 1923 and the building was first put into service on the morning of April 17, 1923, when chapel services were conducted. The speaker for the occasion was Miss Ruth Sampson, daughter of the late O.R. Sampson, a school benefactor for whom Sampson Hall at PSU is now named.

At that time Old Main was the first brick structure among the Indian people. It was not just a building: it was a beginning for the Indian people. It signified a chance to succeed. Doors were opened that had never been opened before. Since that time the Indian people have always given support to what is now PSU.

The high school was given standard rating by the State High School Inspector in 1924. The graduating class of that year had seven members.

On August 13, 1926 the Board of Trustees added a regular two year normal course. In addition, the elementary grades were phased out so that none remained in 1928.

On June 1, 1928, the first two year normal class of ten members were graduated. By 1935 the school was offering two years of college work in addition to the regular normal school work.

In 1939 the high school was separated from the college and moved to what is now Pembroke Junior High School.

In June, 1940, degrees were awarded to five members of the first graduating class of the four year standard college.

From this late start, the Lumbee Indian people have gone on to produce hundreds of college trained people. In a generation, the Lumbee became the only Indian group in the country with a solid middle class. Old Main is proof to every young Indian that the cycle of poverty and despair can be broken.

This proud lady is the first structure in this country that housed a two year college for Indians only. She is also the first structure in this country that housed a four year college for Indians only. Until this good day no other structure in this nation can say: "We have housed a four year college for Indians only."

The State of North Carolina brought these historic events into being through its laws of segregation. The Indians resented this at the time. They could attend no other college in the State. Now, years later, the Indians view this part of their history with pride.

Yes, Old Main is more than just another building. It is the life story of a people-the Lumbee Indian people!

Old Main is only in her 40s. A premature death is so unnatural. Is something going on that the public ought to know about? Is there a state and local conspiracy to wipe out the last remnant of "Indianness" from Pembroke State?

Old Main is the only part of the college with which the Indians can identify, but destroy Old Main and Pembroke State is just another college so far as Indians are concerned.

Old Main is a memorial to our Indian forefathers. It is our long house, a place where we can feel at home and commune in spirit with those who have labored and sacrificed to lay our magnificent foundations.

Old Main is a reminder of the good old days - box suppers, movies, speeches, singing contests, athletic contests, commenment, all-Indian school activity days, festivals, and funerals of our leaders.

Where is our long house today? You might say that she is now in chains. The struggles of the Indian people created her. Now we want the State to free her and keep her.

More next week.

**December 13, 1979**

# Old Main Designation Constant In Times Of Many Name Changes

Sociologists contend that the Indians of Robeson County have suffered from a lack of "name" identity. They have been known by many names, including the following:

In 1885, as noted earlier, the Indians of Robeson County were designated **Croatan Indians** by the North Carolina General Assembly. In 1887 the **Croatan Indian Normal School** was authorized by the same general assembly. In 1911 the Indians became known as **Indians of Robeson County** and two years later (1913) were named **Cherokee Indians of Robeson County**. They remained (in name anyway) **Cherokee Indians of Robeson County** until 1953 when the General Assembly renamed them **Lumbee Indians**. In 1956 the United States Congress named them **Lumbee Indians** too, but with a crippling clause that left them with a name but no substance, a name but no meaning. The bill noted that they were Indians but that they were not to receive any services usually set aside for Indians because of their status as Indians. Some contend that Congress's incompetence was never more evident than in the last clause of the Lumbee Bill.

All the while the school (now **Pembroke State University**) was undergoing name changes too. The school began as the **Croatan Normal School** in 1887; in 1911 the school became known legislatively as the **Indian Normal School of Robeson County**; in 1913 the name of the school was changed to the **Cherokee Indian Normal School of Robeson County**. In 1941 the name was shortened to **Pembroke State College for Indians**; in 1949 the reference to "Indian" was dropped to simply **Pembroke State College**. In 1969 the school became one of the 16 constituent members of the University of North Carolina, **Pembroke State Universit**.

Many Indians, at the time, smiled benignly to themselves. At one time they were denied entrance to the University of North Carolina because of their status as Indians... Now they had turned over their school to the system that once denied them. There is an undercurrent of irony in the Indian community as far as Pembroke State University is concerned. The Indians know they did the right thing in turning the school over to the state but they know, at the self same time, that things will never be the same.

**Old Main** was the first brick building on campus. **Old Main** was the hub of the campus, everything revolved around **Old Main**. Since the building was erected in 1923, it has been known as **Old Main** by the local Indian community. The name has remained the same, although it has never been officially named **Old Main** as such: the people have named her rightly enough. The state changes its mind too often to suit the Indians.

**Old Main**... the name trills off the tongue. Like Old Faithful... Miss Dependability. Indians took the building for granted until 1972 when the council of state during the

administration of Bob Scott decided to raze the building... tear her down and make room for progress.

But the **Save Old Main Movement** crystalized. The issue apparently was ignited by a newspaper article written by Lew Barton, local Indian historian and writer (father of this columnist) who lamented "The De-Indianization of Pembroke State University."

Shortly thereafter Danford Dial, an Indian educator, gathered a small band of demonstrators and "hit the streets," demonstrating to Save Old Main. Janie Maynor Locklear, and other Old Main adherents took up the call. They would not be quiet. They became a thorn in the side of the state's political leaders, reminding the state of her racist past.

Brantley Blue, now deceased, but an Indian Claims Commissioner at the time, said, "The State of North Carolina should be proud to be the first and only state to support an institution of higher learning for Indians... the Federal Government has not even approached that."

## THE SAVE OLD MAIN MOVEMENT

The Save Old Main Movement did in fact Save Old Main. The coalition of Indians and supporters changed the state's mind. The proof is in the pudding: Old Main will be re-dedicated February 16, 1980.

But, before Old Main was rebuilt to her stately self, an arsonist struck. Old Main was lighted by the arsonist's torch on the night of March 18, 1973. Then governor Jim Holshouser, a true champion in behalf of Old Main, arrived that night... while the building was still burning. By its embers, he promised to throw the resources of the state behind the building. He offered a \$5,000 reward for the conviction of the arsonist. No one has ever claimed the reward. But Gov. Holshouser let the people of North Carolina know that he was committed to seeing Old Main restored.

He kept his promise. He established the Old Main Commission. They developed many of the structural designs and uses of the building.

Many are concerned that Gov. Holshouser might be left off the program when Old Main is re-dedicated. If so, a great injustice will be done one of her strongest supporters. Gov. Hoshouser's sin, as many see it, is that he is a Republican. If Gov. Hoshouser had not supported the reclamation of Old Main the building would not, as I see it, have been saved. It is difficult to save a state building against the wishes of the incumbent governor.

It will be a shame indeed if Lew Barton, Danford Dial, Janie Maynor Locklear, Carnell Locklear, Kever Locklear, Dexter Brooks, Harold Deese, LRDA, etc. etc. are left off the program of re-dedication. Without the Save Old Main Movement there would be no re-

dedication. No one should ever forget that. But, most of all, former governor James Holshouser ought to be on the program. As a matter of fact, he ought to be the one, as I see it, to deliver the dedicatory address.

Former Governor Bob Scott, now clamoring for re-election as governor, was the governor who was mostly unmoving and uncaring when the people petitioned him to Save Old Main.

And, whether some folk like it or not, former Chancellor English E. Jones ought to be a special guest during the ceremonies too. In the end, he threw his considerable skills into designing and shoring up the structural walls of Old Main. He was helpful in saving Old Main, after the Save Old Main Movement showed him that it was a good and worthy cause to restore the building to her stately self.

There are many heroes, and the planners ought to make sure they recognize them at the dedication.

If they are not recognized, the people ought to demonstrate and boycott the occasion. February 16 is not a day of hypocrisy; it is a day set aside to re-dedicate Old Main. University and state officials ought to do it right.

**December 27, 1979**

**1980**

## **... About This "Recently Organized Coastal Carolinas Society Of Professional Journalists" Based In Lumberton**

I continue to hear about this... "Recently Organized Coastal Carolinas Society of Professional Journalists, based in Lumberton ..."

I am not a member of this purported organization which speaks so glibly of the First Amendment and, at the self same time, fosters a "Privileged list" only. I have not been invited to attend, nor have I been involved in the development of this organization. Mostly what I know about it is what I have read in t.he Robesonian newspaper. But it will have little meaning without my participation. I AM THE FIRST AMENDMENT!

The U.S Bill of Rights consists of 10 amendments, guarding American citizen's right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." The Bill of Rights is the cornerstone of the United States Constitution.

The First Amendment reads:

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances."

I thank God He is not exclusive like the "recently organized Coastal Carolinas Society of Professional Journalists, based in Lumberton," seems to be. And the United States Constitution is not exclusive either. Where else but America could an Indian ex-convict and alcoholic and general malcontent like myself recover and come home and start a newspaper from scratch? Of course most of the credit goes to my brothers and sister who share and now own this venture with me.

Let them (them being the... "recently organized Coastal Carolinas Society of Professional journalists, based in Lumberton") put that in their pipes and smoke it.

I cannot speak well of an organization that attempts to exclude me... but this is America and we operate by the guts of the First Amendment in these quarters.

**January 10, 1980**

## The Carolina Indian Voice Moves To New Quarters



The above picture is where the Carolina Indian Voice has been housed for the past seven years. The above is a reproduction of a painting done for us by Tara Lowry.

**January 10, 1980**



# **Why Not Let Janie Maynor Locklear Speak At Old Main Rededication? Scheduled For February 16, 1980**

Why not let Janie Maynor Locklear speak at the Old Main Rededication Ceremony that is scheduled for February 16, 1980?

There would be no Old Main to re-dedicate if she - and others - had not sounded the alarm.

The stately building was ticketed for demolition in 1972 by the State of North Carolina. The Governor at that time was Bob Scott.

Lew Barton wrote an article -- "The De-Indianization of Pembroke State University." Danford Dial- working for LRDA (Lumbee Regional Development Association) - and other LRDA staffers took to the streets. Others like the magnificent Tuscarora joined them. Governor to be Jim Holshouser lined up firmly in favor of saving Old Main, as did other prominent politicians and townspeople. A movement was born.

Somewhere about here Janie Maynor Locklear emerged as the executive secretary of the ad hoc Save Old Main Movement. The only requirement for membership was a desire to save Old Main.

She became the moving force behind the movement to save Old-Main. She was indefatigable. She would not give up. Night and day she articulated "Save' Old Main."

She and the Save Old Main Movement were intended for one another. It was a marriage of convenience.

And, in spite of the arsonist's torch in 1973, and intense political pressure, Old Main was saved.

Hundreds - and later thousands - are responsible for saving Old Main. Janie Maynor Locklear, as we see it, was in the first ranks of those who saved Old Main.

Dr. English E. Jones eventually added his considerable talents to saving Old Main. One of his last acts was, to complete the "politics and paperwork" required to Save Old Main. Jones and others had a change of heart mostly because of Janie Maynor Locklear and other Save Old Main adherents.

Now Dr. Paul Givens, the new chancellor, has decided Janie Maynor Locklear cannot be on the program re-dedicating Old Main. Yet he has put himself down for "remarks."

What does he know about Old Main? He should let one speak who knows something about what will be talked about and re-dedicated on Feb. 16 -- Old Main!



Shown above is the beginning of the Save Old Main Movement. Shown in front with stop sign is Danford Dial who took to the streets to Save Old Main. Also shown is Dr. Dalton Peter Brooks and Jeffery Maynor and other employees of Lumbee Regional Development Association. The time was 1972. (Elmer Hunt Photo)

**February 16, 1980**

# Old Main Finally A Reality...

It is a relief, of sorts, to know that Old Main is finally a reality, out of the reach of the politicians who taunted her so long.

Saturday will be an historic day. Old Main will be rededicated, after a hard fight by the mostly Indian Community to save her.

Also, as noted last week, and in the area press, it is good to know that Janie Maynor Locklear will be allowed to "say a few words" at the re-dedication ceremonies. It would have been a farce without her.

I SAY "NO" TO POSSIBLE  
MEMBERSHIP IN THE  
COASTAL CAROLINAS  
SOCIETY OF  
PROFESSIONAL  
JOURNALISTS

Initially the recently organized Coastal Carolinas Society of Professional Journalists began without me. They purposely excluded me while they ranted and raved about the First Amendment. But I replied in a front page editorial in The Carolina Indian Voice that "I AM THE FIRST AMENDMENT!"

Sometimes they (being the "...recently organized Coastal Carolinas Society of Professional Journalists based in Lumberton.") make me sick with their seeming elitist views. But let them withdraw unto themselves. They cannot bridle me, discriminate against me, or deny me my well earned rights. I began The Carolina Indian Voice so that folk like me can have our say too.

Yes, let them talk of the First Amendment. I AM THE FIRST AMENDMENT! And I love America, with all her built-in racist notions and shortcomings. The fact is one has room to grow in America; the racist can always be overcome: This American quality sets us apart, makes us different and vibrant and forever alive and bristling.

I am an ex-convict, an alcoholic who has not had a drink for ten years and an Indian citizen of America. I am, most of all, a Christian: I am a follower of Christ. And I am a father and a family man. And Editor of The Carolina Indian Voice.

These are enough titles for me. After the initial exclusion it would be selfserving and demeaning to also be a member of the "recently organized Coastal Carolinas Society of Professional Journalists... based in Lumberton..."

I've said the above to say this: I have decided not to allow the Coastal Carolinas Society of Professional Journalists to consider me for membership. After I screamed and hollered to all who would listen I was "put forth" for membership by Lynnette Lynn, a staff writer for the Robesonian. Many other journalists carried forward in my behalf. I am grateful to all of them for their consideration and support but... thanks but no thanks. I do not wish to be a member of the Coastal Carolinas Society of Professional Journalists.

You need me more than I need you. A spurned lover is a wary lover after "making up." So, good luck to you-- "...Recently Organized Coastal Carolinas Society of Professional Journalists... based in Lumberton. You do your thing... I am busily doing mine.

**February 14, 1980**

# Highway Patrolmen Converge Around Cummings Home...

I received a call Sunday afternoon ... "Your story must be having some effect... there are four highway patrolmen stopping traffic right beside McDuffie Cummings' home..." I rode out to the home of McDuffie Cummings to see for myself if there was any truth to the call.

Sure enough there were five highway patrolmen in the general vicinity of Cummings' home...

As I understand it there are only some 21 troopers stationed in Robeson County; if this figure is correct, five of them or approximately 25 percent of them were in the general vicinity of McDuffie Cummings' home on the Union Chapel Road which is not exactly I-95 or even Highway 74 as far as traffic is concerned.

They left hurriedly when I arrived. Or maybe they were responding to another call... I don't know... but I know what I saw.

It was just a coincidence or some mishap caused so many of them to be in the general vicinity of Cummings' home or it was just a subtle attempt to intimidate the man. If so, they ought not to do that...

## PEMBROKE SEEMINGLY SLIGHTED BY PATROLMEN

Pembroke was the last municipality of any size to get a district court in Robeson County; many of us contend that we were late getting the court because of a lack of political might. The folks in and around Pembroke have only recently begun to flex their political muscle and ask why and when and how come...

What the politicians did was to split the old Maxton District and give Pembroke half of it... the Pembroke and Smiths area.

Since the rhubarbs concerning confrontations between the highway patrolmen and the Indian community evidence has been compiled showing that the highway patrol has, in some cases systematically, refused to cite motorists they had ticketed in the Pembroke District to the Pembroke court.

That's as wrong as wrong can be. Two chief district court judges have issued administrative orders demanding that troopers cite people to the right district court. To date, evidence tends to show that both Judge Sam Britt (the former Chief District Court Judge) and Judge John Gardner (the present one) have been ignored.

I wonder what they are going to do about it?

**March 13, 1980**

# **We Say "No" To W. Earl Britt As A Federal District Judge**

President Jimmy Carter has made it official: he has nominated W. Earl Britt for a U .S. District Court judgeship, based on another recommendation by Senator Robert Morgan. Morgan recently was denied approval by his peers in the United States Senate for another of his recommendations for a district judge, Charles Winberry. He is trying again with Britt.

If nominated Britt would sit in the Eastern District of North Carolina where two vacancies now exist.

Britt was raised in the McDonald section of Robeson County and is a former chairman of the Pembroke State University board of trustees as well as a past chairman of the Robeson County Democratic party. He is considered close to Morgan politically. He practices law in Lumberton.

But, in spite of President Carter, Senator Morgan, and sundry others, we say "no" to W. Earl Britt as a federal judge, especially because many constitutional questions like double voting begin their legal journey at the district level in the federal judiciary.

In times past W. Earl Britt fought the minorities of Robeson County on a number of constitutional questions like double voting and participated in questionable legislative annexations that seem to defy the voting rights act and other civil rights legislation.

While serving as chairman of the PSU Board of Trustees he made a motion to proceed with the demolition of Old Main. If he had received a second, Old Main, more likely than not, would be a distant memory rather than a thriving and exciting Native American Resource Center and a beehive of activity on the PSU Campus. Too, Britt represented the county in opposition to the double voting law suit initiated by some concerned Indian parents. Britt upheld a nefarious practice whereby voters residing within the then five city units in Robeson County voted on their own respective boards of education as well as on the makeup of the Robeson County Board of Education (where most of the Indian parents reside). He was a hearty foe of those who chafed under the feudal chains of double voting. Thank God he was over ruled in federal court, at the appeals level.

For these reasons and more we say "no" to W. Earl Britt as a federal district judge.

**April 17, 1980**

# **Robeson County Parents Take A Courageous Stand...**

As long as I can remember I have been against the present public school structure in Robeson County. I was one of the firstones to stand up and say in no uncertain terms that double voting is not only wrong but evil besides.

I like me for having taken that stand. I have not been so forceful on other matters.

Racism is still rampant in Robeson County, evident mostly in five separate and unique school systems. We had six systems but the number was reduced to five because of the leadership of the present Robeson County board of Education and county schools superintendent Purnell Swett when Maxton was taken into the county system last year.

But five school systems is still four too many. One school system is enough period.

Some say we maybe could have two, with Lumberton hanging on to their present system. No! Two would be as evil and wrong as 20 or 30 or some other indeterminate number.

One is enough. Then all our children would be treated the same. Nb special favors, no special taxes, no special nothing. This is America, the land of the brave and free. Every citizen is entitled to equal but fair treatment.

The parents who initiated the federal suit to disband the present five systems have issued a statement. It is a good and progressive statement.

Here is their statement, as they see it. It is also the way I see it too.

"We are parents of children enrolled in the public schools of Robeson County and we are taxpayers. We believe in the principles of free public education and equality. We further believe in the right and obligation of citizens to seek relief from practices which violate either the spirit or the letter of the law.

"We do not enter this action lightly. We have examined our motives as well as the educational system and find that for the sake of our children and generations to come, we must actively work toward the development of a public school system which provides equal educational opportunities to all children. This action necessitates the dissolution of long established customs in our tri-racial county.

"Our suit asks that federal, state and local tax monies not be used to support the five school systems that have each selected to perpetuate segregation through manipulation of school district boundaries. Our suit also asks that construction be prohibited on the



\$4.5 million consolidated western high school and on the proposed \$1.5 million renovation of a consolidated northern high school and the proposed Ashpole/Rowland High School consolidation, since we believe that these schools will further guarantee segregation for untold years to come.

"We ask, however, as our most important goal that the school systems in our county be required to submit a complete plan for a unified and non-discriminatory system that will eliminate all vestiges of past and present racial discrimination.

"It is our firm conviction that our suit is just and that it will bring ultimate benefits to the children of Robeson County, that it will result in a better return on tax dollars, and that it will insure compliance with the laws of our nation."

**May 29, 1980**

## **We Called Him "Big Ern"...**

We called him "Big Ern." He was big in every way but bodily statute. He was a short guy physically but mighty in deed and responsibility.

"Big Ern" was one of my middle brothers, 31 years old. He was struck down Monday, June 2, 1980 in the flush of manhood. A tire blew out sometime in the afternoon and he ran off the road and barreled into a tree, according to preliminary reports. He was killed instantly.

"Big Ern" was Ernie Lee Barton, son of Mrs. Berna Barton and Lew Barton of Pembroke. He is survived by his wife Sue and three sons, Kevin Wayne, Christopher Ernie and Gerald David.

"Big Ern" was a transplanted Texan, living in Dobbin, Texas at the time of his demise. He was killed in Buffalo, Texas where he was working temporarily in a Mobile Home Manufacturing plant while awaiting disposition of a strike by the employees of his regular employer, Crown Petroleum in Houston, Texas.

"Big Ern" was big like the rest of Texas, like I said, except in his physical statute. He measured big in every kind of way. He was a good provider, a good husband and father and son. He was always madly in love with his wife Sue. That's a good virtue... to love one's wife until the end. And one's God and family and fellowman. Sue taught "Big Ern" how to love.

At two particular times in my life when I was bereft in spirit and low down... I went to Ernie and Sue and the assurances and love they always extended to me. I always left better off than when I arrived. I kicked drinking on a visit to see them in 1970. They were good influences on me. Now "Big Ern" is gone. I will miss him forever.

He was just different; he instinctively, right from the first, knew how to do manly things. I was later learning... I struggled with life and her wild eyed children. But not "Big Ern." He was always grown and manly, from the very beginning.

He went to Texas right after finishing high school here in Pembroke. He met Sue and romanced her and married her. Afterwards we only saw him on brief visits home or every once in a while one of us would go to him. The distance sometimes kept us from going as much as we would have liked to. Some of us visited hi in March in Texas.

When he died, "Big Ern" and Sue had undertaken the biggest project of their young lives; they were busy building their dream home, a log house that was big and spacious and set in a pretty spot in Dobbin, Texas. They were tired of the big city, Houston. They were country folk, looking forward to a long life on the land.

And death came and struck him down. We wonder why why why why why why why.  
Only God knows the answer to our whys, And we must wait for Him to reveal them to  
us. We will wait upon the Lord. Our salvation depends upon it.

**June 5,1980**

## A Note Of Thanks... From All Of Us To All Of You...

There are seven of the Lew Barton and Berna Barton offspring left from an original nine. We used to say, in the offhand manner, that we were lucky because we had never experienced grief or death or debilitating illness. In the last 15 months a sister and a brother have been struck down in the flush of their lives, both in their thirties and alive and vibrant and seemingly well adjusted until Death, the Grim Reaper, snatched them behind the veil of eternity. Death is so final, so traumatic, so incomprehensible. Yesterdays were carefree, unthinking, taking for granted, as if we might live forever. Now, Ruth, our oldest. sister, is dead, unable to tell us where she has gone. And "Big Ern," our middle brother, has fallen too.

We are left alone, bereft, changed, different somehow since they have gone behind the unknown curtain of death.

But we have Hope Eternal, and you. Hope comforts us with the thought that we shall see them again in the Perfect World beyond this pale forerunner of what is to come. And your expressions of concern make the present moments bearable. Love and concern and the kind thought is all that is lasting in this life. We thank you for your expressions of kindness during our bereavement. We are thankful beyond our abilities to say so. A stark "Thank You" will have to suffice on this earthly plane.

And goodbye to my  
Literary Mentor, Henry Miller



HENRY MILLER

PACIFIC PALISADES, Calif.-- Author Henry Miller, whose audacious, spicy novel "Tropic of Cancer" introduced the four-letter word into common use, died just "a few days" before he would have seen the long-awaited printing of his last major work -- written over 40 years ago.

Miller died Saturday at age 88. His publisher, Noel Young, said his death did not come as a surprise.

"He had been suffering from clogged arteries that fed into his head and was too old to have a bypass operation," Young said. He died at home in the arms of his housekeeper, Bill Pickerel.

Young said he had just received a copy of Miller's last major work, "The World of Lawrence." The book concerns another author who battled the censors -- D.H. Lawrence, who wrote "Lady Chatterly's Lover."

Young said Miller's last work is "what he called a passionate appreciation of D.H. Lawrence.

Among Miller's other well-known novels were "Black Spring," the trilogy "Nexus," "Plexus," and "Sexus," "The Smile at the Foot of the Ladder," and "The Tropic of Capricorn."

Miller was 42 before "Tropic of Cancer," his first book, was published in 1934, but it was to become his most significant work.

It was a book about Miller trying to write a book, and its unflinching, explicit, vulgar descriptions of exploits in Paris bars and bordellos is considered a milestone in easing literary inhibition about frank language and sex.

Poet Ezra Pound reportedly delivered the manuscript to a Paris publisher, saying, "Here's a dirty book that's worth reading."

The book sent shock waves through society. It was branded obscene and banned in the United States.

Admirers said Miller's four-letter words were daring wit and convention smashing defiance. He became a cult hero in Greenwich Village.

But detractors said Miller was a foul-mouthed exhibitionist who relished the use of obscenity.

And although I have quit cussing in reverence of my Lord and Saviour and in deference to my Christian brothers and sisters, I understand why Miller cussed so defiantly. He was able to cuss without rancor or ill-will. That took the meanness and sin out of it.

Henry Miller gave me many wonderful moments. I worshipped him in a literary sense. He was the Patagonian Man, the man who had overcome the world in his own fashion. He knew no guile. He loved life but awaited death with a jaunty "Well, come on... what's keeping you?" And he lived until he died, fully and uncompromising.

**June 12,1980**

## **Every Tub Has To Stand On Its Own Bottom...**

I think that is one of Ol' Reasonable Locklear's favorite sayings: "Every tub has to stand on its own bottom." Anyway, it's a wonderful saying and true in just about every aspect of life.

It seems especially true in the debacle facing a number of the local school systems, most notably Red Springs, Fairmont and St. Pauls. All of them are strapped for monies and are seemingly dependent on the school bond monies to bail them out of financial difficulties. Every tub has to stand on its own bottom, as Reasonable Locklear might say if he didn't in fact already say it.

Most recently Fairmont came before the Robeson County Commissioners with their hand out wanting some financial relief.

The Robeson County Board of Commisioners Monday approved payment of \$56,000 to the Fairmont school system to help meet unpaid construction bills on two elementary schools.

The money will come from the county's capital outlay funds earmarked for schools. Construction was halted on the \$1.6 million project last month since the county's \$8 million in school bonds have not been sold because of a lawsuit filed by a group of parents alleging racial discrimination in the schools.

County attorney Joe Ward said the lawsuit makes the county's bonds unacceptable to investors while the suit is pending.

Fairmont had depended upon the bonds being sold to complete construction of the school.

Leon McLean, Fairmont's school superintendent said, "This consideration will help us meet the demands of our creditors, since we are fiscally dependent upon you gentlemen."

McLean said the money would be used to build a roof over an insulation framed structure so that deterioration would be minimal.

He estimated the roof would cost about \$56,645, according to an architect.

McLean also said other incoming bills would probably amount to \$100,000 to \$200,000. He added that the Fairmont school system has about \$55,000 left of its allotted school bond money.

Robeson County voters in 1978 approved a \$16-million school bond issue. The first \$8 million in bonds were sold last year. The remaining \$8 million worth of bonds remain unsold due to the lawsuit.

#### AND RED SPRINGS TOO ...

Of course the discrimination suit being handled by Hoke County attorney Phil Diehl has caused problems for Red Springs Schools too.

Red Springs Superintendent T.J. Wicker termed it "an honest mistake" when he and his school board committed funds to build a new vocational education complex that they didn't technically have. They were supposed to clear any building programs with the county manager's office. They did not do so and might have made a \$1 million mistake when they gave the contractors the go ahead on the building although the last portion of bonds had not been sold because of the uncertainties caused by Diehl's suit.

And St. Pauls is halted on building a new high school because the monies were to come from their portion of the bond monies.

#### BUT LUMBERTON SCHOOLS SOMEHOW NOT AFFECTED

But interestingly enough, Lumberton City Schools is not affected at all. They received all their allocation from the first sale of bonds and have already completed a spanking new middle school. Lumberton was the only school system of the five in the county to receive all their monies from the first allotment of bonds sold. Are they smarter than everyone else?

#### HOW MANY SCHOOL SYSTEMS WILL SURVIVE

Anyway knowledgeable sources are taking bets that only two school systems will survive: Lumberton and the county schools. Interesting!

Could it be a prophetic realization of Ol' Reasonable's saying: "Every tub has to stand on its own bottom."

Of course, we hope Ol' Reasonable is wrong for once in a life. Two school systems are too many. The citizens of Robeson County need and deserve ONE school system so that all the children in Robeson County are fed out of the same educational spoon.

Some in the Indian camp, for instance, are afraid of Lumberton. They do not believe they could retain their leadership (sic) role if all school systems were lumped into one. Who cares, really? I for one would take my chances, I believe Purnell Swett, the superintendent of the Robeson County Schools, stacks up well against the city superintendents. Additionally, he is the only one who has had any experience running a



"big school system." So, as I see it, he would be the logical choice for superintendent of a county wide school system.

Anyway, as Ol' Reasonable allegedly said, "Every tub has to stand on its own bottom." That's a good and true saying.

**September 18,1980**

# Beware Of "Fancy Dans"

You see them everywhere you go, banding together with creatures of like kind. I call them "Fancy Dans." They make one artistically sick.

They usually can be discovered putting together a performance of the "Nutcracker's Suite Ballet" or scheduling a couple of guys playing the piano at the self same time, usually both are wearing horn rimmed glasses and subdued Pompadours. "Fancy Dans" hang around libraries, university campuses and other, as they see it, elitist gathering holes.

Yes, Fancy Dans! They want, above all else, to be considered cultured, laid back, in the know, by other Fancy Dans like themselves.

They breed mediocrity, blandness, more duo piano players, more Nutcracker Suite ballets. Please! And, when they are really inspired, they foist Hungarian Folk Dancers upon us when we cry out for Blue Grass... for Gospel and good old Country Music.

You seldom see dark hued people at any "Fancy Dan" gathering. Fancy Dans like Sam Ragan (the stereotyped "Man of Letters" locally) spends a good deal of his time at writer's conferences, and journalism workshops of sundry kind pontificating about "Journalism" and "Art."

Ragan, who doubles as editor of the nearby Pilot newspaper in Southern Pines, is, as I see it, unofficially forever artistically encircled by the Fancy Dans.

His Literary Wagon is forever circled by "Fancy Dans," shrieking their cultural heads off. I might begin a movement to "Save Sam Ragan From The Fancy Dans."

Anyway, that's sort of why some of us have put our heads together and begun an organization named "First American Showcase, Inc."

Look about you: examine the boards and offices of the so called arts this and that. The Robeson County Public Library; the friends of the library; Robeson Little Theatre; the Community Guild; just about every so called cultural or artistic endeavor. Few of them are manned by poor people or darkly hued people. They become artistic and hold the muse in their hands and crush the life out of it. And just a few are able to feel and touch and appreciate the arts before "they" close down those good things that can make all of us better human beings.

"First American Showcase, Inc." is committed to bringing art and culture to the people, and giving everyone a "taste of the good life." Too, we want to support worthy causes like fund raising efforts for "Strike at the Wind!", PSU's scholarship program, friends of the library, a repertory company, maybe a dinner theatre, workshops in the arts, etc.,

etc. We want to take art and culture from those who would deny anyone the opportunity to grow as a human being and share it with all the people.

Our oath to the people is that we will never become 'fancy dans' and nail up the artistic cupboards. No, we will open up the windows and let the bright light shine through for every Robesonian, whether he be Red, Black or White. The arts are for everyone irregardless of color. Indian people too, have talent awaiting discovery. We hope to help the talent in our midst develop and bear more talent so that the people can grow and expand and become creative and happy folk.

Artists like Carnell Locklear, the Henry Berry Band, Willie Lowery, Miriam Oxendine, etc., etc., etc. The list is endless. We have many artists developing and growing and finding their way. We hope to showcase them as we grow as an organization.

**October 2, 1980**

# **Being Arrested In Red Springs Revives Unpleasant Memories**

In my younger days I was arrested quite a few times and finally culminating in a 7 to 10 year sentence for breaking and entering. I "pulled" some four years counting my jail time in Hillsborough, North Carolina and Central Prison in Raleigh.

All my sundry arrests until Tuesday afternoon were related to alcohol; in other words I was usually stone drunk when I got arrested... but not Tuesday afternoon.

Some ten years ago I joined Alcoholics Anonymous (AA) and I learned how to live without drinking alcohol or taking any mind bending drugs. I learned how to get high naturally. Come November 15, I will have been "sober" ten years.

Even greater than the above I accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as my personal Savior in 1978 at Deep Branch Baptist Church where I am now a member.

So, my days of getting arrested and pulling time are behind me... or so I thought until Tuesday afternoon when I attempted to attend a meeting of the board of directors of the Lumbee River Electric Membership Corporation in Red Springs.

Luther W. Haggins, the Red Springs Police Chief, was pleasant and professional. He said, "I don't know how to act... I seldom arrest someone unless they are raising the mischief or under the influence or something like that..." I smiled to myself and mused... Man, you should have had the honor of arresting me a few years ago. As God is my witness I could and did raise the PURE DEVIL with the best (or worst) of them.

But the point needs to be made: can an electric cooperative meet in secret? Does the public have a right to know? I think so.

Anyway, I got myself arrested and I have to go to court on November 4th in Red Springs District Court to answer charges of trespassing upon the Lumbee River Electric Membership Corporation's Board of Directors meeting.

## **REV. ELIAS ROGERS SEEMINGLY A POINT OF CONTENTION**

But there is more to it than that: I believe there are racial connotations being aired at Lumbee River Electric Membership Corporation. I believe there is anti-Elias Rogers sentiment being expressed. And I believe there is merit to the racial discrimination complaints presently being investigated by the Equal Employment Opportunities Commission. I believe it would be best for everyone concerned if the matters were aired publicly. After all, our tax monies are being used by the Corporation and you and I, as I see it, have a right to know.

As I see it, a confrontation is brewing between Rev. Elias Rogers, the president of the board of directors of the Lumbee River EMC; and Derl Hinson, the general manager of the 19,000 plus member owned corporation. Two strong willed men are vying for survival.

Rogers, as many of you might recall, won a racial discrimination claim against the corporation in 1973 when a settlement was reached in Rogers' suit claiming that the electric cooperative abridged the 1964 Civil Rights Act when they discriminated against him in the November, 1970 election for the board of directors.

Some of the documents from Rogers' suit against the corporation spells out what happened.

Rogers ran for re-election to the board of directors of Lumbee River Electric Membership Corporation board of directors, seeking a three year term in 1970.

The seat he sought had been granted him after the 1967 election only after he filed a protest and was eventually declared the winner when his protest was upheld by officials.

During the campaign in 1970 certain members of the then board of directors, certain officers of the corporation, and a number of employees, in violation of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, and contrary to the Civil Rights Act of 1964 actively worked to defeat both Rogers and Thomas Bethea, a Black, then running for a seat on the board of directors.

Bethea and Rogers were defeated in part by the use of special proxies printed by Cecil Dunn, then president of the corporation, by the use of REA employees to solicit the improper proxies, and by the irregular manner in which the proxies were recorded and assigned for voting by the corporation.

Rogers filed a protest immediately after the election and after Lumbee River took no action filed a suit in Hoke County asking for relief. Later the suit wound its way into federal court where Rogers was upheld and the Lumbee Electric Membership Corporation admitted guilt in part by agreeing to a settlement out of court.

Part of the agreement was that the board of directors was increased from 9 members to 12 and three at large members were added. And the use of proxies was ended.

The settlement was reached after Dean Moser, a special agent from the office of the Inspector General of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, investigated the matter. His findings led the Department of Agriculture's Rural Electrification Administration to declare that Lumbee River was in violation of the Civil Rights Act of 1964.

Both Rogers and Bethea were invited to join the board as part of the settlement.

Rogers also received a settlement from Lumbee River Electric Membership Corporation in excess of \$10,000 covering his expenses and attorney fees and damages done him because of racial discrimination by the Lumbee River Electric Membership Corporation.

From that inglorious beginning the board of directors is now composed of 10 Indians, 1 Black and 1 White. Rev. Elias Rogers is now the president, serving his second term.

But the past is not forgotten by many.

Many members of the Lumbee River Electric Membership Corporation hold Rogers in high esteem for his perseverance and for winning Indians and Blacks and other parties not previously represented in the affairs of the cooperative the right to take part and seek employment and representation on the board of directors.

But many dislike him intensely for the opposite reason. It is difficult to be neutral about Rev. Elias Rogers.

Now, seemingly, some of the Indians on the board of directors have come to disagree with him on basic matters. Some claim he is pugnacious and overly aggressive. They claim he infringes upon the administrative arm of the corporation and sometimes mistakes his policy making role for personal involvement in the day to day operations of the corporation.

Employees, at least the majority of them, seem to hold Rogers in high regard. He is outspoken in their behalf and will argue at the drop of a hat. That seems to offend some of the board members too; Rogers is, as some see him, overly argumentative and unyielding in pressing his position on matters.

Said one of his admirers, "It seems that one either hates him... or loves him."

For me... I love the man. He is a man of character, as I see it, who will stand up for what he believes in. As I see it, he doesn't know the meaning of give up. He just keeps coming. His admirers are impressed by that; his detractors are turned off by it.

So, as I see it, Rogers is once again on the firing line. There are many left from those days when he fought for all of us who would like to see him immobilized in some way.

It will be interesting to see what transpires in the days ahead. As I see it, many of those who were denied the right to work at Lumbee River Electric Membership Corporation and serve on the board of directors have not forgotten who won them those rights. Everyone - admirers and detractors - admits that Rev. Elias Rogers took on Lumbee River Electric Membership Corporation for discriminating against him and won his case. He made his point. Many are now asking: is it getting even time for those who lost the war with him in 1973?

**October 23, 1980**

# **Lumbee River EMC Should Open Its Meetings to the Members... And Public**

If Lumbee River Electric Membership Corporation ain't a public body... well, they'll as close to being one as you can get without being one.

That line reminds this editorial writer of a little fracas I observed once. Two fellas were fighting: one called the other a fool. Said the one denigated. "I ain't no fool!" Said the castigator, "Well, if you ain't, you sure are acting like one..." And that's the way we feel about Lumbee River Electric Membership Corporation. If they ain't a public body... well, they sure act like one.

Lumbee River EMC, like all the rural electric cooperatives, was begun to bring electricity to the rural areas. They were begun with federal monies and were and are funded by the Federal Rural Electrification Administration, an arm of the U.S. Department of Agriculture. I suspect that Lumbee River EMC was begun with a gift of federal monies and has never been out of debt since its beginning in 1940.

Indians and Blacks were not allowed to participate in the development of Lumbee River EMC except to buy electricity until 1967 when Rev. Elias Rogers was seated on the board of directors after overcoming sundry protests. He is a good role model for the Indian community.

Now, as noted in earlier news article, Lumbee River EMC has decided to not press charges against Bruce Barton, the editor of this newspaper, for attempting to attend one of their meetings. Why? Is it a good sign?

Will they now allow the press and the public to attend meetings of the board of directors? Will they abide by the rules of the North Carolina Open Meetings laws? They should and we publicly call upon them to do so promptly.

Open meetings would answer questions that need answers. Open meeting would dispel rumors and misinformation and half truths.

Does the general manager of Lumbee River EMC have an unlimited and unaudited expense account? Are there extravagances that need to be curtailed? Are the employees disgruntled? Is the cooperative top heavy in administrators? How often is the general manager and other administrators out of the office? Do the board members meddle in administrative matters? Is there an internecine feud going on between the general manager and the president of the board of directors? Would the consumers be better served to sell out to CP&L?



The members and the public are asking reasonable questions... Why not answer them publicly? Lumbee River EMC should open its meetings to the public.

**November 13, 1980**

**1981**

# Lumberton, Fairmont Annexations Examples Of One-Handed Justice

**Robeson County-** As noted in a recent issue of The Carolina Indian Voice the Lumberton City Schools are being sued by a number of Robeson County and Lumberton residents for violating the 1965 Voting Rights Act. The Lumberton City Board of Education is charged with implementing three annexations of areas in the county, even though the U.S. Justice Department has objected to them on the grounds that they are racially discriminatory.

A cursory glance at a map of the present boundaries of the Lumberton School District which now includes the disputed areas of Barker Ten Miles, Lakewood Estates and Clyburn Pines and Country Club Road, shows lines of a very irregular nature. It seems almost as if an effort was made to include some folks and exclude others. In fact, there is a predominately Indian area completely surrounded by the Lumberton School District, although these people are in the county school district.

An amusing but ironic note is that, according to maps detailing the boundary lines of the existing five school districts in the county, the Robeson County Board of Education's Administration building is actually located within the confines of the Lumberton School District. If the county system had to pay taxes they would have to pay them to the city of Lumberton.

These annexations occurred at a time when HEW was demanding that the Robeson County Board of Education desegregate its schools. Many Whites were clamoring to escape from the predominately Indian county school district into the predominately White Lumberton School District before the lines were closed (as they were in 1970) by HEW.

It is worthy of note that at the time the Indian community around Piney Grove also wanted to be annexed, but this attempt was opposed by most of the Whites of the Clyburn Pines area because the Piney Grove and Clyburn Pines areas would have been grouped together for a single elementary school district using the existing school at Piney Grove. The state legislators seemingly listened to the Clyburn Pines group.

## MEANWHILE, OVER AT PROSPECT

Meanwhile over at Prospect massive demonstrations and sit-ins occurred as Indians within the Red Springs and Maxton School Districts wanted to continue sending their children to predominately Indian Prospect. The State Legislators had seemingly listened to Whites wanting to get out of the predominately Indian County School District, but they refused to listen to Indians wanting to get out of the City School Districts.

The Fairmont annexation covered about half of predominately White Sterlings Township in 1969. Again, Whites seemed to be trying to get out of the predominately Indian County School District. Fairgrove School was actually built by the County Board of Education within the Fairmont School District so the school had to be de-annexed before HEW closed the school district lines to student transfer in 1970. However, only the school itself was de-annexed leaving large numbers of Indians of the Fairgrove community trapped inside the Fairmont School District. Thus Fairgrove sits about half empty while the schools in Fairmont are over crowded.

Since Robeson is covered by the Federal Voting Rights Act, these changes should have been submitted to the Department of Justice for approval. The Department of Justice has now said that these changes are discriminatory.

Since the Lumberton School Board is elected, if these predominately White annexed areas were removed the Black and Indian people in Lumberton would have a much better chance of electing minority people to the Board.

#### EARL BRITT WILL HAVE TO EXCUSE HIMSELF

As noted earlier, it is a case of educational chickens coming home to roost.

The suit has been filed in the Eastern District of the U.S. Federal Courts in Fayetteville.

Guess who the sitting federal judge is there? Yep, you guessed it; our old protagonist from "Break Double Voting Days" - Earl Britt. Britt represented the Fairmont School System in the celebrated "Prospect Suit" and was also Robeson County's attorney of record in the "Break Double Voting Suit." Britt, of course, opposed breaking double voting; the federal courts broke it, claiming in part, racial discrimination.

Britt will have to excuse himself from the case when it comes before his court because of his prejudicial actions in the past.

Lumberton and all those who cling to the antiquated racial practices of the past can expect to lose this case. There are universal laws which must be satisfied: the annexations are examples of one-handed justice.

It should be noted that no further annexations have been approved in the general assembly since Indians and Blacks began serving in the legislature.

**January 15,1981**

# **I Counted Mark Brooks As A True and Tried Friend**

We're all in a state of shock. Mark Brooks is dead. He was buried yesterday at Magnolia School where he had an immeasurable impact on the students, faculty and community, and on all those who knew him.

A heart attack. Only 45. And he has left to mourn his passing his wife, Betty Rose Brooks, his children, John Mark Brooks, Jr., Brian Keith Brooks, Kimberly Ann Brooks and Stephen Andrew Brooks, his mother, Mrs. Lela Brooks, three brothers, Earl C., Dexter and Larry T.; two sisters, Maggie Lois Mercer and Vivian B. Atha and another host of relatives and friends like me.

It's coming out now; people are finding out that Mark Brooks was a helpful man. He helped me on two particular occasions when no one else could or would. He liked to take chances on people like me. And he usually wound up with a friend for life, through thick and thin.

And he was a quiet man. Sometimes when talking to him the silence between when I said something and he said something would just lay there between us. Silence. I usually talked too much around him because his silence surprised me. Most people do not listen to another because they are so busy explaining their position, their complaint, their justification. Not Mark. He left you with the silences. He listened. And friendship.

I am proud to have known him; and I am proud to have been able to count him as a true and tried friend.

I extend my condolences to his wife, mother and family.

I hope I can be a good man like Mark was; and, like him, be quiet but effective.

**March 19, 1981**

## Ethel Bell Goins ... And Matthew, Chapter 20

Rev. Manford Locklear is a happy fella; he is also an ordained Baptist minister. A man called to preach "the Word." He is not a solemn Christian, as I noted in an earlier column. He is quick with a quip and a hearty how do you do. He is a joyful Christian... alive in Christ.

But Sunday a sad duty was demanded of him... he gave the message at the funeral of Ethel Bell Goins, a relative of mine.

Ethel Bell carried too much weight but the weight seemed to be part of her personality. It also might have been what killed her. It is thought that she had a heart attack at Southeastern General Hospital. Some think that she was not given good treatment because she was also a poor person. And the mother of 8 children. She raised them alone. She was 53.

What kin were Bell and I? I'm not sure. Her mother and my grandmother were sisters. And she was always a close family member because my grandmother Ada Locklear raised her sister Stella Brayboy as her own from the time she was a little girl. And Stella and Bell were especially close as sisters. They lived near each other all their lives. And shared the joys and travails of life together.

Anyway, Rev. Manford preached a powerful message at Ethel Bell's funeral at Beulah Baptist Church where he is pastor and she was a faithful member the last few years of her life.

Rev. Manford extolled us not to weep. And he told us that Ethel Bell was a rose picked to grace heaven. He was overjoyed to report to us that Ethel Bell had let him know that "everything was all right between her and God... she had had the blood applied to her life."

I was sadly happy to hear it. I had dreamed a year or so ago about her. It was a strange dream. One I have not understood fully since dreaming it. It had to do with Ethel Bell and Matthew, Chapter 20. I wish I had gone to her and talked to her about it before she died.

The 20th Chapter of Matthew tells the parable of the labourer in the vineyard. The chapter begins... "'For the Kingdom of Heaven is like a man that is a householder, which went out one morning to hire laborers in the vineyard...'

"He agreed with the laborers for 'a penny a day, he sent them into his vineyard.' He sent more labourers out to work in the vineyard in the third hour... and the sixth hour... and the ninth'... and about the eleventh hour he went out and found others standing idle and

saith unto them, 'Why stand you here idle all the day?' And, of course, they replied 'Because no man has hired us.'

"And the householder sent them out to work in the vineyard also.

"And he paid them all a penny a day. And 'when (some) had hear it they 'murmured against the goodman of the house.' The grumblers said, 'These last have wrought but one hour, and, thou hast made them equal unto us, which have borne the burden and heat of the day.'

"And the goodman answered them, 'Friend, I do thee no harm: didst not thou agree with me for a penny?'

"Take that thine is, and go thy way: I will give unto this "last, even as unto thee.

"Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? Is thy eye evil, because I am good?

"So the last shall be first, and the first last: for many be called but few chosen."

I have thought about Ethel Bell's relationship to Chapter 20, Matthew, since I dreamt that dream. I remember writing the notation down in my Bible... "I dreamed of Matthew, Chapter 20... Dream involved Bell..."

But I did nothing about it. I didn't explore it. I didn't talk to Bell about it. I should have.

But ,it seems to me that Bell was a special person in God's sight. That's the way I interpret it. Not like Big shots running around talking big talk. Praying loudly. And playing church.

But Bell was quiet. And faithful. And poor. God seems to have a special crown for poor and faithful Christians.

Many of us will be surprised when we stand before God's judgment seat. The last shall be first, and the first last: for many be called but few chosen.

As I see it, Ethel Bell Goins was chosen and a first in God's Kingdom.

**March 26, 1981**

## **Dr. English E. Jones Is Dead...**

A friend just walked in the door and said, "I know you'll want to know... Dr. English E. Jones just died." And my mind is flooded with memories of the man.

I guess more stories appeared in the Carolina Indian Voice about Dr. Jones than any other single individual. I had a lot of respect for him; in spite of the fact that he had a few warts like all the rest of us. On balance he was dynamic and progressive -- two traits that I particularly appreciate in a man or woman. And, too, he stood for something of note over a long period of time. He had a calling -- Pembroke State University. He had a passion -- Pembroke State University. And he moved the school from a small, mostly unappreciated institution to a stellar and integral part of the statewide university system.

The last time I visited with him he renewed his subscription to The Carolina Indian Voice and talked to me at great length about the Lord Jesus Christ. He reaffirmed his Christian faith to me and admonished me to learn more about Jesus Christ and the Bible.

He was courtly too, and told a funny story. He had a good sense of humor and had learned a long time ago how to laugh with others... and at himself. He didn't let race hold him back like some of us did. He operated on a high plane, well above the crowd.

I used to go by and talk to him quite often when he was chancellor at Pembroke State University. He was not biggety. Not a big shot. He kept his feet on the ground and developed a circle of friends from every walk of life.

I am better for having known him; I hope people can say the same about me when I have walked past the shadow of this life into eternity.

I offer heart felt condolences to his family; to his wife Margaret; his children, Steve, Randy and Judy. And all his relatives and friends.

Dr. English E. Jones raised our standards; made us be bigger than we really are. We cherish his memory. And we are grateful for the example he set for all of us.

**May 21, 1981**



# **First American Warehouse, A Noble Adventure Falls By The Wayside**

Bradie Locklear had a dream, and he infused many of us with it. Bradie Locklear longed to see an Indian involved tobacco board of trade or, at the least, a tobacco warehouse owned in part by Indians. When he died a short time ago the dream seemed within reach.

By bowling over many of us with his unbridled enthusiasm and determination he saw First American Warehouse erected on Highway 711, approximately four miles from Lumberton. He even saw the tobacco warehouse survive a shaky season or two as a member of the Lumberton Board of Trade.

But "Mr. Bradie" died. And the dream of First American Warehouse seems to have died with him too. The realities of the time, rampant inflation and uncertain funding caused those left holding interest in the warehouse to abandon the ship and sell out. They had little choice. Times are hard financially and many of those who joined Mr. Bradie in creating this dream tried mightily to keep it going. Alas, it was not to be.

The headline said it best ANOTHER NEW INDUSTRY UPCOMING FOR COUNTY. It seems that Keck's Drapery Manufacturing Co. has purchased the facility and they have grandiose plans for employing 100 people now and more later. The company manufactures draperies for mobile homes.

Their plans are not as noble as Mr. Bradie's but the people seem to need jobs more than dreams. Still, it makes me kind of sad when I see a dream scuttled. But the dream was worthwhile. Maybe the dream will be resurrected in another form sometime in the future. We hope so. And we hope dreamers like Mr. Bradie will keep on dreaming. We need the dreamers to keep the rest of us heading in the right direction.

**June 11, 1981**

## Notes From Lumbee Homecoming

I was honored last week during Lumbee Homecoming festivities with the Henry Berry Lowry Memorial Award. I am certainly flattered although I do not consider myself worthy necessarily... but I'll keep it! I have never chased honor and plaques and awards so it is especially pleasing to me to know that I was given the honor without looking for it.

Too, I am pleased to be part of a father-son tandem. My father, Lew Barton, was given the same honor as the second Henry Berry Lowry Memorial Award winner some thirteen years ago. My father taught me to love and respect the written word: I am very grateful to him for surrounding his children with books... everywhere, the bathroom, the bedroom, the kitchen table. Where ever one stepped in our home there was a book. I naturally grew up loving to read and write and communicate.

"PREACH, BROTHER LOCKLEAR..."

But another honor, worth more than words can tell, was garnered by Rev. Purcell Locklear when he was called to be with the Lord last week. That's the real honor, the one with lasting value.

Brother Purcell Locklear was a friend to this editor and to all who knew him. He was especially kind to me; and I valued his friendship sincerely.

He was 72 when he died... it seems like all the Warriors are falling on this side of the River... but the consolation for us is to know that Warriors like Brother Purcell will not have to fight anymore on the other side. He's gone to be with his Lord and Saviour. And we shall all miss him until we are reunited with him in the bye and bye.

I can hear him now "... Preach, Brother Locklear," he used to intone to himself when he was preaching. I'll miss hearing that... but I am sure that he will not have to say "Preach Brother Locklear" anymore because the battle is now over. The preaching is done.

**July 9, 1981**

# **I Found Peace At Deep Branch Baptist Church**

I really have mixed feelings about what has happened at Deep Branch Baptist Church during the last few years. Adam's nature, once again, has asserted itself here.

I married "one of those Sampsons" from the Deep Branch Baptist Church in 1975 and shortly thereafter she and I built a home on her family's "old home place." I love the Deep Branch community; there is a sense of community there and the people are friendly and protective of one another. Sampsons predominate; most of us who are not Sampsons probably married one.

Sampsons settled in Deep Branch sort of like the Locklears did in the Prospect Community. They feel deeply about the community and their families and their churches and their schools.

Like Deep Branch Baptist Church, one of the oldest churches in the Burnt Swamp Baptist Association. Deep Branch was the third church to join the association in the 1880s and the church has been a vibrant member of the predominately Indian Burnt Swamp Baptist Association ever since.

And then Rev. Chesley McNeill came to Deep Branch Baptist Church; later he became pastor. He is a very conservative and strong willed man. He believes literally every word in the Bible; he does not concern himself with nuances, historical notes and social connotations. He believes exactly what the Bible says period.

Nine of his ten children were members of Deep Branch Baptist Church. His wife, Margie, is supportive of his ministry. All of his children are talented and expressive. Four sons make up the Heavenly Bound Boys, a gospel quartet that is already good and getting better all the time. Their brother, DeRonda McNeill, plays piano for them.

DeRonda, his sisters Carolyn and Virginia, and another brother, Johnny, make up the McNeill Quartet. They are a superb gospel singing group. "Sister Carolyn" has one of the most remarkable voices I have ever heard. I love to hear them sing of Christ and Heavenly things.

And I was saved under the preaching of Rev. Chesley McNeill. I accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour in 1978. It came to me that day that I was lost pure and simple and that I had no recourse except Christ Jesus, I finally understood my need for a Saviour. The preacher spoke from the second chapter of Phillipians. The general thought of this particular scripture is that every knee will bow before Christ Jesus in time; and that He was abased so that we might have knowledge of Him which is Life Eternal.

I understood it so clearly that morning; I came to the altar. The man of words, the literate man, could only cry out I AM LOST! and I WANT TO BE SAVED! And Rev. Chesley McNeill told me how I could be saved. And, since that day, I have believed on the Lord Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour. I know that he died for me; he was abased for me. And His body was broken on the cross so that I could be reconciled to Him. And His body was broken so that all of us - male and female, jew and Gentile, Black and Red and White... all of us - could be reconciled to Him.

It is His broken body which calls us to redemption; His broken body is the Answer.

Since then some have said... "You were ready to be saved; it would have made no difference who was preaching: you were just ready to be saved..." I don't know about that; I do know that Rev. Chesley McNeill, Bruce Barton and Christ met at the altar and I was gloriously saved. I know that... Everything else is debatable, relative, subject to change.

I found peace at Deep Branch Baptist Church. I was so happy; I came to Deep Branch Baptist Church initially because I believe in community, family, a sense of belonging. I like the idea of worshipping Christ in a church in the community where I live.

But later trouble came. Adam's nature flared; a division came into our church. Some believed this way and some believed that way . And we contested and questioned and talked about one another until we could not be reconciled.

At our last church conference before the rupture occurred some of us called for reconciliation. Someone in the back cried out, "No!" Although all of us cried out to the same God we could not become reconciled by the same God. His Son's broken body did not call us out any more. We said, in essence, I will be reconciled except for this and that.

Doctrinal questions, scriptural interpretations, the old versus the new, those in the Deep Branch Community against those outside the community. Some said this and some said that. Everyone was asked to choose up sides.

And our church was. torn asunder. Why? Well, in part, there were hurt feelings about the matter of divorce, and how that related to our church. The preacher spoke out forcefully against divorce. Some were mightily offended.

And the division grew deeper and deeper. Some of us who cried out for reconciliation were shunted aside.

In time some of the elders went to court about the matter; they were granted a restraining order. The preacher resigned.

The Robesonian got hold of the story and misrepresented it, as I see it.

The leadership of the Burnt Swamp Baptist Association felt that their position was misrepresented and they wrote the Robesonian a letter attempting to set their position straight. And the more the matter was examined the more it was misunderstood.

For me it is difficult to write about this: all of us are guilty of not being reconciled in Christ. He died on the cross so that we might be reconciled; we refused His reconciliation. That is what hurts me most of all.

I hoped that we might be able to talk. Some of us attempted to get the members of the church to talk to one another; it just got to the point where we could not talk to one another. We wanted to cry out to God but we would not talk to one another. It was sad at the end; our fellowship was broken irrevocably; and I do not believe it can be put back together.

But it must if we are to know Christ in His fullness of forgiveness and love. We must forgive one another of our transgressions. We must love one another as Christ loved us.

I wanted and still want reconciliation. But the pastor, and the membership together, must lead the reconciliation effort if there is to be a reconciliation in a church; And we were not reconciled.

In spite of all the above I still possess the peace that I found at Deep Branch Baptist Church in 1978. And I am glad that Christ found me there that wonderful morning.

Who was at fault? All of us ...

Rev. McNeill left the church under a court order; he and other members of the church who went with him have reorganized as Riverside Independent Baptist Church. They are presently worshipping in a building off Highway 74. They seem to be doing well. I have visited them a time or two and my feelings for them still run deep. They are building a new and beautiful church on the same highway. They hope to be in the new facility soon.

I love all of them period. I harbor no ill will. And I never shall.

I have, like everyone else, had to decide what to do. After a lot of questions and deep felt thought and prayer I have decided to stay at Deep Branch Baptist Church. It is good for my family and I to stay together as a unit. And, too, I do not like to be bouncing around from one place to another. God is everywhere. But mostly in our hearts. We must learn to worship God in spirit and truth and worship Him where ever we find ourselves.

The broken fellowship has caused me to search the scriptures more diligently for myself. And my faith is grounded in the Lord Jesus Christ, the Author and Finisher of my faith - not in man or any of his buildings. God is everywhere, at Deep Branch Baptist Church and at Riverside Independent Baptist Church too.

One thing is sure: I love those who reorganized as Riverside Independent Baptist Church and miss worshipping regularly with them. But my love for Deep Branch continues unabated.

A number of people have asked why I have not said anything about this before now. It simply hurt too much to write or talk about it for a long time.

Our new pastor at Deep Branch is Rev. Harvey Brewington. Our prayers and support are with him... and our prayers continue, too, for Rev. Chesley McNeill and our brothers and sisters at both places - Deep Branch Baptist Church and Riverside Independent Baptist Church. May God's blessings be on both houses.

**July 23, 1981**

## Who Is Unreasonable Locklear?

Have received two letters from someone purporting to be Unreasonable Locklear. He writes well too. But, because of policy, I need to sit down and talk to Unreasonable Locklear (?) before taking any action on the letters. One rule is that we need a real name on letters to the editor. If not, we might receive a letter from, say, "Unconscionable Oxendine" or "Exercised Sampson" etc.

The letters raise good questions ... probably that need airing, too. But to be fair to everyone we need real names and addresses and telephone numbers on letters.

This Pembroke municipal election is heating up and we want to be fair to everyone, even those running for office.

And what is Ol' Reasonable Locklear's position on the upcoming election? NEUTRAL! I don't want to hear a word from him about the upcoming election... other than to encourage all voters to vote their convictions. 'Course, knowing Ol' Reasonable like I do he might get mad and quit. But that's the way we are going to have to conduct ourselves during this election.

### IS THE ROBESONIAN FAIR IN ITS TREATMENT OF "INDIAN NEWS"?

Is The Robesonian, the daily newspaper in the county which purports to represent all of us, fair in its treatment of "Indian news" (sic)? I think not, although that is just my considered opinion.

Look back over the years and make up your own mind. And the last few days too.

A case in point. I received a call a few days ago about an incident at the TKE House (Tau Kappa Epsilon) in Pembroke. Early Saturday morning on September 19 Pembroke police and law enforcement officers from throughout the county were called to the "Teek" house. Two fraternity students were arrested. One was stopped seemingly on his way next door with a loaded shotgun in hand. The fraternity is mostly White. The people next door are, according to police reports, Indians. A very volatile situation and one with seeming racial overtones. Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday into the next week, not a word from The Robesonian.

The Carolina Indian Voice broke the story on Thursday, September 24 with the headline "PSU Revokes TKE Charter." The radio station WAGR carried the story the following Friday morning.

When did The Robesonian finally carry the story? Friday afternoon after The Carolina Indian Voice, The Fayetteville Times and WAGR Radio had already told it. Almost a week later. Interesting. Huh?

On the other hand a few months ago The Robesonian inundated us for a while with stories of some Indian youth attacking some White youth on the PSU campus, as soon as it happened.

Now, they carry the story of Melton Lowry and Barbara, his wife, being arrested with goods from the highway patrol car which was stolen a few months ago. They even reminded us that Lowry played Henry Berry Lowrie in the recently concluded season of "Strike at the Wind!" But it's news, of course.

Questions. That's all I have. And opinions. Does color really make a difference? My opinion is that it does. What's yours?

**October 1, 1981**



# **Community New-Advertiser Versus The Carolina Indian Voice**

On October 7 the Pembroke area was blitzed by a newspaper named the Community News-Advertiser which is being published by the Laurinburg Exchange in nearby Scotland County. So be it.

On first learning of the "free newspaper" (sic) I must admit that I had a fright or two. But I've thought about it and arrived at a few conclusions concerning the matter.

One, this is America, the land of the free. Anyone can publish a newspaper... if they want to. Thejournalistic water isjust fine. Jump in, I say.

But we will not back down from the challenge. No way. The winner will be you the reader. We'll work harder, cleanup our act. Put out a better newspaper.

But nothing is "free" in this world, including a newspaper. It costs too much to publish one. The Carolina Indian Voice will continue to charge a fair market price for a subscription. That's the free enterprise system at work. Someone will pay, either the subscriber or the advertiser which is the same persons sometimes. Just don't be fooled by that "free" stuff. Every item sold on the free enterprise market has a price tag, including a newspaper. That's the truth.

The other thing is, we will be competitive as the rules of good conduct will allow. We will not carry columns of news items which have already appeared in the Community News-Advertiser period. That's the competitive spirit in us. And we will work as hard as possible to "scoop" them on every news happening and birthday party & news item from area churches & the like. And we will continue to editorialize when the need moves us.

And I might add that the Community News-Advertiser is not bringing money to Robeson County they are taking it out... to Scotland County.

After this, that's all we will probably say about this matter... unless the other side gets dirty. In case of that eventuality we'll depend on common sense and propriety to do the right thing. In a way they show little respect for the Carolina Indian Voice, her readers or advertisers. But... so be it. The die is cast. The battle is joined. And the Carolina Indian Voice is not going anywhere soon. We've been on the journalistic battleground for almost nine years and it is habit forming. And we (especially this writer) are gloriously happy doing exactly what we are doing. We just promise to do it better.

So, keep bringing us your news items and concerns. And subscribe and advertise with us. We need you. And we vow anew to tell the story of a proud and free people to the very best of our ability.

**October 15, 1981**

# **Democracy Asserts Itself At LREMC Annual Meeting**

PEMBROKE- Said an annual observer, "Finally, I saw a little bit of democracy in action." He was referring to a motion presented by this writer and adopted by the membership at the annual meeting of the Lumbee River Electric Membership Corporation Tuesday night at PSU's Performing Arts Center.

The motion read, "that the membership go on record recommending that the board of directors of Lumbee River Electric Membership Corporation open the meetings of the rural electrification co-op to any member who chooses to attend... subject to the provisions of the Open Meetings Laws of North Carolina."

After initial resistance from Bill Crisp, the lawyer representing the co-op and chairing the meeting, the resolution was passed unanimously by the membership.

What it means is that the board of directors, if they listen to the consumers who elect them each year, will, at their next meeting probably, vote to open the meetings of the quasi-public co-op to any consumer who wishes to attend. The question is: will they? It is obvious by the enthusiastic response Tuesday night that the consumers wish to know more about what is happening at "their" co-op.

Presently board policy denies the members who "own" the co-op the right to attend meetings of the board of directors except that "up to three" members may request to appear on the agenda to discuss specific complaints or concerns. At the present time no member is allowed to attend a meeting of the co-op even though they presumably "own" it.

## **WHAT PRECIPATED THE MOTION**

Approximately a year ago the Lumbee River Electric Membership Corporation dropped trespassing charges against Bruce Barton (this writer), editor of the Carolina Indian Voice, who refused to leave an October 21, 1980 meeting.

Red Springs District Court Judge Charles McLean granted a request by LREMC General Manager Derl Hinson to dismiss the charge against Barton.

Barton arrived at the closed LREMC board meeting hoping to obtain information on an alleged discrimination complaint against the co-op. When he refused to leave, he was removed by Red Springs police and charged with trespassing.

Hinson said later that the co-op does not wish to press criminal charges on a matter that can be resolved through "a civil action".

He added that the LREMC board has "for years chosen to hold its deliberations in private."

Barton maintains that the LREMC is a public organization because it has received federal loans. He says he also has a right to attend board meetings because he is a member of the co-op who pays for its electric services.

"The question or issue that was raised by this had to do with the open meetings law," Hinson said. "That can be pursued very easily through a civil action. The co-op doesn't have any interest in pursuing something criminally if it can be handled by a civil action."

Hinson added, "We don't have any interest in pursuing the matter that way at all."

Hinson said that if Barton attempts to attend another board meeting, "We'll cross that bridge when we get to it." He said, however, that any further decisions to bar the editor from meetings would be decisions of the board members.

The question is sure to come up at the next meeting of the LREMC board. I sincerely hope that the members will be allowed to attend meetings of the co-op, especially since they own it and have always conducted themselves in an orderly fashion. But who can foretell the future? Certainly not this writer.

**October 22, 1981**

# **My Friend Al Kahn - The Great Pontificator**

"I call my friend, Al Kahn, THE GREAT PONTIFICATOR, for good cause. For instance, in an editorial which aired on his radio station (WAGR) November 9, Kahn intimated that I have been less than fair in reporting on news in Robeson County, especially as it relates to educational matters.

"Really, Al Kahn seems mostly upset that I have dared to write about the Lumberton City School's unlawful annexations of Lakewood Estates, Barker Ten Mile, Clyburn Pines and Country Club. He seems disturbed that I would venture a considered representation of the facts, as I see them.

"Shame on you Al Kahn. The 1965 Voting Rights Act is the question, not my reportage of violations of it. According to the U.S. Supreme Court, and other reliable folk, Lumberton City Schools violated the 1965 Voting Rights Act, period.

"Rather than deal with that, Al Kahn seems to want to argue about how I reported the facts of that particular law breaking. Shame on you Al Kahn.

"Until the Carolina Indian Voice appeared on the scene, news reportage seemed mostly to be from the perspective of an 1860 Democratic party mentality. No longer.

"Teach a slave to read a book and he will refuse to be a slave. And I refuse to adhere to, as I see it, cockeyed journalistic nonsense that heralds 'the big lie' of keeping the people in the dark.

"The Carolina Indian Voice has never been sued for libel or slander in its almost nine years of existence. We know libel when we see it, and good taste is our barometer in reporting the news.

"The Carolina Indian Voice attempts to tell it, as we see it. Not as Al Kahn intimates that he wishes we saw it. If we have broken any law we would suggest that Al Kahn sue us. If he abridges our rights we will certainly sue for vindication.

"And, a further note, Mr. Kahn seldom if ever tells us that. he is a member of the Lumberton City Schools Board of Education. An omission, whether willful or not, is the real big lie."

The above is my reply to his editorial which aired November 11.

AN UPDATE ON CALL FOR OPEN MEETINGS AT LREMC

At the most recent annual meeting of the membership of Lumbee River Electric Membership 'Corporation, as many of you recall, I made a motion to "open the meetings of the co-op to any member who wishes to attend, subject, of course, to the Open Meetings Law of N.C." Well, actually it was a recommendation that the board of directors amend the bylaws to allow the members to attend, since we could only recommend as the power to amend the laws rest with the board of directors.

Of course the members voted for the motion overwhelmingly. And there the matter rests.

What will happen? I honestly don't know at this point although I have asked to appear on the agenda of LREMC's board of directors meeting November 17. And I will be there.

My motion at the annual meeting was the culmination of an attempt approximately a year earlier to attend their meeting. I was arrested at that meeting although the co-op later paid the court costs and decided not to prosecute the matter.

Hopefully the board of directors will pass the motion. We are approaching board members on an individual basis and asking them to do so. The next move is theirs.

REPUBLICAN ED JOHNSON SAYS "REP. ROSE CAN'T PLEASE LUMBEE RIVER LEGAL SERVICES AND LUMBERTON..."

Ed Johnson, Robeson County's bombastic head of the Republican Party, is a little miffed with Rep. Charlie Rose's office, especially concerning their role in a meeting with the Justice Department and some Lumberton folk a few weeks ago.

In last week's issue of The Carolina Indian Voice we recreated a meeting which was held at the Justice Department in which a way was sought to solve Lumberton City School's problems with not complying with the 1965 Voting Rights Act., concerning some very questionable annexations. John Merritt, Rep. Charlie Rose's Administrative assistant, expressed surprise at finding Ed Johnson, Tom Gibson and representatives from Senator John East's office at the meeting. Merritt said, "It was highly irregular" for them to be at the meeting which seemingly was set up by Osborne "Obbie" Lee, jr., one of the attorneys for Lumberton City Schools. Merritt also said, "It was against his better judgment to be at the meeting with Johnson and Gibson, two very conservative Robesonians.

Johnson said, "Charlie Rose can't have it both ways. The man can't work both sides of the street... he can't represent Lumbee River Legal Services and Lumberton too." Johnson also said that Congressman Rose's office was a willing participant in the meeting and knew that Johnson and Gibson were involved in trying to work out a solution to Lumberton's problem. Johnson also said that Rose had two representatives at the meeting, not just Merritt.

Informed sources tell me too that Rose "caught hell" for writing a letter supporting extension of the voting rights act from some of his Lumberton constituents.

It seems that everyone is going to have to declare themselves on Lumberton's non-compliance with the law. We have done so; Ed Johnson has done so. and, of course, before it is all over, Rep. Rose is going to have to get out of the middle of the road too. It will be interesting to see if he steps to the right or the left of the issue.

One thing is sure. Ed Johnson has declared himself firmly on the side of Lumberton on this issue.

**November 12, 1981**

# **Pembroke State University And The Community**

Finally, both parties seem to be talking to each other, not at each other. Good and positive dialogue seems to be developing between Pembroke State University and the community.

And why not? We have a lot to offer each other. Neither of us can survive and flourish without the other. We have no choice in the matter; we have to communicate, establish positive dialogue or neither will become the best that is in us respectively.

The university ought to listen closely to the complaints being expressed both publicly and privately. Constructive criticism is good for the soul.

And the community ought to support the university, especially in their fund raising efforts. Civic club and organizations like the Kiwanians and Jaycees ought to have scholarship endowments in effect. And LRDA too. And the Carolina Indian Voice. Put some monies in the pot and then press for positive involvement, that is what we say.

The university ought to lead the fight in having Indians designated "minority students," not as "white" as Chapel Hill and Washington now count them. That's a disgrace after all the deprivations the Indian community has suffered over the years. We at least ought to be counted for what we are, minorities in a mostly White university system. Scholarships for Indian students are at stake. If the Indians were counted properly PSU would have a phenomenal racial mix, probably better than any other university in the country.

And the university ought to spend more of its money in the community. Economics demand it. And the university should support the community with their dollars too. It is a two way street.

It is a further disgrace that the majority of faculty and administrators live in Lumberton and other surrounding towns where they bank and buy their groceries and pay their taxes. The university ought to support private efforts to build a decent sub division that caters to university people.

And how about a demonstrator school? As it now stands university faculty and administrators say, in effect, by their actions, "We will teach your teachers but we will not let them teach our children." That's condescension with a capital "C".

But mostly the community ought to be proud of a university in their midst. Not turn away because of lessening Indian influence. We have people who can teach at PSU. We simply have to press our case.



And, one further note, PSU cannot return to an "All Indian School." That's reality, not our wishes. But, as our masthead says, "You cannot know where you are going if you do not know where you have been." PSU's roots are Indian to the core. We should never forget that fact. None of us. Our past should not hamper our growth. It should enhance it. Keep us going in the right direction.

The Carolina Indian Voice stands ready to lead any fund raising effort, as evidenced by the editor's leading the formation of the Braves Club. But we will also, as others are doing, press for Pembroke State University to do what's right by its predominately Indian community.

Together, community and university, the future looks bright. Let's get on with it.

**November 19, 1981**

## **Robesonian's Harry Burgess And I Disagree About Rights of Prisoners, Etc.**

The Robesonian's Harvey Burgess is what I call "an ambulance chaser" in the newspaper business. He covers wrecks, shootings and assorted mayhem for the county newspaper. Last Sunday in his column, he assailed the rights of defendants, prisoners and others. He said, and he seemed to be miffed about. it, "...as I said in a column a few weeks back, we've got to start paying more attention to the fact that some of our laws are getting out of hand. The defendant, in our courtrooms of the past decade, is often getting a much better shake than the victim."

As I see it, that is simplistic hogwash. The law is for everyone, especially including the guy in prison. The law cannot be applied to just the bad guys, as Burgess sees it, I am an ex-con myself and I have pulled time with guys who most likely were not guilty, for one reason or another, of the crimes they were charged with and for which they were sentenced. Maybe not many... but one would be more than enough to apply the law equally to everyone. Beware of the guy like Harvey Burgess with simplistic answers to tough questions.

Burgess seemed incensed that a guy who was stopped by some state troopers would question whether they counted the money found in his car correctly. It's a legitimate question and has nothing to do with the guy's inebriate state. The law holds us all accountable, including state troopers.

Burgess seemed in a foul mood. He took umbrage with the fact that jailer Austin George was successfully sued in U.S. District Court recently by convicted murderer Paul Lowery for \$55,000.

Burgess went on to say, "A murderer! A man who knowingly took a life who had the 'right' to file a legal action, based on an injury he sustained during an act of violence nearly three years prior to his being jailed on the murder charge.

"Some call it justice. I call it insanity for any law that would even allow a proven criminal the right to do anything but pay the penalty for his crimes.

"Maybe after he's out of prison, maybe after he's proven himself to be a functional part of society again -- maybe then he can ask to have those rights back.

"But I think not before then."

Paul Lowery, like all Americans, has a right to sue to redress a wrong against him. The inalienable rights of the U.S. constitution are for all of us period, including and especially

Paul Lowery. I thank God Harvey Burgess did not have a hand in drafting the Bill of Rights and the U.S. Constitution.

All one has to do is read history to see the fallacy of Burgess' half baked, as I see it, assertions.

Look at Nazi Germany. The first thing they did was fill up the prisons by taking citizens' constitutional rights. Then they killed and/or imprisoned all those persons who dared to think for themselves.

America has warts, of course, but it is the greatest democracy ever devised by man. The democracy is grounded on constitutional rights, especially the constitutional rights of Paul Lowery.

Lowery's case was decided by a federal magistrate and, presumably, a jury. He won his lawsuit against jailer George the same way he was convicted for murder -- by the judicial system.

How can you applaud seemingly the one (murder conviction) and condemn the other (successful lawsuit against George)? Frankly, it baffles my mind. Maybe Harvey Burgess should stick to covering mere mayhem. I would give him a failing grade on constitutional questions.

Following Burgess' rationale we would still be using separate bathrooms -- Black, White and Indian. And I would have to sit upstairs in the Carolina Theatre if it were still in the movie business. All that nonsense, and considerable more, was once the law of the land. The strength of the American Democracy is that everything is subject to question -- including half baked notions and medical care in the county jail. GOD BLESS AMERICA!

**December 10, 1981**

**1982**

# **Watch The Politicians In Lumberton Voting Rights Case**

This is a red flag, a warning, a full alert. Watch the politicians in the Lumberton voting Rights Case. They are scurrying about like bulls in a china shop attempting to get Lumberton - by hook or crook - out of the very precarious position they find themselves in.

Representatives David Parnell and Bill Gay have already gone on record saying, if one can believe The Robesonian, that they stand ready to introduce legislation in the N.C. General Assembly to let the Lumberton School System keep the annexed area (Clyburn Pines, Lakewood Estates, Barker Ten Mile, etc.) in spite of the fact that it was illegally annexed, or, being blunt, raped and taken by legislative force from the Robeson County School System.

Indians, especially, can read and write now ...and even do a little arithmetic. They will not stand idly by this time and let our legislators sell us out ever again.

Only Senator Sam Noble has shown any sense in the matter, as I see it. He suggests that the two affected school systems- Lumberton and the county system- sit down and talk and come up with a sensible solution. That makes sense to me.

Lumberton school officials talk glibly about this being "a mere voting rights case." That's right, as far as it goes. But, if one cannot vote, the next obvious step is that he cannot participate either. And that, whether Lumberton school officials say so out loud or not, will determine where children go to school.

Y.H. Allen, the former superintendent of the Robeson County School System, as I see it, seemed intent on cutting the county system in favor of Lumberton. He never, to my knowledge, stood up to the assaults on the system he was charged to administer.

But such is not the case now. Purnell Swett, the present superintendent, is of a different cloth and color. Allen himself lived in the Lumberton City Schools Attendance Area and his children attended Lumberton schools. I believe Swett and the county board of education will protect the interest of the children they are charged to care for.

If a solution can be found- and I believe it can- the county system will not lose students or territory, as they always did in the past.

Rep. Bill Gay is a former principal of Lumberton High School. It is little surprise that he has been quoted as saying he will introduce legislation to maintain Lumberton's school system. But I would remind Rep. Gay that he was elected to represent all of us, even you and me.

And, in a final note, it would be nice to hear a politician say something about the welfare of the children, all of them.

So watch them, mark them, red flag them. Politicians are dangerous folk, if you don't keep a sharp eye on them. And our politicians, dear readers, deserve close scrutiny.

**February 11, 1982**

# **A Time Of Sadness... Miz Elizabeth O. Maynor Has Died...**

The Carollina Indian Voice lost a dear friend... 'Miz' Elizabeth O. Maynor has died... She might have been the most avid reader the Carolina Indian Voice eyer had. But, mind you, she did not always agree with me.

I remember a few years ago she disagreed with me quite forcefully when the Carolina Indian Voice had the audacity to endorse a candidate not to her liking for the chancellor's position at PSU.

Hindsight is a blessing none of us are fortunate to possess but even so, if I had to do it over again, I wold not be foolish enough to get into that particular fray. She was right... and I was wrong. But I liked her immensely for her forthrightness. And I learned from it too.

And, of course, she always gave me words of encouragement. I shall miss her verv much.

Death, that Grim Reaper, is stalking us all. Her familv tells me she was ready to go... She accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as her personal Saviour before she walke-d into eternity. That is the solace to her family and friends.

When I look down the corridor of time I see death, grim and unrelenting, beckoning all of us... calling us by name. This life here on earth Seems a place to get ready, a place to act out our goodly virtues.

And so many have walked down that road of no return. Brothers, sisters, friends, loved ones. Never to return to this earthly place.

I was once cocky, full of myself. I thought things were more important than they really are. And a sister fell... so suddenly, without warning. Then fifteen months later my brother died. Both in their 30's. I have not been the same since. I'm softer, more approachable, more apt to look for the best in others... even in enemies and those whom I disagree with.

Death, in a sense, gave meaning to my fragile life; enhanced this earthly walk, made me look inside myself for heavenly virtues.

Death! Cruel, shattering, swift, demanding, but reaL as it must be, if life is real. Death, in a curious way, reaffirms life.

And the living continue to live but with more purpose, more meaning. Death reminds us of life. pain, sadness, God, eternity.

The pain resulting from the departure of a loved one tells us, as only pain can, that there's more to life than our feeble existence here on this earthly plane.

Our departed loved ones call us too. And when death comes to our door we can bear it nobly and step behind the curtain of time to be reunited with them. Hope, faith. eternal prayers, our loved ones. call us all home.

In Christ we can, albeit painfully, even celebrate death because we know our loved ones have bravely preceded us on that final journey. And they wait for us quietly, confidently, sure of our arrival. And we must bravely go to them. Christ, I am sure, will take us to them in due season. We wait... expectantly.

We offer heartfelt condolences to the family and to all bereaved families, We are all sad, but bravely so.

ELIZABETH O. MAYNOR

Mrs. Elizabeth O. Mavnor. 71, died Sunday at Moore County Hospital. Funeral services were held at 4 p.m. on Tuesday at New Hope Church, conducted by Revs. James H. Woods, Robert Mangum, Ray Sparrpw and Gary Locklear. Burial followed in Sandcutt Cemetery.

Survivors include her husband, Theodore Maynor; one daughter, Janie M. Locklear; a brother, Clifton Oxendine; a sister, Mrs. Bessie O, Ranson; and two grandchildren, all of Pembroke.

**February 25, 1982**



# **The Reality Of The Lumberton Schools Voting Rights Debacle**

Reality. The Lumberton City Schools were sued by nine Robeson County parents who opposed the annexations of Barker Ten Mile, Lakewood Estates, Clyburn Pines and Country Club areas into the Lumberton School District. The parents contended the annexations violated the federal Voting Rights Act which required prior approval of any actions having to do with the voting process. Robeson County is one of 40 counties in North Carolina subject to the 1965 Voting Rights Act. The only way to be subject to the act is to have shown prior acts or inclinations of racial discrimination. Robeson County fits that to a T., having the laughable record of five school systems and, at one time, three bathroom facilities and sundry other evidences of racial discrimination. That's reality.

On January 26 the U.S. Justice Department, after some twelve years of "messaging around," as one learned fellow put it, rejected the annexations as unconstitutional, stating there was evidence that Blacks and Indians had been excluded from the Lumberton School District by gerrymandering lines and other nefarious means. Reality.

Reality. Now what. We understand preliminary discussions are underway between officials of the Lumberton School District and the Robeson County Schools System. Reality. The Robeson County System was, simply put, raped of students, teachers and a large tax base by the Lumberton Schools. Reality.

Whatever comes out of all the fuss, the Robeson County Schools' geographic area, tax base, and student enrollment ought to be enlarged. News reports note that Lumberton simply wants to make the illegal annexations legal (sic) by going back to the general assembly and re-doing what they did in the first place. Reality. If they attempt that, chances are very good that they will be sued again.

What's needed is good faith negotiations between the two Boards of Education, excluding Osborne "Obbie" Lee, Jr., the lawyer who created the problem in the first place. Reality. Let good faith, common sense, reality, solve the problem. Let Lumberton take in some of the areas they gerry mandered around, square up the lines and give up a reasonable portion of the areas they took illegally and in bad faith. That's the only way to solve this problem, as we see it. Reality.

**March 4, 1982**

# Lessons Learned From Ralph Hunt

Robeson County is a hard, mean place. If you don't believe us, ask Ralph Hunt. Robeson County is especially demanding of those who dare to step out of the status quo. Robeson County does not encourage leadership, especially from blacks and Indians.

The status quo's the thing, the natural societal pecking order of things. Anyone who tampers with that mind set is fair game for the negative ones in our midst... especially if they have a drinking problem, or some other vulnerable defect.

Ralph Hunt, a political force, even now, to be reckoned with in Robeson County has achieved mighty wonders in these parts. A legendary basketball coach at now disbanded Fairgrove School, he later achieved respect for his derring do as a teacher, principal and chairman of the Robeson County Board of Education.

And then, he stepped out of character, into forbidden territory. He began to develop a political machine, sometimes out of sync with the norm of things. He even had the temerity to help develop the Lumbee Warehouse, a tobacco warehouse in, of all places, Lumberton.

Political power, money, prestige - values not easily shared by the powers that be - forbidden fruit in Robeson's mean version of the Garden of Eden for an Indian male like Ralph Hunt. Quiet, low key, a political catalyst like few I have seen, Ralph Hunt walked into a den of political lions intent on devouring him. They have always waited for Ralph Hunt. And devour him they did.

And it culminated last week in Ralph Hunt being sentenced to prison for 18 months for operating a vehicle without a license, the latest in a string of arrests that seemed to shadow the man like a Dark Stranger over the last few years.

Some said he got what was coming to him. Others say he has been dogged by political enemies and unfairly prosecuted.

But it is more than that. It is a sociological riddle crying aloud to be answered. Look back at it if you can. Examine the Indian history in mean Robeson and note the corollaries.

Joe Freeman Britt, the imposing and saber rattling District Attorney, prosecuted Hunt in his most recent trial before, as we see him, tough and sanctimonious H. Pou Bailey, an opinionated judge who seems capricious and unyielding in cases like Ralph Hunt.

To our knowledge, it is almost unheard of for a district attorney to try a traffic related case. Why Ralph Hunt? And why before Judge H. Pou Bailey?

Remember the recent tobacco case Ralph Hunt was involved in in federal court? Wasn't it Joe Freeman Britt who insisted in trying Hunt and his cohorts in state court besides? Why?

In his most recent case Britt came to court with a transcribed version of the district court conviction that Hunt appealed. Why?

Ralph Hunt, a sociological wonder, was treated differently, as we see it, than others have been treated in similar cases. Why?

What is the difference? Shouldn't everyone be treated out of the same judicial spoon? Isn't the land of opportunity in Robeson open to all of us?

As we see it, Ralph Hunt is the answer to a dark, sociological puzzle that has created a county of three races, five school systems, once three bathroom facilities and more.

Let's pray for Ralph Hunt, and all others "pulling time" for being part of the same sociological riddle.

**March 25, 1982**

# **An Idea Whose Time Has Come: It Is Time For McMillan Memorial At PSU**

My father, Lew Barton, has long championed the cause of Hamilton McMillan, considered by most knowledgeable folks as the father of what is now Pembroke State University.

Hamilton McMillan, from nearby Red Springs, was the representative who studied the Indians of Robeson county extensively then engineered a bill through the North Carolina General Assembly in 1885 which designated them as Croatan Indians.

In 1887 The General Assembly, and the able Hamilton McMillan, created legislation creating Croatan Normal School ...now Pembroke State University.

But no marker bears his likeness, no building emblazens his name. It is time to do something about this great omission of history.

He was a white man from conservative Red Springs but he, in large measure, saved a noble race of people. We owe his efforts some tangible mark, some recognition that he lived and made a life for the Indians of Robeson County, now known far and wide as Lumbee Indians.

Any ideas? Let us hear from you. It's a way to cross racial lines, put down our silly little sociological barriers for a time as we put our minds and hearts together and honor this friend of the noble red man.

How about a marker, a scholarship, an endowment? There are many ways to honor Hamilton McMillan. Let us hear from you. What do you think?

## **LORI ANN LOCKLEAR... ON THE EDGE OF STARDOM**

Lori Ann Locklear has it - that indescribable essence that spells stardom.

I first heard her sing a few years ago as a member of the Glory Bound Gospel Singers from Hoke County - a group made up mostly of her family. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Russell Locklear. One of her grandparents is the well-known Rev. Claudie Dial, who, along with Rev. Wade Locklear, blazed the gospel trail with a tent ministry in the 50's and 60's.

She is now singing "mostly country" although she noted in an interview in the Fayetteville Times Wednesday morning that "I still sing gospel some."

Remember! You read it in the Carolina Indian Voice first. She's going to be a star!

Now a freshman at East Carolina University, Lori Ann is taking part in the Wrangler Star Search Saturday night in Greensboro.

She'll be competing as the winner of the WJSK (Lumberton) local competition where I served as a judge.

You'll be hearing more about her in days ahead.

**April 8, 1982**

# **School Situation Improving Under Supt. Swett's Leadership. Lumberton Plan Seems Favorable To County School System**

Robeson County is a strange and provincial place, infected with racial and sociological madness that is directly responsible for five (six until Maxton Schools wisely merged into the Robeson County School System) school systems.

Until Superintendent Purnell Swett assumed the mantle of leadership of the Robeson County School Unit, the former superintendent and his predecessors, as I see it, simply put everything off, left it to the future generations to cope with the unwieldy educational mess that is prevalent in Robeson County even today. Their legacy now confronts all of us.

But Swett has not been afraid to tackle difficult problems. He has built new school plants (like South Robeson, East Robeson, Pembroke Elementary and West Robeson under construction), devised a county-wide vocational plan, worked toward accreditation and more.

But he now faces his toughest problem, the unsettling Lumberton situation. The Justice Department has refused to approve the renegade Lumberton annexations of a few years ago. As our readers know, these areas were unlawfully annexed from the county with the acquiescence of the then county board of education.

But Swett and his Board this time around have refused to rape the county school system they are charged to administer. They refuse to be intimidated, outslicked by legislators and the like. They are holding firm for a sensible solution that is for the good of all the children in Robeson County, especially the children in their charge in the county system. It's interesting that the chairman is a Black (David Green), the superintendent an Iridian (Purnell Swett) and the school board attorney an Indian (Dexter Brooks). They have negotiated in good faith with Lumberton Schools officials searching for a reasonable solution to an admittedly thorny problem. When the area was illegally annexed in the early 70's Blacks and Indians were mostly denied the right, thanks to double voting to serve on the County Board of Education.

I think they have come up with a sensible and fair plan. The jointly negotiated solution will return the Clyburn Pines-Country Club areas back into the county system where they belong and, at the self-same time, allow Lumberton to retain Barker Ten Mile and Lakewood Estates. It's a Solomon like decision. Some contend that the county schools should hold out for all of the contested area; and others want nothing to do with any of it, hoping to keep the status-quo in place. But half a loaf is better than the less than crumbs given the county schools when a strangely quiet school board sat idly by and let

Lumberton rape them educationally and take the contested areas out of the system in the late 60's and early 70's.

The county school system will add approximately 360 out of the 750 students at stake. They will, of course, also add the areas of Clyburn Pines and Country Club. This seems a reasonable solution to me, accepted in the magnanimous and statesmanlike spirit that must prevail if Robeson County is to enter the 20th Century with the rest of America. I believe the Justice Department will approve this plan.

Our only concern is that the seemingly selfish motives of our legislators will upset the plan now awaiting approval in the North Carolina General Assembly. Rep. Horace Locklear has presented two bills, one affecting the contested areas and another concerned with a small area around his own home in the Barker Ten Mile section. Seemingly, he wants his home in the Lumberton City System.

Our legislators need to set a good example for the rest of us. All of us will have to suffer some sociological discomfort to make this reasonable plan work. We hope Locklear's concern for his own billet will not create a reactionary situation where everyone scrambles for what he thinks is best for him personally at the expense of the children, all of them -- Red, Black and White.

It's time for all reasonable Robesonians to look to the future and cease their provincial tantrums. It's time to support the educational leaders in Robeson County who have, for once in their lives, come up with a plan that seems devoid of inhibiting racism and provincial madness. The proposed plan smacks of fairness.

In spite of the pain, the school situation in Robeson County is improving, thanks to visionary leaders like Purnell Swett who are not afraid to face the wrath of the sometimes provincial-thinking and racially-conscious citizenry of Robeson County.

**June 10, 1982**

# **Solution To Lumberton School Mess Nears**

In spite of vociferous and, sometimes, unbelievable knee-jerk reactions from many of the affected residents, the N.C. General Assembly is finishing up legislation this week in the Senate that will de-annex the Clyburn Pines-Country Club area from the Lumberton City School District and return it to the Robeson County School District from which it was unlawfully taken more than a decade ago.

The legislation was endorsed by all of the local legislators, and sponsored by Rep. Horace Locklear, the Indian Representative, in an effort to resolve the long-standing controversy concerning the illegal annexation of areas outside Lumberton proper which occurred in the late '60's and early '70's. The renegade annexations occurred at the height of the desegregation pressure by federal authorities, and many believe that they were engineered so as to allow the predominately White residents to avoid sending their children to the predominately Indian county schools.

The illegal annexations were brought to federal attention by Dexter Brooks during the summer of 1974 while he was a law student intern with the Civil Rights Division of the United States Department of Justice. The U.S. Attorney General then formally objected to the annexations under the provisions of the Voting Rights Act of 1965 in early 1975, though no enforcement action was forthcoming by the federal authorities.

The Carolina Indian Voice heralded the news, of course, but the matter lay dormant until 1981 when the issue was revived by the North Robeson Concerned Parents-the organization opposed the annexations as they felt that students were being bussed out of their area who could be utilized to support a more comprehensive school in the north. The group contrasted curriculum poor Magnolia with Lumberton Senior High.

The organization solicited and received the assistance of Lumbee River Legal Services and the American Civil Liberties Union in bringing litigation attacking the annexations. Although a strange decision was rendered by the local federal court, consisting of a three-judge panel, including Robeson native Earl Britt, the plaintiffs prevailed in their direct appeal to the United States Supreme Court. Thus, the residents of the annexed areas may no longer serve on the Lumberton School Board or vote in any election for its members. The North Carolina Attorney General subsequently ruled that the county may no longer levy the supplemental school tax upon property within the annexed areas, thus, putting a severe financial strain on the city schools.

Lumberton first tried to resolve the matter politically with the Federal Attorney General utilizing the services of W. Osborne Lee, Jr., a bombastic, local attorney who ironically represented the residents of these areas when they petitioned for inclusion into the city school district. Although Attorney Lee struggled mightily and stalked the corridors of power in the nation's capitol with various politicians, such as Ed Johnson and Tom Gibson, the federal authorities declined the invitation offered them by the local federal



court to rescind their earlier objection. From what we have been able to gather, the plaintiffs and their legal representatives seemingly over-whelmed "Obbie" Lee and his political allies with masses of data and cogent argument.

Having paid Mr. Lee a small fortune to save the day and seeing him seemingly fail so miserably and ungraciously, the Lumberton school authorities accepted the suggestion of Senator Sam Noble and others to sit down and talk about resolving what had become a nightmare. From what we have been able to gather, a series of private meetings were held involving the plaintiffs and representatives of the Lumberton and county boards of education. The county schools were represented by Supt. Purnell Swett, Chairman David Green, and interestingly enough, Dexter Brooks, who was responsible for first exposing the annexations and who now serves as attorney for the county school board. The Lumberton Schools were represented by Supt. Gilbert Carroll, Chairman Al Kahn and regularly-retained counsel John Wishart Campbell. Noticeably absent from the discussions was the apparently now discredited "Obbie" Lee.

At first many suggested that Lumberton attempt to solve its problem by annexing even more county territory. Even Rep. David Parnell pledged his support to such legislation; however, Senator Sam Noble refused to go along saying that the matter should be resolved through negotiation among all concerned parties.

The county school board also served notice that it would strongly oppose any further annexation of its territory. The threat was given even greater substance by the presence of Dexter Brooks whose legal talent and knowledge of voting law makes him a formidable adversary. Interestingly enough, Brooks is also the founding father and chairman of the Board of Lumbee River Legal Services and a member of the Civil Liberties Union.

As we understand it, once the various personalities understood the positions of the other parties, an amicable solution was reached. The plaintiffs agreed to not press any further litigation if the Clyburn Pines-Country Club area was de-annexed from the Lumberton City School District. The City Board of Education agreed and, with the approval of the county school board, the compromise was submitted to the local legislators for the introduction of enabling legislation.

We salute Senator Noble who had the courage not to be swayed initially by the frenzied crowd and who insisted that the parties try to resolve the problem through negotiations rather than through biased, one-sided legislation. A press release from Senator Noble is printed in its entirety elsewhere in this issue. We are proud that Indian people are represented by such as Purnell Swett and Dexter Brooks who it seems can hold their own with the best of any race. Although Brooks has his detractors, they cannot validly criticize his abilities or the results of his activities.

We are even proud of the Lumberton school authorities who apparently negotiated the issue in good faith.

It seems that Robeson is a better place for the experience. It demonstrates that redskins and palefaces can sit down and reason together. If we will now only apply this method to other problems, such as the building of North Robeson High School and the elimination of these smaller city school units, some real progress will finally be realized for all of us.

#### A NOTE ABOUT THOSE WHO OPPOSE

The citizens residing in the affected area have been in the public eye the last few days as the matter has moved through the halls of the general assembly in Raleigh.

Serving as spokesman, mostly, has been Eric Prevatte. Ironically, Prevatte. has a business- Prevatte's Auto Parts- in Pembroke. Pembroke is considered by many as the economic and spiritual center of the Indian populace in Robeson County, the dominate race in the county schools.

The irony is, as one Indian political wag put it, "It's o.k. to sell Indians spark plugs, as long as one doesn't have to go to school with them."

**June 17, 1982**

# **An Incredulous Reaction To State Superintendent Craig Phillip's Foolish Foray Into Robeson County In Support Of David Parnell, And More**

Sometimes the political season brings out the worst in a man, but I have never seen or heard of anything in my life as foolish as State School Superintendent Craig Phillips' recent foray into Robeson County in support of David Parnell, who is in the fight of his life in attempting to wrest the state senator's seat from incumbent Sam R. Noble.

Craig Phillips, the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, showed up at a political rally for David Parnell on June 8 in Lumberton and publicly cried, "the children of North Carolina need the strong arm of David Parnell in the state senate; I need him." I almost fainted when I heard of his comments.

Robeson County, thanks to politicians like David Parnell, has five school systems and some of the lowest competency scores in North Carolina. Robeson County also receives little expertise or funding from the county or the state. So much for that.

The reason Craig Phillips came to Robeson County, as I see it, was to support Parnell because Sam R. Noble attempted to stop the funding for the eight regional educational centers that seemingly are the apple of Phillips' eye. It worked. Parnell and others saved the centers, in spite of the fact that the North Carolina Association of Educators think they are wasteful and not needed too.

I don't mind Phillips or anyone else supporting Parnell, or anyone else they want to, I just don't want them to think I am a country rube to be used and manipulated at will. I will vote for whomever I want to, in spite of the foolishness of Craig Phillips and Raz Autry, the Superintendent of the Hoke County Schools, who also showed up to sing Parnell's praises, possibly for the same reason.

I say this as forcefully as I am able to say it: support him for any reason you want to, Mr, Phillips, but do not come to the county I live in and talk to me about how much education needs David Parnell or any other county politician. That is stretching my credulity a little bit more than I will allow it to be stretched.

Remember the Parkton School situation a few years ago when Parnell attempted by a legislative sleight of hand to take Parkton out of the county system and put it in St. Pauls?

Besides, as I understand it, David Parnell's children attend Robeson Day School in Red Springs -a private school. Please! Craig Phillips, cut out the nonsense. Our citizens will vote for the person they want to vote for in the state senate race, in spite of your foolish assertions to the contrary.

Mr. Phillips, you educate the children, as you were elected to do; we'll elect our own politicians, as we are charged to do. And we don't need any help from you in making up our minds.

A NOTE: In all my years in the newspaper business, Phillips' intrusion into our election process is the worst example of politics I have ever seen. I hate to be so blunt but, in this instance, Phillips deserves our disdain and mistrust.

# **Congratulations To The Winners, Commiserations To The Losers**

It was an interesting election season, no doubt about it. The best thing about it now is that we'll get a respite until November when we crank up again for the general elections. We offer congratulations to the winners and, of course, commiserations to the losers. Like the old timer said, "Some'un has got to win and some'un has got to lose." That's the way it is in America, one of the last bastions of free expression at the polling place.

Surprises. One campaigner who really impressed me was Danny DeVane, the Hoke County Commissioner, who finished second in the balloting for the North Carolina House of Representatives. He proved anew that a man can still win a campaign without paying people to vote for him. He spent all day Tuesday at the Pembroke polls and went away with many, many friends and a mind boggling 1,025 votes. Noted a long time political observer, "DeVane was one of the most effective campaigners I have ever seen. If he ever got hold of your hand he had a good chance of convincing you to vote for him."

Pembroke also showed a bigness, a statesmanlike quality by helping return Sidney Locks, the Black candidate for the House, to a first place showing. I am proud of the place I live near by and work in for standing by Locks in spite of ill will caused by the June 29 Primary. Pembroke, as I see it, is one of the most democratic places in America. Indian folk will usually do the right thing if given the opportunity to do so. Locks also helped himself by coming to Pembroke and asking Indians to vote for him. People still like to be asked for their vote and, certainly, not be taken for granted. Seemingly Gary Locklear, the Indian who lost a close race for district judge, also did himself proud by publicly supporting Locks during an especially trying time. I suspect. that the Black electorate will remember Locklear's magnanimous and courageous stand if he ever runs for public office in the future.

And, of course, Wyvis Oxendine beat incumbent Herman Dial in the Pembroke- Maxton-Smiths Commissioner District race. The winner deserves our congratulations. He is a personable and articulate young man. I am sure he will make a fine county commissioner. But I must honestly confess that I voted for Dial although the newspaper I edit did maintain an air of neutrality throughout the campaign. I will never endorse one Indian candidate over another. I have never done so, and I did not propose to begin a dangerous precedent in this particular race. I try to be honest with my readers. That is my only reason for telling you (after the election is over) that I voted for Herman Dial. I hope to develop a good and honest relationship with Oxendine, especially if he overcomes the Republican opposition of Bob Brewington in November. That's just good sense. But I want my relationship with Oxendine and all men to be based on honesty.

So, congratulations to Wyvis Oxendine and all his hard working supporters. They ran one of the most organized campaigns I have ever seen in all my years of covering politics. They rightly should be proud of their monumental achievement.

So congratulations to the winners and commiserations, of course, to the losers. The only consolation to the losers is that there is always another campaign.

**July 29, 1982**

# Dexter Brook's Firing A Sad Lesson For All Of Us

Even though I understand the dynamics of the action, the firing of Dexter Brooks Tuesday night by the Robeson County Board of Education left a bitter taste in my mouth. I feel sadness, regret, uncertainty about the future of my people.

I equate it somewhat to the "Crab mentality." Put a bunch of crabs in a foot tub and watch them act out a mean and cruel scenario. One crab begins timorously to climb up the side of the tub and, lo and behold, the rest of the crabs summarily reach up and pull the aspiring crab down to their level. Indians, in general, and all men, suffer from this mentality, this need to keep us all down on the bottorn of the foot tub.

But, as noted, I understand it. The game, the scenario. All of us are guilty, including the wourided party. T'he mistake Brooks made, as I see it, was to be preceived as disloyal to his employer. There is an old saying: "If you work for a man, be loyal to him. If you can't be loyal, get out from his sphere and criticize" him to the high heavens." Brooks seemingly was not as loyal to his employer as he might have been, at least as some saw it. Sentiment was expressed that his brother, Larry T. Brooks, ran for county commissioner against Herman Dial, and eventual winner, Wyvis Oxendine, with the tacit blessing of Dexter Brooks. Herman Dial had the support, although muted, of Superintendent Purnell Swett and educators generally. Also, some seemed to think that the incumbent board of education memher Lillian Faye Locklear and others were opposed hy the Brooks forces. Dynamics. Politics. Dark plots. Mean doings. And the chickens came home to roost.

None of us should take particular pleasure in the firing of a brilliant and talented young attorney. I have been a fervent fan of Dexter Brooks for many years, but I am also a staunch supporter of Purnell Swett. When two heroes come to a parting of the ways hero worshippers are left disgruntled, sad, confused. And the dynamics take over and life runs its bitter course. Two men, two heroes, two dynamos. Dexter Brooks has won many battles for Indian people. Every good thing that has happened to Indian people in the last few years can be laid to his side of the ledger. Count them: the breaking of double voting, the saving of Old Main, the redistricting of the county, equitable representation on the board ef education, the discovery of the unlawful annexations hy the Lumberton City Schools, and more. Brooks was instrumental in all of these victories. I stand in awe of his intellect. And I have read a book or two myself.

And Purnell Swett. He assumed the Superintendency of the County School System at a particularly vulnerable time. He has been a remarkable administrator. He has led the school system through some difficult times. He has not been afraid to make difficult decisions, unlike his predecessor who simply put hard questions on the hack burner and left them to future administrators to answer.

But we'll survive. We're a hearty folk, at our best when trouble is in our camp. We'll be stronger for the experience, better able to grapple with the dark forces about us. Earl Homer Strickland is a competent young Indian attorney. He will not shirk his responsibilities. Our enemies should not assume that our ranks have been split asunder indefinitely. We will be stronger, in time, for the devious experience all of us, in one way or another, have contributed to.

And, of course the attorney for the school board serves at the pleasure of the body. Board members, whether incumbent and lame duck or not, have a right to exercise their responsibility. They have done so. and they should not necessarily be damned or praised for exercising their prerogative.

When the pain subsides, the initial shock of being rejected- subsides, Purnell Swett, Dexter Brooks, and all of us, will be stronger for the experience. Besides we need all of our soldiers on the battlefield slaying dragons. Many problems remain, many enemies swarm around our camp. There is plenty of work for all of us to do. I hope we will now turn our attention to the real enemies, not ourselves.

**August 12, 1982**



# **Return of Clyburn Pines, Country Club Areas Simply A Partial Payment Of A Long Standing Debt By Lumberton City Schools**

I've read a lot of media wringing of the hands lately about the travails of the residents of the Clyburn Pines, Country Club areas who have been returned to the Robeson County School System from which they were unlawfully taken approximately 12 years ago. There have been administrative problems, inconveniences caused by all parties concerned. It has sometimes been unpleasant but always necessary.

As I see it, the return of Clyburn Pines and Country Club areas to the county system from which they were unlawfully taken is simply just a case of a partial payment of a longstanding debt. It is sort of like if a man owed you a dollar and decided to pay you 45 cents on that debt. Would you not take the 45 cents and still hold the debtor responsible for the 55 cents still left unpaid?

Now there is talk of merger in the county. Maybe. But a lot would depend on how the minorities were treated in the transitional period. Who would be the superintendent of a system encompassing the whole county? That would be an important question that would need to be answered beforehand. History shows that Indians have always been short changed educationally in the past. Ideally, total merger is the answer to the educational woes of the county. No doubt about it. But who would run such a system? How could Indians and Blacks and Whites be assured of equal representation? Who could make that kind of decision? Could our provincial and racial notions be put aside long enough to do what is right for all the children of the county? History shouts "NO!" and "Be wary, Indians!"

The fact is that no one that I know of has excused Barker Ten Miles and Lakewood Estates from being returned to the county system. The educational chickens are coming home to roost in Ol' Robeson. Their turn is coming, make no mistake about it. But let's remember what happened and why. No one can reasonably know where He is going if he does not know where he has been.

The fact is that the Lumberton City Schools was found guilty as charged for unlawfully annexing three areas, Barker Ten Miles, Lakewood Estates, and Clyburn Pines and Country Club into the city system more than a decade ago. The illegal annexations were effected in order to escape the implementation of the 1970 desegregation plan imposed by HEW, and to buttress up misconceived notions of racial superiority.

Lumberton, when called on the carpet recently by the justice department, and found guilty of breaking the 1965 Voting Rights Act, decided to return Clyburn Pines and Country Club area to the county. Their hope is that they will be allowed to keep Barker Ten Mile and Lakewood Estates for having done so. As I see it, they will not be allowed

to do so. The county board of education's position was to accept the partial payment of a long standing debt. They said, in essence, "Yes, we will take Clyburn Pines and Country Club area back into the system from which they were unlawfully taken but you (the Lumberton City Schools) still owe us Barker Ten Mile and Lakewood Estates." There the matter stands.

That is why some folks now are lamenting and wringing their hands about merger. The legal handwriting is on the wall.

So, of course, total merger of the duplicitous five school systems in Robeson is the answer but not by the educational rape of the Robeson County School System, the aggrieved party in this matter.

The Robesonian and I almost agree on the need for merger -almost. The Robesonian seems to want to forget (or pretend it never happened) the past. The Carolina Indian Voice wants the illegal annexations remembered so that it never happens again.

**September 23, 1982**

## **A. David Lester Visit Cancelled ... "A Death In The Family"**

As press time neared we were notified that A. David Lester would not be coming to Pembroke today after all. We were informed late Wednesday afternoon that "there is a death in his family."

Just before going to press I reached Mr. Lester via telephone. He informed me that his wife's uncle, who raised her, had been killed in an automobile accident and "I will probably have to stay with the kids while she goes to Montana where he lived."

Lester also expressed "regret" and hoped "to reschedule the visit in the very near future." Lester also said, "I am sorry this (unfortunate accident) has happened because I was interested in coming to North Carolina to let the Indian people there know I am working for them, and that I appreciate their hospitality and warmth." Lester also said, "I want the Indians there to know they have a real friend in me."

I thought about pulling my column for this week as it is "about Ed Johnson, A. David Lester's visit and Indians." But the thoughts are still germane and of interest, as I see it, therefore I am running it as is. See you next week.

### **ABOUT ED JOHNSON, A.DAVID LESTER'S VISIT AND INDIANS**

Indians, like many ethnic groups, like to put their heads in the ideological hole in the sands. It is not, as I see it, in our best interest to do so.

Contrary to some of the vehement calls I have received I am proud to sponsor A. David Lester's visit to this area, along with Ed Johnson, the hard charging candidate for the 7th Congressional District seat in Congress. Dialogue needs to be established and maintained with both of them.

A. David Lester is the Commissioner of Native American Programs, and has administrative responsibility for ANA grants to agencies like Lumbee Regional Development Association in Pembroke. We need his friendship especially in these difficult times.

When he visits LRDA sites today he will realize, more than ever, that LRDA provides good and necessary services to the Lumbee populace. It is good for him to come and see what LRDA is doing. I am proud of LRDA and am sure that Lester will see a good and positive social action agency in action.

As Lester will probably admit, LRDA ranks in the top five percent of social action agencies in the county. There has never been a scent of scandal and LRDA is known far

and wide for fiscal responsibility. I believe that fiscal responsibility, and good use of federal dollars, comes from the work ethic implicit in the Lumbee experience. Lumbees respect work as a mode for spiritual development.

And Ed Johnson, contrary to ideological firebrands who think the Democratic Party is sacrosanct, is my friend. I disagree violently with him on some things and I agree fervently with him on others. He is like all my friends, subject to my disagreeing with him on any particular issue I choose. My friends always give me the right to be independent and capable of doing my own, admittedly, iconoclastic thinking.

Of course, I can say the same-thing for Charlie Rose, the incumbent Democratic Congressman. As I see it, he has been a good and capable congressman. But, like all of us, he is subject to challenge. His record is not above examination. Johnson is doing a good service in holding him up to public examination.

Indians ought to come out and hear Lester, talk to him firmly and honestly. He needs to be asked how he stands on nonfederally recognized Indians. Does he give them their share of federal dollars ticketed for Indians? Is he fair in his dealing with Indians on the Eastern Seaboard? Does he still give credence to former President Nixon's mandate to provide services to Urban and non-federally recognized Indian tribes and groups?

These are some of the questions that need to be asked. Politics is the medium for this country. A two party system will enhance, not hamper the development of the area, as I see it.

Democrats have controlled Robeson County for decades. They have left a legacy of six school systems, three separate and distinct bathroom facilities, and rank racism. Can the Republicans improve on that record? Will Robeson County slide off into the sea if Johnson is elected congressman?

Indians, like Blacks generally, have had their influence lessened by giving unbridled loyalty to a Democratic Party that has most times treated them with disdain.

Can the Republican Party do better? This question, and many more, cry out for answers. Come out and meet Johnson and Lester and ask them what is on your heart. If they do not provide satisfactory answers turn your back on them at the polling place. But do not let political power brokers do your thinking for you. Hear the answers to your questions before arbitrarily deciding that you are going to vote "a straight Democratic Party ticket." As I see it, agreeing to vote a "straight" ticket, whether Democratic or Republican, before hearing answers to your legitimate questions and concerns, is the height of folly.

But, mostly, I will vote for who I want to, whether he be Democrat, Republican, Libertarian, Heretic, or scoundrel. Democracy should be guarded and exercised with care. It is a good thing to be an American, a First American, in the freest country in the

world, in spite of the shortcomings that all of us know exist. Like Henry Berry Lowrie of old, I will vote for the candidate that I think will do the most good for the Indian populace and the district as a whole. I hope you will too.

**October 7, 1982**

# **Some Musings...**

by Ol' ReasonableLocklear

An old timer named OL' Reasonable Locklear has appeared in the Carolina Indian Voice from time to time, "depending upon his gout."

I like him. Here are some of his "musings."

# Reasonable Pontificates

Dear Sir:

Old Reasonable's a little upset and I'll tell you why. When we talked last, you said "everyone is wondering who is Reasonable Locklear?" but you didn't say nothing about whether they were wondering about what I've been saying in my letters to you. I appreciate your newspaper. We just never had a paper like the Voice before. You are on record as being opposed to "double-voting". And Old Reasonable is too.

Now, I'll tell you who Reasonable Locklear is: Reasonable Locklear is all the Indian men and women who can hardly read and write because of the evil and life-robbing "double-vote" system. Reasonable Locklear (and I don't want you to think I am big-headed) could have been a doctor, a lawyer, anything I wanted, if I would have had a chance. Now I see the chance if we can break double-voting. And Old Reasonable is good at picking cotton and cropping tobacco and bad at reading and writing and arithmetic. That's why "double voting" is bad.

And we ought to look at all the names on the "double-vote" lawsuit. When "double-voting" is broke, we ought to put up a marker or name a school after Janie Maynor Locklear, James Earl Brooks, Marie Locklear, Curley Locklear, Keever Locklear and Brenda Brooks. To me, they're heroes. And I honor them.

And Dexter Brooks, the law student at UNC-Chapel Hill, who's worked so hard to see "double-voting" broke.

And the candidates running for office who oppose "double-voting." If I didn't name all of them -- they can write you and let you know. Here are some of the candidates who are on record opposing "double-voting": Herman Dial, running for County Commissioner, Maxton district; Rev. Robert Mangum, running for a county at large (county and city) seat on the county board of education; Harold G. Dial, running for a seat. on the board of education (county only); Simeon Oxendine, board of education (county votes only); Steve Strickland, running for the Senate, 12th District; and running for the N. C. House, Joy J. Johnson, Glenn Maynor, Henry W. Oxendine, and Aggie Goins Deese.

Now some of those who want to keep "double-voting", or they act like they do, are Luther J. Britt, running for the Senate; Gus Speros, running for the N. C. House; J. Sammy Allen, Shirley P. Britt, and Harry W. Locklear, all running for the county board of education.

If I've left anybody off, they can write you and you print it-hear?

**March 14, 1974**

## **Ol'Reasonable Gone Fishing**

Ol' Reasonable is down in the dumps.

I predicted Torn Blanks would be our new sheriff, and that Glois Hunt would win the seat on the board of education. I zeroed out. I'm batting a big fat 0. I figured wrong two out of two. Now, that'll do some thing to a fellow's confidence. Shake him a mite.

But never you mind. I'm going fishing for a while, I'm going down on the Lumbee River and rest and think a bit.

And just as soon as those Indian Republicans figure out who's going to run for the N.C. House, I'll be back a politicking and a predicting.

Mark my word, Ol' Reasonable will win one yet. But we better hurry. My varicose veins are a gasping for breath. Ol' Reasonable's getting old. But I ain't giving up. No siree!

Sincerely

Reasonable Locklear

**June 13,1974**



## **Double-Voting As Wrong As The Devil**

Dear Sir:

I remember the first movie I ever saw - "Gone With The Wind" - in Lumberton. I was feeling good. We had put in tobacco all week, and mama let me go the movies. My first time too. And I was some kind of excited.

The woman in the ticket window heard my "Prospectan accent," took a gander at my Lumbee (they didn't call us that then) hair and skin and pointed upstairs. Indians on one side; Blacks on the other. And the Whites sit downstairs. And I felt some shame, but I went on 'cause I wanted to see "Gone With The Wind." But I kept that shame I felt down in my bosom. And I've carried it with me 'til this day.

And I feel the same way about "double-voting." It separates people, and that's wrong. "Double-voting" was set up to keep Indians separated in their own schools. And so-called "Indian schools" are worse off than so-called "White schools." None of them have air-conditioning; the gyms are smaller too. The whole outfits are inferior in every way.

I'm like this: I don't know much about the legal stuff Judge Butler's talking about, but I know what's in my heart. Judge Butler said "double-voting" was all right, but Ol' Reasonable says it's wrong as the devil. And my heart's what the powers that be have to change.

"Double-voting" to me means people living in the city school units vote twice: they vote on their own school board elections: then they turn around and vote on the county school board elections. That's two votes. People living in the county district (that's Indians mostly) vote on the county board of election only. The way it works out Indians vote once; and other people in the county vote twice. The constitution don't say a thing about some people having two votes, and others just one vote.

So as far as Ol' Reasonable is concerned, "Double-voting's" as wrong as the Devil. No matter what Judge Algernon Butler says.

Sincerely yours,

Reasonable Locklear

**June 27,1974**

## **About Them Bones**

About them bones, I wake up nights thinking about them. Town Creek Indian Mound is fine. I am in favor of historical sites. That's good. We can't figure out where we are going, if we don't know where we've been.

It's the bones. The burying ground. What the anthros call "a mortuary." Folks, they need to be buried. Covered up. I'll bet you there's some Creek Indian blood amongst us. Maybe some of those Indians laying in those shallow graves was some of our kin folks... They lay there twisted out of shape; the flesh melted from their bones. They look as if they're grinning... or a grimacing in pain. Those bones haunt me. I walk around and think about it. No body seems to care. Bones, they shrug. No, it ain't just bones. Those bones are people. They walked around and thought about things just like I do. They had girl friends, boy friends. Some of 'em married and had chullin. What did they live for? Was there some reason for it? Did any of 'em ever have deep thoughts? Did they look up at the sky in wonderment sometimes like Ol' Reasonable does? A belly ache? Maybe one day they went looking for wild grapes, found 'em, and eat too many. The little baby laying there stripped of its flesh... did its mama ever rock it to sleep? Sing a little, soft song to it?

Boys, we need to think on these sacred things. We cain't respect the livin' 'til we respect the dead.

I am one old frail man. What can I do about it? Well, by gum, I am going to write about them bones 'til we do sumpin'. Can't LRDA help us with this disrespectful thing? Can't Lumbees and Tuscaroras and Sioux and Mohawk and Cherokees and Apaches and all Indians in the world get together on this and get them bones buried?

Boys, write letters to the Indian Voice about it. Talk about it in church Sunday. Jesus seldom got mad, but this is the kind of stuff he got mad about.

It's going in my will. Any body digs up my grave loses his portion of the old home place.

**August 29, 1974**

## **Sam Kerns, Fallen Arches And Those Bones...**

I was eleven when my mama hit me with the news that Ol' Reasonable had fallen arches. I couldn't believe it. Back then I wanted to be a movie star, a cowboy... or a baseball star. I mused about my misfortune for a long time. Who ever heard of a movie star, a cowboy, with fallen arches? And a baseball star spends a lot of his time a running. But time heals just about ever'thing. I am an Indian! An Indian with fallen arches. That's what I am... And nothing more. I can't be something I ain't. Hard times, not being able to go to school and vote and stuff made me hard as a rock. One day it just come to me - I am an Indian! And I take a lot of pride in that. It's what makes me different in my own way. Makes me a somebody. And that's why I got hot about those bones at Town Creek Indian Mound. I knowed that those bones a laying there a grimacing were Indians too. They had pride too. They probably had to do a lot of musing and thinking and figuring before they could say with pride "I am an Indian!" So let them rest in peace. Let the spirits of those bones quit their restless wandering. Let them rest in peace.

Sam Kerns, a teacher at Pembroke Senior High School visited Town Creek Indian Mound and was disturbed. It bothered him enough to say something about it to Bruce Barton, the Editor of the Indian Voice who said something to me. And that's how the movement to get those bones buried, covered up, removed from public display got started. Boys, it takes a special kind of fella to go against the grain. If I had any youngins I wouldn't mind Sam Kerns a teaching 'em how to read and write. A sensitive fella is usually a good fella. He feels things. We need more like Sam Kerns who feel things.

And a special word of thanks to the state officials who understood the pain and sorrow of Ol' Reasonable. May those bones never be gawked at again.

**September 5, 1974**

## **In The Zodiac Room**

Nobody saw me... but I was there. I had on my overalls. I guess they thought I was one of the workers there. I just stood out in the hall and listened... and just about busted my sides a laughing.

Lights were all over the place. Channel 11 in Durham was there. Channel 5 was there. And the Raleigh News and Observer. And the Robesonian. And the Fayetteville Times. And a bunch of people from Radio stations. The room was full of cords, and cameras. And lights. And dignitaries. And about ten thousand million copies of a 68 page report put together by the North Carolina Advisory Committee of the United States Advisory Commission. The report is titled "Economic and Political Problems of Indians in Robeson County."

And I saw Bruce Barton, Editor of the Carolina Indian Voice, a muttering and a fuming. Up on the 20th floor of the Holiday Inn in Raleigh... in the Zodiac Room. I heard him tell somebody... "boys, this is foolish. I need to be home selling advertisement. And here. I am in the Holiday Inn, up on the 20th floor in the Zodiac Room, asking foolish questions when I already know the answers..."

And the chairman of the committee, Rev. W.W. Finlator, looked into the camera and said with a straight face, "Indians in Robeson County are denied full political participation and are victims of discriminatory employment practices..." I just about cackled out loud. Not at the misery he was talking about, but at the righteous indignation. Two years it took 'em to figure that out. They wrote 68 pages in two years. That's the foolishhest thing I ever heard of.

And there weren't no Indians there except a handful. And we needed to be back home a working. Evidently the people on the committee don't have no tobacco and cotton to tend to.

And when Bruce Barton, the editor of the Indian Voice, asked in his most hateful manner, "What in the world did it take you two years to write this... (the report) for? And where are the Indians?" I just smiled and left. Whatever the answer was... it was a dollar short and a day late.

**September 19, 1974**

## Who Is Reasonable Locklear

Dear Sir:

Mr. Barton, the Editor of The Carolina Indian Voice, asked me to tell the readers who I am... "because everyone is wanting to know - who is Reasonable Locklear?"

Well, sir, I'm a cotton picker, a poor ol' Indian who never got to go to school enough. And I'm mite near old enough to remember the hard times. My God, the thirties, those were hard times. I remember Joe Brooks, Jim Chavis and those fellows. We need their wisdom now. They were being Indian when it weren't the prim and proper thing to do. Ask the BIA about them? St. Annah's bell rung with hope back then. I sit right there and watched that hope smashed to smithereens. Who is Ol' Reasonable? Ol' Reasonable is the hope of the thirties, still hoping.

And Lumberton. Ol' Reasonable's one of a hard core who never bought nothing in Lumberton until I could buy it with respect. Who's Ol' Reasonable? Ol' Reasonable's an Indian who never bought a cone of cream in Lumberton until I could sit down where I bought it and eat it on the spot.

And Pembroke. Ol' Reasonable's the kind who thought it was foolish then and now for the Governor of N.C. to appoint White mayors and town councilmen to Pembroke from 1917-1945. I paid my water bill back then, but I never liked it a damn bit. I never liked it, and I never accepted it.

Ol' Reasonable, who is it? He's an Indian who never tenant farmed for a fellow in the spring and summer, and bought my groceries and shoes on a credit from the same fellow in the fall.

Ol' Reasonable? He never got excited about a White politician until there were Indian politicians.

Yeah, Ol' Reasonable's around. Who is he? He's the best and the worst in all of us.

And Ol' Reasonable's gonna keep a grumbling and not liking and accepting stuff until Indians get their fair share, and that's a third, at least, of every job, office and dollar in Robeson.

Yours truly,

Reasonable Locklear

**July 18, 1974**

## **Justice... Still Not Among Us In Robeson County**

I had business at district court this week, and I sit through a half a day of justice, Robeson County style.

Judge Sam Britt meted out justice as if King Solomon was watching. He told one Indian fellow, while digressing a bit... "they'll just send you to the county prison where you can sit around and watch television, and shoot the bull with other fellows.. .and wait for your work release." And he weren't smiling when he said it neither. Made my blood boil.

And those being tried were mostly Indians and Blacks. Dark face after dark face appeared before him, and Britt treated them as if they were on the trading block.

It's a bad time for justice. There is no honor for a Black or an Indian if he has drunk a little likker, drove his car a bit too fast, or burnt rubber. Justice means paying a week's wages, if you have the money. If not, the chain gang awaits you.

And the Sheriffs deputies call ever' body "Captain". And there are no bathrooms for the criminals (sic). Said Judge Britt, before taking a break for nature... "you've got twenty minutes to go out and find you a bathroom ... I don't want you coming back here on me." The building in the back where they are holding court until the new courthouse is built only had one bathroom and Judge Britt didn't want anybody using it but hisself, and maybe some of the lawyers hanging around in the lobby discussing cases. Court is now being held in the community room of the Turner Terrace Low Rent Housing Project on the Fairmont Road.

I tell you, boys, justice still ain't among us in Robeson County.

**November 28, 1974**

## **Have You Heard Anything About Double Voting?**

I hear it ever'where I go: "Have you heard anything about double voting?" No, I ain't. And I am gittin right nervous about it. I wish those judges would come on and tell me where Ol' Reasonable stands in regard to the law. I know in my heart that double voting is wrong. And having it in the law would make Ol' Reasonable a mighty happy man.

But I ain't gitting big headed yet. I know that laws are made by men. And I know men are feeble and anxious to line up with those who have the dollars. I believe \$1 million would make me git up and say double voting is all right, even when I know it ain't. Money does strange things to folks, and makes 'em act peculiar. I just hope justice is not for hire to the man with the most money. If 'en it is, Ol'Reasonable will be in a jam 'cause I ain't hardly got eyes to cry with.

If 'en it is broke, Robeson County will be a crazy place to live for a few years. People will start lining up with the money boys. The only change is that the Indians will be gitting some of the money. I suspect the money boys are getting ready to throw the money at us. I just hope we can get up the strength to throw it back at 'em. We have suffered too much to sell out our children to the money boys. I hope we will do the right thing, and build us some schools our children can be proud of.

Oh boys, it's a coming. Justice is right down the road. Let us not corrupt it with money and evil doing. If 'en we break double voting, and I believe we will, let's get ready for the biggest job we ever had to face. And that job is what to do with the power the breaking of double voting will give us. It's a big responsibility to not do unto the devils what they have done unto us. But I hope we won't. Let's just do what is right for our young 'uns. The precious children we have brought into this world will take what we give them and build on it. Let's give 'em the best that is in us.

**February 13, 1975**

## **Ol' Reasonable Ain't Educated Book Wise... But I Do Smell A Stinking Mess...**

Well, boys, Lumbee Homecoming is over. Commissioner Brantley Blue and the boys have gone back to Washington... and Reasonable is busy putting in my little dab of tobacco. Things come and go... they change yet they remain the same. Except this year one by God thing has changed which has knocked Ol' Reasonable for a loop.

Was talking to Harbert Moore, one of the good guys on the otherwise sorry Robeson County School Board (and, of course, not counting Mrs. Ailene Holmes, Harold G. Dial, Rev. Bob Mangum, Sim Oxendine, etc.) about tobacco the other day at the Lumbee Warehouse. Said Mr. Moore, "feller," he said (I never told him who I was) "I have been working in tobacco for over forty years, a planting it, hoeing it, topping it, and grading and selling it... and I saw something the other day I thought I would never live to see... an Indian leading the sale at a tobacco warehouse in Lumberton." He was just a smiling and a grinning. "We have now got our own tobacco warehouse. And that makes me right proud." I grinned and smiled too. It make Ol' Reasonable proud as punch too. Two good old boys, Howard Oxendine and Ralph Hunt (two hard working Indians) own and operate Lumbee Warehouse on Second Street in Lumberton. God bless their bones! Check and see if Ol' Reasonable ain't designated with 'em to sell his little dab of tobacco. Maybe Robeson County can, in spite of her hateful ways, become a decent place for all people - Indians, Blacks and Whites - to live and work and be what they want to be.

But before I get too happy... Went to Wilmington to the double vote hearing on the 7th. We good boys was asking the judges (since they have said in the law that double voting is illegal, wrong and unconstitutional) to take off that unconstitutional crowd (I.J. Williams, Albert McCormick, Shirley Britt, Sammy Allen, Steven Stone, Y.H. Allen, etc.) right now instead of waiting until we have new elections next year. Murchison Biggs, the lawyer for the county school board (mostly unconstitutional) asked the judges to show a little mercy and let the unconstitutional crowd (those elected wrong with double vote) to stay on... "cause it might create problems." And he (Ol' Murchison... that feller is sump'un) asked 'em to leave the school board alone for now because it might take 'em a good while to get permission from the justice department for breaking the law, The U.S. Justice Department has to approve all their legal stuff because the county is under the '65 Voting Rights Act for messing with people's civil rights.

I believe I have got it right. I am not an educated man book wise, But the best I can figure Ol' Murchison asked the judges to let the unconstitutional crowd (those board of education members on the present board elected as a result of the double vote) stay until December 1976 because the U.S. Justice Department might take a little while to rule that the county has broke the 1965 Voting Rights Act... or sump'en to that effect. As I say Ol' Reasonable ain't educated book wise... but I do smell a stinking mess if that is why they are a going to leave that unconstitutional crowd on the school board. But we'll find out in a little while. The judges have got to study it a while, then they'll tell us if 'en



the unconstitutional crowd is a coming off the school board now or in December 1976. Either way the illegal and law breaking crowd is a coming off; either now or after a while.

O' Reasonable can't see rewarding people for breaking the law. I do believe O' Reasonable would rather have his mother wit than all the book sense in the world. Education does drive some folks as batty as fruit cake a fermenting in the cellar.

**July 17, 1975**

## **That Double Vote Crowd Is Breaking The Law**

I can't git it out of my mind. That unconstitutional crowd is still sitting on the Robeson County Board of Education a spending money and making decisions like nothing has happened. But the judges have declared that double voting is illegal and unconstitutional. Yet that crowd is still a sitting over there in Lumberton like they are still somebody. Boys, they ain't. Albert McCormick, Shirley Britt, Sammy Allen, Steven Stone, I.J. Williams, and the others elected with the double vote is a breaking the law with the blessing of the law. The law has told them that they are illegally seated, wrongly setting on that board, but that they can sit there for another year and a half.

They can sit there if they want to. Ol' Reasonable' ain't going to respect 'em. I can't respect nobody who is breaking the law, even if 'en the law tells us they can keep on breaking the law. They can keep on breaking the law if 'en they want to ...but they better not ask Ol' Reasonable to respect the law.

Ever'time the Robeson County Board of Education has a meeting ...Ol' Reasonable slips in and watches 'em do their thing. I git mad ever'time. They are law breakers, them who are sitting on the board because of the double vote which the court has declared is unconstitutional and illegal.

It seems to me they ought to resign, ever' dern one who was elected with the double vote. If 'en they believe in the law they ought to respect it. Some folks in Robeson County talk about obeying the law until it applies to them. Then they come up with guys like Murchison Biggs, and W. Earl Britt to git up and talk fancy and pretend that the law don't apply exactly to them.

They can fool some of the people some of the time, but they can't fool Ol' Reasonable. I grew up here in Robeson County. My mammy taught me the difference between right and. wrong. We have got some law breakers on the Robeson County Board of Education. They ought to resign and git off as quick as they can afore Ol' Reasonable and all his friends start playing around with the law a trying to make it say what we want it to say. A law breaker is a law breaker ...whether he is a sitting on the Robeson County Board of Education or a pulling time on the chain gang.

**July 24, 1975**

## **Me And Cicero And The Unconstitutional Crowd On The Robeson County Board Of Education**

Bruce Barton is supposed to be smart - at least he thinks he is. He ain't. He's just audacious. But he was telling me about a guy during the Greece and Roman days, before the bottom fell out of the hifaluting empires, named Cicero, Plato, Cato, Pluto (some'em like that...) who used to say, over and over again, "Carthage is falling! Carthage is falling!" over and over again. In the beginning, nobody paid 'em any attention. They thought he was nuts down on the Grecian square, but he kept on - "Carthage is falling!" "Carthage is falling!" And, by God! after a time ... guess what? Old Carthage fell. Sure as you're born. He kept a pounding away ..."Carthage is falling!" And ever'body made his prediction come true. He was a smart fellow, whatever his name was, He knowed that repetition was the key to the Universe. He knowed if he said some'en over and over long enough everbody would come to believe it.

And that is how I feel about that unconstitutional crowd a sitting on the Robeson County Board of Education. The law has told 'em they are illegal and unconstitutional, but they keep a sitting there a spending money and a making decisions cause the law said even though they are law breakers it is all right to sit there until December 1976. In other words, it is all right for them to keep breaking the law for another year or so. Ol' Reasonable cain't buy that. I am a going to keep on like Cicero a saying ..."That unconstitutional crowd on the Robeson County Board of Education elected with the double vote ought to resign." To date, none of 'em have taken me up on it. And I don't expect 'em to. But I am a going to keep on a saying it. They are a sitting there without the blessing of Ol' Reasonable. And the only way they will get my blessing is to resign forthwith, in other words right now.

**August 7, 1975**

## **I Think Me And Bruce Barton Is A Talking About The Same Thing**

Me and Bruce Barton was supposed to write about the recent vote on air conditioning at Pembroke Senior High School by the Robeson County Board of Education. I decided to read Barton's article before I wrote mine. That boy is wordy. I don't know if I know a whole lot about philosophy and all that fancy mind stuff. Barton don't pay me for my little article. I do it for free. I hope he does his free too. That boy's got a good heart, but he tries to explain too much. He just makes my head hurt. But I do think me and Barton is a talking about the same thing.

I know five people on the Robeson County Board of Education voted in favor of air conditioning Pembroke Senior High School. They are Harold G. Dial, Harbert Moore, Allene Holmes, Sim Oxendine (all Indians) and Rev. Bob Mangum (one of the good Whites, as we like to say). Notice how somebody is always good if they agree with us. I agree with 'em. That building was built in such a way that it just ain't worth a fiddle without air conditioning. It's that simple. The young 'uns can't learn nothing -if they are a thinking about water, swimming holes, and the like. It's like building a tobacco barn without sump'in to heat the tobacco with.

Four people voted against air conditioning Pembroke Senior High School. They are I.J. Williams, Steven Stone, Shirley Britt, and Thurman Anderson. I will have to say that these people are consistent. They vote together on ever'thing just about. And it seems to always be against Indian people. That's just the way it seems to me. All of 'em are White (and on the board anyhow with the double vote) except Thurman Anderson who is a Black man. Now, most of the Black people in Robeson County say that he ain't speaking necessarily for 'em. I sorta have to agree with 'em. He votes with that double vote crowd ever'time. What hurts is that he ain't never been elected to the board. He's been appointed twice, The double vote crowd appointed 'em one time, and the Indians helped put 'em on the last time. I just can't understand how or why he votes like he does. I guess ever'body votes like they want to.

Ol' Sammy Allen stayed home, and they got the vote by. But boys don't be surprised if they vote on it again at the next meeting. If 'en they do, they will vote it down again. Albert McCormick, starting with his vote to put Allen where he's at, to working against letting Dr. Herbert G. Oxendine be principal at the old Pembroke High School, has a record of being against anything that Indian folks is for. He could break the tie against air conditioning the high school. That is if he's a mind to. Some folks say it won't come up again, but Ol' Reasonable ain't banking on that.

Anyhow, imprint it on your mind. The folks voting against air conditioning Pembroke Senior High School is voting against your chullin a learning. Please remember that when they come at you next year a wanting your vote. They have got some smooth answers for just about ever'thing, but I can't see no answer for it. If 'em that double vote crowd won't resign... let's me and you resign 'em, retire 'em, put 'em out to pasture next

year when it comes voting time. They (that double vote crowd) voted against you. Turn about is fair play. Our chance to vote is a coming. And Ol' Reasonable can't hardly wait.

**August 21, 1975**

## **... A waiting On Henry Berry Lowry**

The Robeson County Historical Drama, Inc. held a meeting at Old Foundry Restaurant last Friday night and more than 75 people showed up to hear 'em talk about the drama Strike at the Wind which they are planning to begin next year.

OI' Reasonable was there. Nobody saw me ... I keep to myself in crowds ...and I never told a soul who I was. I sorta skulked about in the back of the room and stayed in the shadows. Somebody probably thought I was some of Hubert Oxendine's (he runs the Old Foundry Restaurant) people or something. I didn't have to show my driving license or nothing to get in. One thing about wearing overalls and brogans - people shun ya!

After what happened to Barton last week (gitting cussed at) I never wanted nobody to know who I was. Some smart guy would've wanted to know how come I wrote this or that. My philosophy is..."write it and disappear. Hide out. Stay out of public places."

But I wanted to see what was going on. And I am satisfied. For what it's worth, OI' Reasonable supports the move to present Strike at the Wind next summer at the Riverside Country Club in Red Banks (where Henry Berry used to court and fight and hang around with the boys). That's the right place for it.

An OI' Adolph Dial is the right go-getter we needed to be chairman of the drama. He knows how to get things done ...and he appreciates and loves Henry Berry Lowry as much as I do. And that is a whole lot.

And they've had the good sense to go and hire 'em somebody who knows something about what we're trying to do - and that is put on a outdoor play about Henry Berry Lowry - a real live hero if ever I saw or heard of one. Rock Kershaw is a good 'un. And I believe we are a going to do it. I might even give 'em a little money as soon as I git in all my tobacco ...and sell my eggs.

Things are a lookin' up. As long as "an Indian plays Henry Berry Lowry ... I am with 'em. But, boys, I will not like it if Joshua Britt McNair plays 'em. But ever'body tells me that an Indian will play Henry Berry Lowry, and that is good enough for me.

I wonder if 'en OI'Reasonable could play a part...how about Steve Lowry? Let's see now - HOOOOW NOOOOW BROOOOWN COOOOW! Not bad.

**September 11, 1975**

## **We Ought To Watch 'Em Like A Hawk**

God knows Judge Algernon L. Butler has rung my bell on occasion, especially when he first said Double Voting was alright. He was over ruled by them federal boys on the court of appeals. He seemed to take it alright and has now declared that the attorneys who broke double voting in Robeson County and the rest of the world are entitled to \$6,540.00 in legal fees. I don't know how he arrived at them figures but I am glad he give 'em sump'en. They ought to be given ten million dollars for taken the yoke of double voting off the poor people's back.

What Judge Butler done in giving the little dab of money to 'em was to say to all the red necks and crew cuts in Robeson County that it is going to cost you to mess with the people's vote and how they cast that vote. More and more, the red necks and crew cuts are finding out that it costs too much to hate another fellow because he is a different color.

Now, what I would like to suggest is that the commissioners who voted to fight double voting in the courts (with our money) ought to have to pick cotton or crop tobacco until it is paid back. And let Ol' Reasonable keep up with the payment plan. I would allow them \$3.00 a hundred for the cotton and \$3.00 a day for cropping tobacco. And I would keep 'em in the fields until ever dern penny of it was paid back. Then I would take the money and buy funny books and put them in the library for the folks to read. That seems like to me a fair plan.

The judge has said to the red necks and crew cuts that it is going to cost you to say "Nigger" or "Croatan" or "Poor White Trash." Hit 'em in the pocketbook. That's the only way they will listen.

Now, if 'en Judge Butler would throw out them law breakers on the board of education. I would really jump up and hollar.

All the commissioners will have to do this year to pay the attorneys is to stay home and not go to Hawaii. Maybe they could just go to White Lake this year. If 'en it was up to me, I'd send 'em to Brooks Landing or get 'em, a tub of water and let 'em sit down in it.

Boys, Ol' Reasonable is getting in a lick or two... ain't he? But I have been 'bused and 'scorned so long by them rascals. It feels might good to get in a lick or two.

I was there that night they voted to pay W. Earl Britt to fight double voting in the courts. Why, George Reed Pate, the commissioner from Rowland, wanted to take the case to the U.S. Supreme Court. But I was proud of Indian commissioners, Herman Dial and Bobby Dean Locklear. Both of 'em voted not to hire Britt or fight to keep double voting. As a matter of fact, they were lonely that night. They were the only two commissioners to vote that way.

Now, let's watch Ol' George Reed Pate. I'll betcha a dollar against a doughnut that he will want to hire W. Earl Britt (or some other lawyer from his side of town) to take the matter back to court and fight against paying the attorneys the little dab of money. Well, it's only our money. We ought to watch 'em like a hawk.

**June 17,1976**



## **A Heavenly Letter To Mister Peter Brooks...**

Dear Brother Pete:

I miss you a lot and I wish you could have been with me at the board of elections Tuesday Night as they counted votes to see who would serve on the county board of education. You would have smiled one of your biggest smiles when they announced that 6 Indians, 1 Black and 2 Whites would serve. The top five vote getters were Indians. They will have four year terms; the next four high vote getters will serve two year terms.

Don't that sound sort of fair, Brother Pete? There are 60%, Indian students, 20% Black students and 20% White students now in the county system. Don't that sound fair, Brother Pete?

I remember years ago when me and you and some of the boys went to the Robeson County Board of Education and asked them White people (all of 'em, at that time was White 'cept Harry West Locklear) to appoint Dr. Herbert G. Oxendine to be the principal at Pembroke High School. They never done it; they treated us like a bunch of house niggers on a plantation. They treated us like children and sent us back to Pembroke with our tails between our legs. And I 'member somthin' you said that stayed with me forever; You stood up and looked at 'em and said, "One day Indians will be sittin' around this table and we'll do what we think is best for our children. Just you wait and see..."

Brother Pete, I never forgot that and I thought about you last night when they announced that 6 Indians would be on the upcoming board of education. I wish so much you could have been there but I believe you were lookin' down from heaven a smilin' and rememberin' what you told them that long ago day when some of us didn't believe we would ever see it.

Ol' Reasonable will see you when I get there unless I get off the track somewhere in between.

Editor's Note: Mr. Peter Brooks fought double voting diligently and did not live to see the reality of his dream come true. He was a fighter for Indian justice. His spirit continues to guide us and encourage the Warriors to continue their struggle against evil and those who do evil. Mr. Pete died March 1, 1973. He was a friend of Reasonable Locklear and all right thinking men and women.

**November 6, 1976**

## **Justice Ain't Supposed To Be A Knot On The Head**

Ol' Reasonable ain't never been to no police academy but I know as good as I am a sitting here a scribbling this note that justice ain't supposed to be a knot on the head. But the fact of the matter is Indians and Blacks, more likely than not, receive more than their share of knots on the noggin' from the boys in blue.

When Ol' Reasonable was a young fella ...well, the truth of the matter is I was as wild as a buck and I would go to town with 'em if they pushed me. Ol' Reasonable's fighting days are over but I remember well how it used to be.

I ain't never been arrested by my own color. If'en I made a little moon shine or got rowdy with the boys ...it was always White troopers or police or moon shine boys who got me and knotted up my noggin.

It's owning up time I suppose. Anyway, the statutes of limitation have run out on most of my young foolishness.

I am just a saying that law ain't worth the paper its wrote on if'en those a being policed don't respect the ones a dishing out the law.

Give us some dark skinned boys in blue. Somebody we can relate to. If'en you know somebody ...well, they are less likely to hit you up side your head.

Ol' Reasonable just knows from his human experience that justice ain't supposed to be no knot up side of the head.

**June 2, 1977**

## **Ol' Reasonable Is Still Alive ... But Barely Kicking**

I seed smart elecky Bruce Barton, the editor of this here Indian paper the other day and he said, sort of with a sneer, "Hey, Ol' Reasonable! Some of our readers have been asking about you ... some of 'em are saying that you have kicked the bucket."

Well; it ain't so. Ol' Reasonable is getting old and feeble ...that's for shore and I don't know if 'en I could get up enough strength to kick a bucket but Ol' Reasonable is still alive ... but barely kicking!

Ol' Reasonable has been a little bit under the weather lately and a little bit teed off. I used to think that the only thing we needed was Indians a sitting in responsible positions but, boys, we need more than that. We need Indians who will stay Indians when they get elected or appointed to something. Putting Indians in positions of power ought to change things for the better. It ain't necessarily so. Somehow the powers that be change the rules when Indians get in powerful positions. The positions have some of the power taken out of them or the Indians hunker down in the chair and get quiet as can be. I want some loud Indians elected to office. A feather or two wouldn't make the sky fall in on us. No siree!

Now something has happened that has got Ol' Reasonable perked up, wide eyed and bushy tailed. Them boys at the Lumbee River Electric Membership Corporation has gone and elected Rev. Elias Rogers to serve as president of the coop and turned out Brother Hubert Prevatte all at the same time. Now, I predict this: Rev. Elias Rogers will be a loud Indian and will not hunker down in his chair and let others pull his chain. This is the same Elias Rogers that had to sue the coop to make them seat him and do right by Indians and Black folk too. He kicked the dern door wide open and now the only way to get elected to the coop board is to get out and out work the other fella. That's the way it ought to be, by God!

This is the same Elias Rogers who sat in board meetings for two years without anybody a speaking to him. They (the other board members) just sort of acted like Elias Rogers did not even exist even though he was a sitting around the table with 'em. They wouldn't even say, "Good Morning" or even "Elias Rogers, you are alive."

My friends, they will speak to him now. He is the president. He is the head knocker. He is the one with the hunk of wood that decides when to open and when to close the meeting.

Yes, siree! You will see 'em now a speaking to Rev. Elias Rogers like he is somebody like he is. The Lord rules in mysterious ways but he always gives people what they work for. If'en you throw bread out on the water, well, bread will come back to you.

**October 20, 1977**

## **The Poor Is Always With Us... Except In Raft Swamp**

Jesus said it best in the 26th chapter of Matthews. "For you have the poor always with you..." except in Raft Swamp.

It seems that the folk in Raft Swamp don't want no poor people in Raft Swamp, especially if'en they are going to be living in a low rent housing development. Ol' Reasonable likes to read the Bible. There's some'em in there for every situation. Here's what Brother James said about poor people and our correct way of looking at things. James 2: vs. 1-5 "My brethren, have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of Glory, with respect of persons. For if there come unto your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment; and you have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, sit thou here in a good place; and say to the poor, stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool; are you then not partial in yourselves, and are become judges of evil thoughts? Hearken, my brethren, hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him?"

Still, folks in Raft Swamp, like folks everywhere, are concerned about their neighborhood. Can't say Ol' Reasonable blames them. Still...

The folks in Raft Swamp appeared before the county commissioners Monday night asking them to cancel plans for the county housing authority to build 110 units of housing for low income families in their neighborhood. One fellow was quoted as saying in the newspapers, "(we) feel the housing would lower our property values, overcrowd our community and provide an atmosphere that I and my grandchildren would not like to live next to."

Even a preacher had something to say about it. "It was your job to see what the people of this community wanted, or was it (the housing project) made up in advance and crammed down our throats," said Rev. Charles Russell, pastor of Raft Swamp Baptist Church.

Just about everybody agrees that Robeson County needs low rent housing for poor people. But just about ever'body wants them to live somewhere else. Anyway, the county commissioners said that they were going to ask HUD (Housing and Urban Development) if'en they would let them offen the hook even though they have spent some \$70;000 in architectural and engineering work.

We ain't heard from HUD yet. Lord have mercy!

**August 27, 1981**

**1983**

